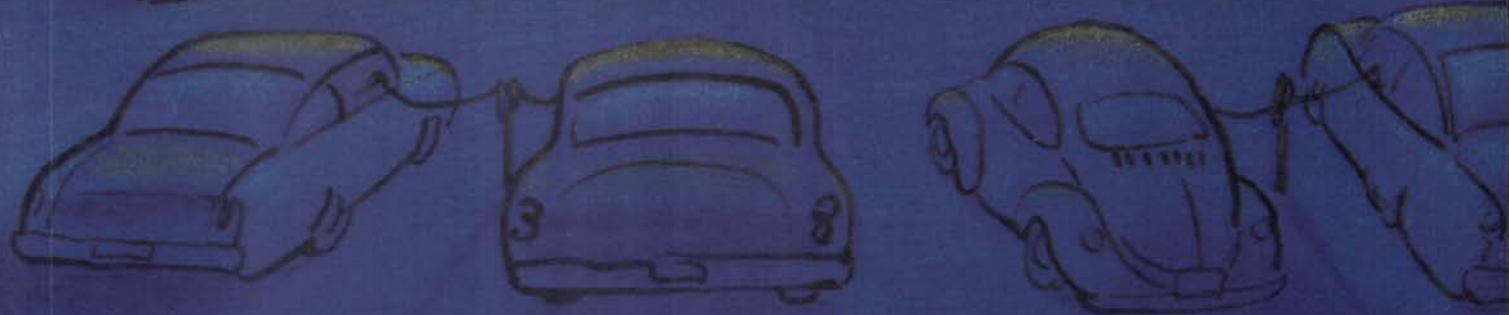


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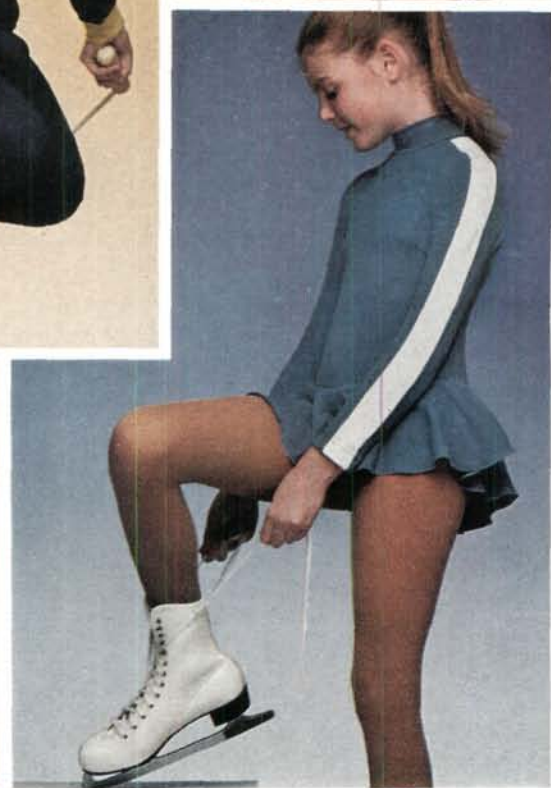
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling 869-3010.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BUT NEVER JAM TODAY—Vinnette Carroll's all-black adaptation of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," with music by Bob Larrimore and Bert Keyes and lyrics by Mr. Larrimore. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 7. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 10.)

DANCIN'—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATHTRAP—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE 5TH OF JULY—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 24.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth

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birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PIANO BAR—A small musical, lightly disguised as cabaret, about two men and two women who enter a bar as strangers and leave, after a couple of hours, as friends and lovers. Music by Rob Fremont, lyrics by Doris Willens, and libretto by both. (6/19/78) (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through

Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

PLAYERS—Fred Gwynne and Rex Robbins head the all-male cast of a comedy by David Williamson. Directed by Michael Blakemore. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 6. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

P. S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

RIDICULOUS THEATRICAL COMPANY—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **CORN:** Mondays and Wednesdays at 8. **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

RUNAWAYS—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

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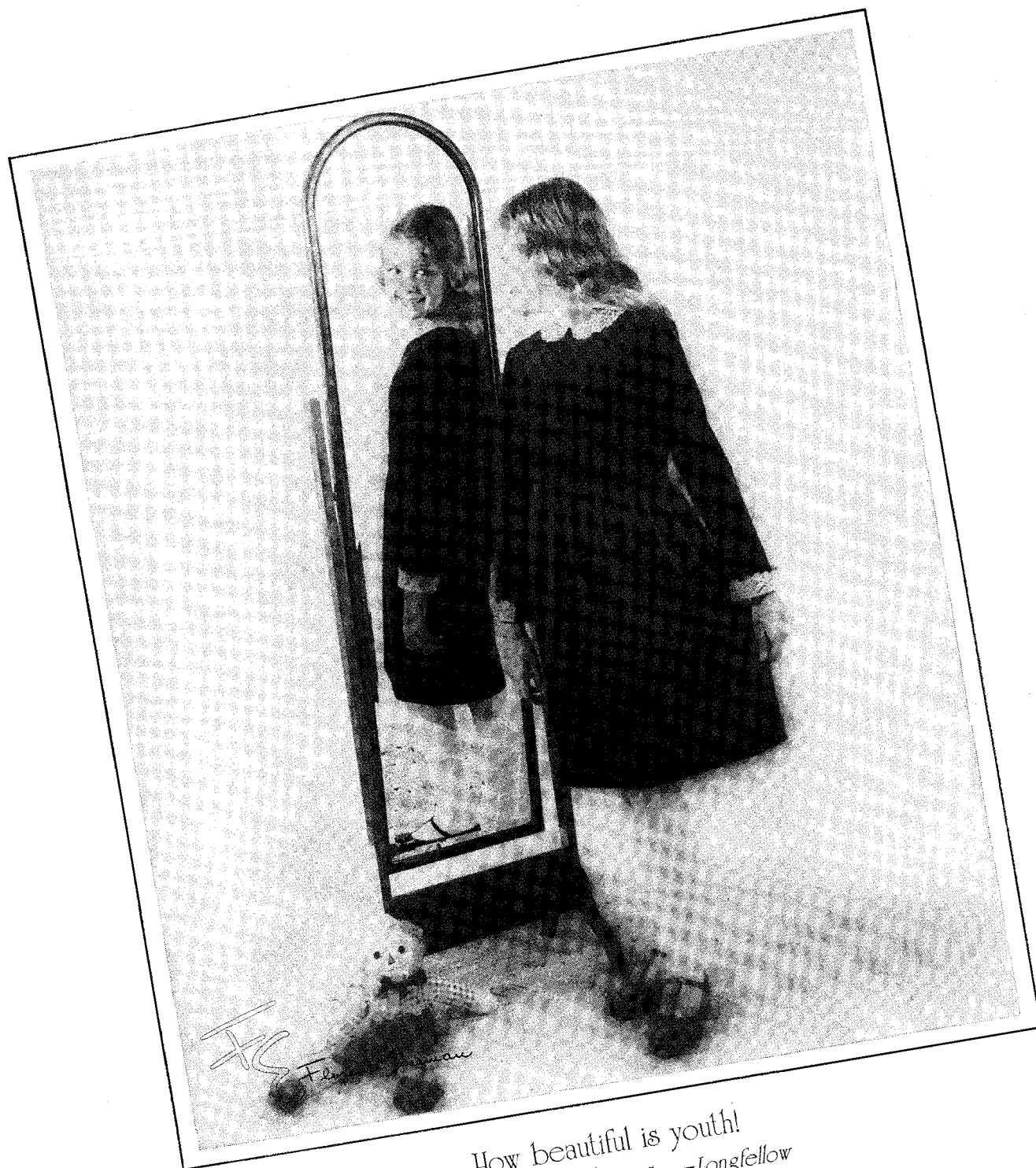
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how bright it gleams — Longfellow

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

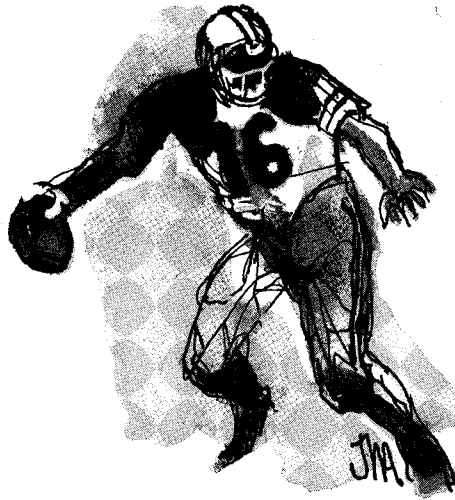
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ST. MARK'S GOSPEL—Alec McCowen in a solo recitation of the King James Version. Imported from London. Preview Wednesday, Sept. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 7, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 24. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TIMBUKTU!—Geoffrey Holder has put together an all-black musical based on silly old "Kismet." Very pretty, and as loud and empty as a tribal drum. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 10.)

TRIBUTE—A resourceful performance by Jack Lemmon as a lovable scamp makes this implausible comedy by Bernard Slade something well worth seeing. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**ANNIE**: A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. David Groh plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA**: Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,632 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father, and Barbara Coggin and Jonathan Haidary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE GIN GAME**: Maureen Stapleton (who has just replaced Jessica Tandy) and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE**: Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I**: An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th



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St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHNITZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Sept. 6: "The Sleeping Beauty."... Thursday evening Sept. 7: "La Bayadère," an excerpt from Act II of "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," and Act II of "La Sylphide," all with Ivan Nagy. ... Friday and Saturday evenings, Sept. 8-9, and Sunday matinée, Sept. 10: "Giselle." ... Sunday evening, Sept. 10, and Tuesday evening, Sept. 12: "Swan Lake." ... Wednesday through Saturday evenings, Sept. 13-16, and Sunday matinée and evening,

Sept. 17: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Sort of a ma-and-pa jazz loft, owned and managed by drummer Rashied Ali, who plays here himself occasionally. Right now, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** is on the rough-hewn stand, leading a quintet. Mondays are claimed by pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his seventeen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret-loft on SoHo's main drag, but it's so gussied up with carpeting and white furniture that at first glance it doesn't look like a loft space. Singers David Summers and Nedra Dixon perform their mini-musical cabaret act through Saturday, Sept. 9. On Tuesday, Sept. 12, **LEE MORWIN**, a deep, smoky-voiced singer, will come in. Shows at eight-thirty and tenth-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Trumpeter Shunzo Ono leads a quartet through Saturday, Sept. 9; Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 13-16, pianist **STEVE KUHN** will bring in a quartet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Country singer Ronnie Milsap is here Wednesday, Sept. 6; on Thursday, Sept. 7, Leon Redbone will sing and play guitar on blues and ragtime tunes from the twenties; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, will belong to vibraphonist Gary Burton's quartet; on Sunday, Sept. 10, rock and blues singer **TRACY NELSON** will drop by; on Monday, Sept. 11, Dion will be onstage; and Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 12-14, pianist Lonnie Liston Smith will lead his quintet. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JOANNE BRACKEN** collaborates with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** through Saturday, Sept. 9; on Sunday, Sept. 10, solo pianist **DAVE MCKENNA** will move in for a week or so. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Named for a very strong Brazilian alcohol distilled from sugar cane, this second-floor room is decorated with potted palms, mirrored walls, and light-gray couches, and lets one easily imagine oneself in a Rio night club. The Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—adds to the authenticity. Live music begins at eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Pianist Monty Alexander heads a trio weeknights at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, is leading a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands

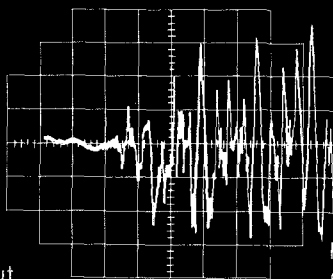
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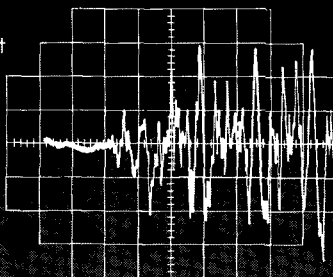
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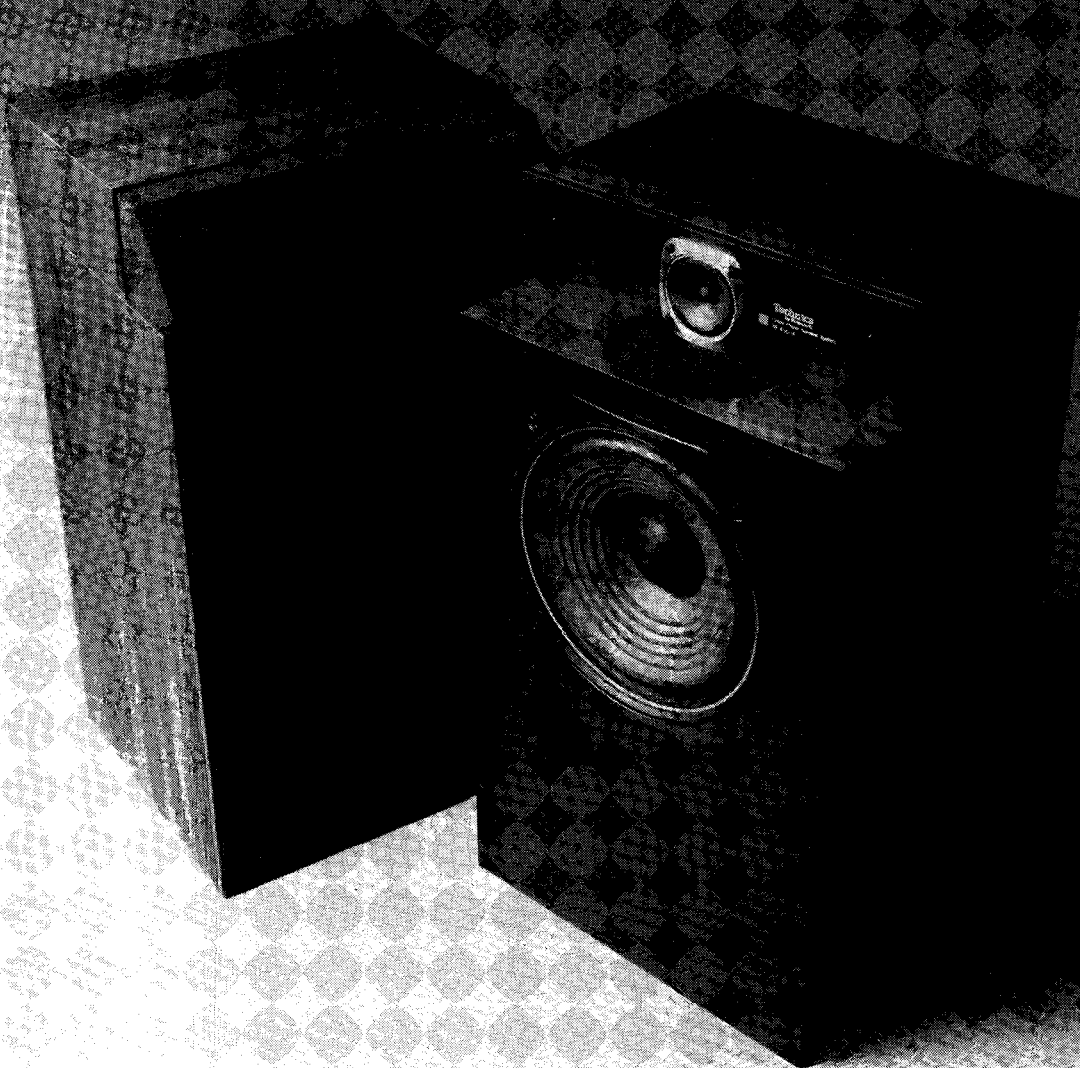
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

around. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis. They're here Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trombonist George Masso is guiding a trio in this New Orleans-flavored restaurant Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditionalists Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban get together weeknights at nine-thirty. Cornettist **WILD BILL DAVISON** fills in for Ed Polcer through Saturday, Sept. 9. On Sunday, Sept. 10, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** holds down the fort with **JOE PUMA** on guitar, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sunday, Sept. 10, singer-pianist Joe Derise and Alicia Sherman start at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Saxophonist Eddie Daniels heads up a quartet Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinetist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and often (but not always) good, solid country and rock music. Sunday through Tuesday, Sept. 10-12, will be turned over to blues fiddler Papa John Creach and his band; on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 13-14, Chicago blueswoman **KOKO TAYLOR** and her Blues Machine will come in to do "I'm a Woman," "All Night Long," and other blues classics. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen

to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

LES MAREYEURS, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE**, a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and a capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Clarinetist and saxophonist **EDDIE BAREFIELD** and singer **CAROL SLOANE** and a quintet are in the midst of reviving the Chick Webb sound Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 7-9, **ART BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSENGERS** deliver their bebop messages; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 14-16, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** and his twelve-piece organization will squeeze onto the stage. Music from ten until two. Dining.

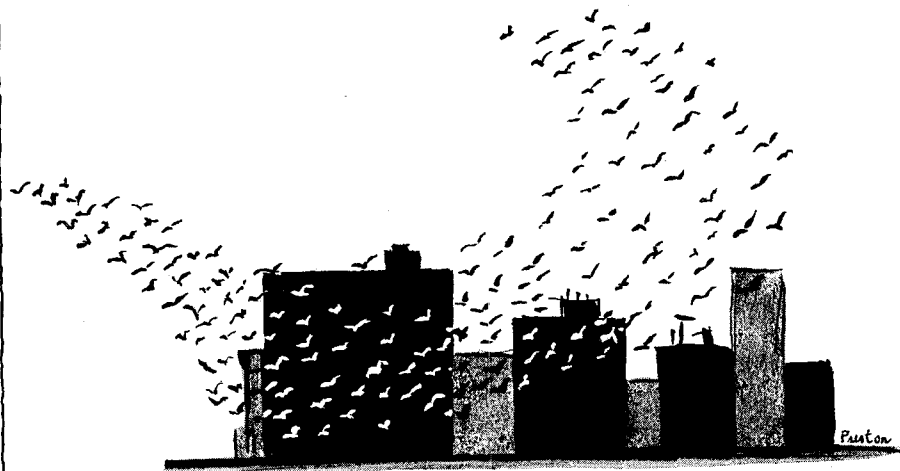
OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—**DOUG SAHM**, a Texas-school singer, songwriter, guitarist, fiddler, and rock-and-roll recluse who combines the best of country-and-Western, rockabilly, and blues music in his own distinctively rangy and appealing style, is here Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 7-9. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

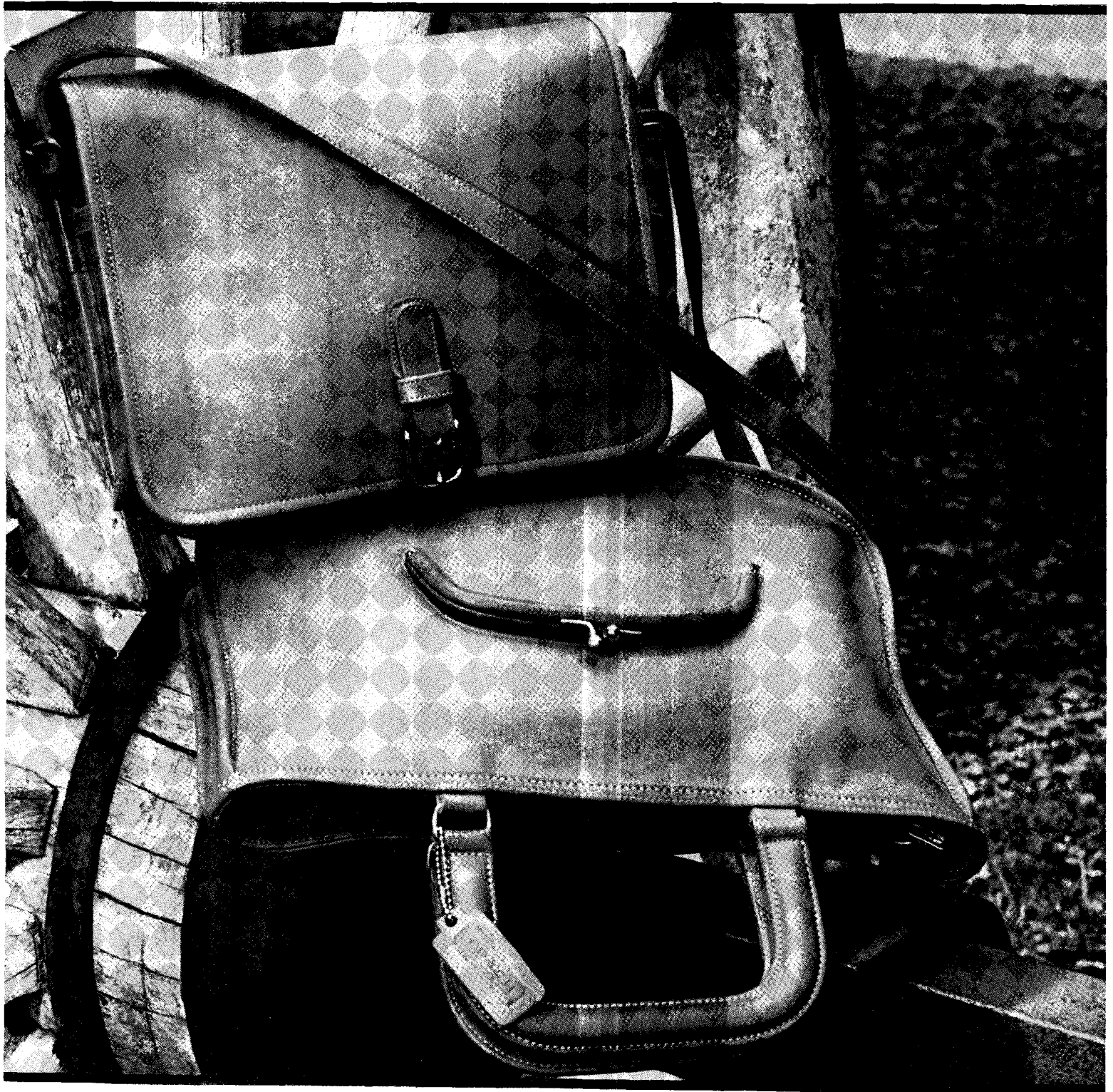
RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**LEE HORWIN** is singing here until Saturday, Sept. 9. She goes on at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, comfortable, airy second-floor jazz club, which is still so new that most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned—none of the usual posters, photographs, or tapestries yet. Flutist **JEREMY STEIG** and his quintet perform through Sunday, Sept. 10. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining.

SIBI, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—Even before **BOBBY COLE** begins his set—when he's just doodling or playing a scale—one knows immediately that he is a pianist with a subtle, confident touch. His hoarse, raspy vocals, which don't punch and attack the way Bobby Short's do but, instead, ride the rhythm, draw on what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he throws in a tune by the Rolling



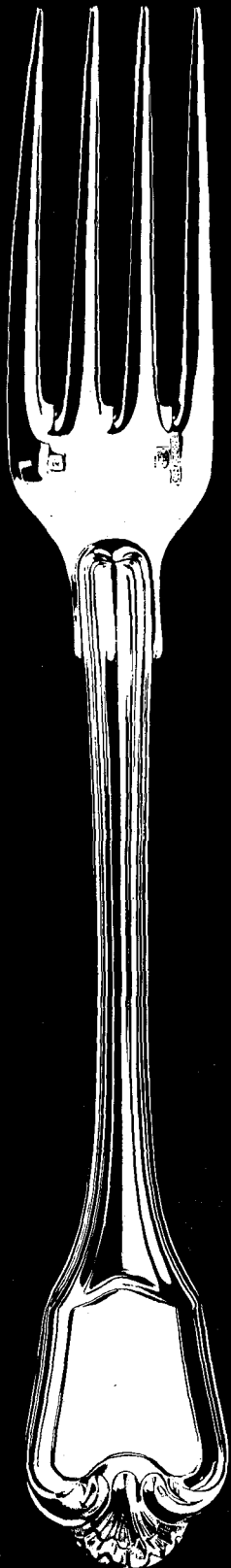
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Stones or Elton John. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **HAL GALPER** works with bassist **MIROSLAV VITOUS** and drummer **BILLY HART** through Saturday, Sept. 9; on Sunday and Monday, Sept. 10-11, John Manning's quartet will perform; and on Tuesday, Sept. 12, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** will arrive with a quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A plain brown door and an unlit entranceway lead one downstairs to the action: rock-and-roll businesspersons (and regular people, too) listening to unestablished bands trying for a recording contract. It's a sort of public audition. (Established performers have been known to perform here, too, on occasion.) Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Pianist **SIR ROLAND HANNA**—he was knighted by the President of Liberia—flutist **FRANK WESS**, and the New York Jazz Quartet play some New York jazz through Sunday, Sept. 10. On Tuesday, Sept. 12, drummer **MAX ROACH** will descend the stairs with his quintet. Monday nights remain **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Armen Donelian. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFE, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans perform through Friday, Sept. 8; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 9-10, and Tuesday, Sept. 12, have been reserved for stride pianist **BROOKS KERR**, drummer **SONNY GREER**, and bassist **AARON BELL**; and Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 13-16, clarinetist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**'s quintet will play Ellington music. On Monday, Sept. 11, Brooks Kerr will deliver a lecture about Duke Ellington, complete with musical illustrations. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

YES—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 6-9, at 8.

PAUL WINTER CONSORT and BRIDGET ST. JOHN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Sept. 9, at 8.

JANE OLIVOR—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday and Monday, Sept. 10-11, at 8.

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA and TRICKSTER—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, at 8.

OLIVER LAKE BAND—Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8.

ROSCOE MITCHELL—With Bakida Carroll, George

Lewis, and Leo Smith. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 15-16, at 10:30.)

A SALUTE TO GREAT AMERICAN SONGWRITERS—Free concerts in the Atrium of the Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6-7, at 6: Helen Merrill, with the Al Haig Trio, in a salute to George Gershwin. . . . Monday, Sept. 11, and Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 6: Dardanelle in a salute to Jerome Kern. . . . Tuesday, Sept. 12, and Thursday, Sept. 14, at 6: Dardanelle in a salute to Richard Rodgers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAUL GUNN—Small-scale scenes of the Thames, Scotland, Venice by a contemporary British artist. Through Sept. 20. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

HIROSHIGE (1797-1858)—Thirty-six color woodcuts of Mount Fuji. Through Sept. 23. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.) . . . Landscapes. Through Oct. 7. (Ronin, 605 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

LOUIS I. KAHN (1901-74)—Early architectural sketches, together with later drawings in pastel, pen-and-ink, charcoal, watercolor, and pencil, made during his travels in Europe and Egypt. Through Saturday, Sept. 9. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open daily, except Sundays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)

JOAN MIRÓ and HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—Prints and drawings. Through Oct. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

JAMES WOLFE—Abstract steel sculptures. Through Sept. 21. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

NOTE—Some galleries begin the fall season with group shows of works by artists regularly associated with them. A few of these are **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **BROMM**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. (Opens at 1.) . . . **PEARL**, 9 W. 57th St. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St. (Open Mondays.)

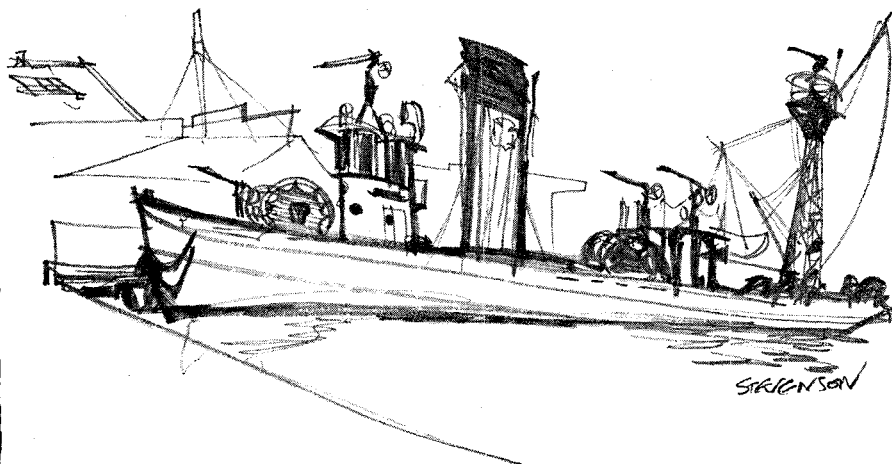
PHOTOGRAPHY

RUSSELL LEE—More than a hundred and fifty prints by a photographer best known for his works done for the Farm Security Administration. Through Oct. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

NICHOLAS NIXON/ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Forty 8 x 10 contact prints on the subject of social gatherings. Photographs, most of them of Washington Square Park. Through Sept. 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

C. E. WATKINS (1829-1916)—Twenty-five large plate photographs of the Yosemite Valley and Oregon. Through Oct. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY SINCE 1960—The shift in photography from the documentary to the expressionistic, from the public event to the private is the basis for an exhibition of about two hundred works mounted by the Museum



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Modern Art. Close to a hundred photographers are represented. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Ninety portrait drawings, impromptu for the most part, of twentieth-century artists and writers. Through Oct. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Group show of contemporary American photographers. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of the French artist and writer Henri Michaux. Through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ A selection of nearly two hundred works by the Dutch printmaker Hendrick Nicolaas Werkman. Through Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans, from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art About Art" is a light-hearted exhibition that demonstrates how American artists (from Warhol to Grooms and back again) appropriate the works of others for their own purposes—sometimes in homage and sometimes as a starting point but more often in fun. Through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred twentieth-century drawings acquired by the museum during the past five years, by artists such as Chuck Close, Claes Oldenburg, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ad Reinhardt. Through Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Fifty-four Haitian artists (most of them self-taught) are represented in an exhibition of paintings and sculptures whose themes are taken from indigenous culture and history. Through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ The Archer Collection of Pahari miniatures consists of eighty paintings from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth, many of them portraits of maharajas and illustrations of religious epics. Through Sept. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a gallery on the third floor, contains prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photographs of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10

to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Patrons & Publishers: The Economics of English Literature" is the theme of an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and early editions from the Berg Collection. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

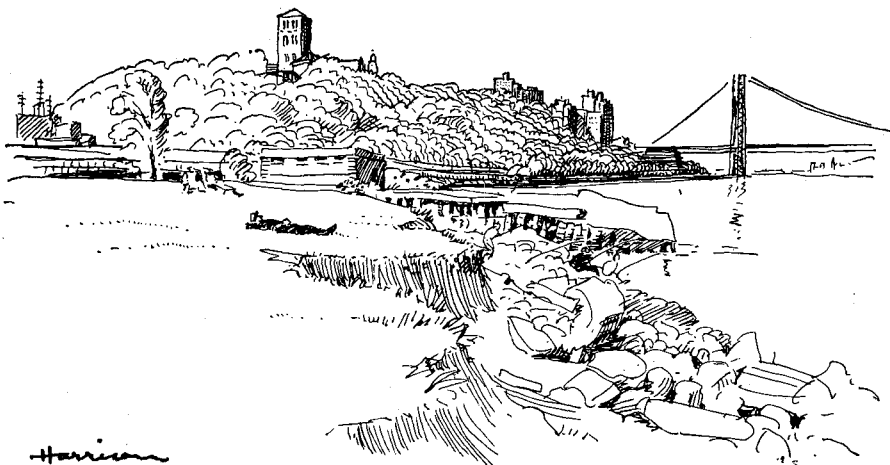
(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday through Friday evenings, Sept. 6-8, and Saturday and Sunday matinees and evenings, Sept. 9-10: Final performances in a special two-week engagement of Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta." There are alternating casts: Gianna Rolandi, Joanna Simon, Jacque Trussel, and Alan Titus, or Elizabeth Hynes, Susanne Marsee, Howard Hensel, and Charles Roe. Conducted variously by John Mauceri, Lloyd Walser, and Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Sept. 13: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Esther Hinds, Catherine Malfitano, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, David Holloway, Michael Devlin, and Richard McKee; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 14: A new production of Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Emerson Buckley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 15: "La Traviata," with Ashley Putnam, Henry Price, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday matinee, Sept. 16: "Rigoletto," with Faye Robinson, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, and Richard T. Gill; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 16: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Glenys Fowles, Jacque Trussel, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Zubin Mehta conducting the opening performances of the season,



which will run through Saturday, May 5. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, Sept. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 15, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 19, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

ROBERT MILLER—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Sept. 9, at 2.)

IAN SHAPINSKY—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Sept. 10, at 3.)

FRED LOEB—Clarinet, with Sherry Zannoth, soprano; Elizabeth Wright, piano; a string quartet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Sept. 6, at 8.... ♣ Boston, Friday, Sept. 15, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2.... **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, at 8:05, and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 2:05.... ♣ Chicago, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 11-12, at 8:05.... ♣ Montreal, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 13-14, at 8:05.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Saturday, Sept. 16: Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 1:30.... ♣ Colgate vs. Holy Cross, at Hamilton, at 1:30.... ♣ Fordham vs. Widener, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 3:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Sept. 10: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1.... ♣ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 23. The Astorita, Wednesday, Sept. 6; the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 9; the Maskette Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 10; and the Marlboro Cup Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 11:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 11:15.)... **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30.... **BOWIE, Md.**: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Sept. 11, through Friday, Oct. 20.

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 6-7, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 8-9, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 10, at 2. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 7.

ET ALIA

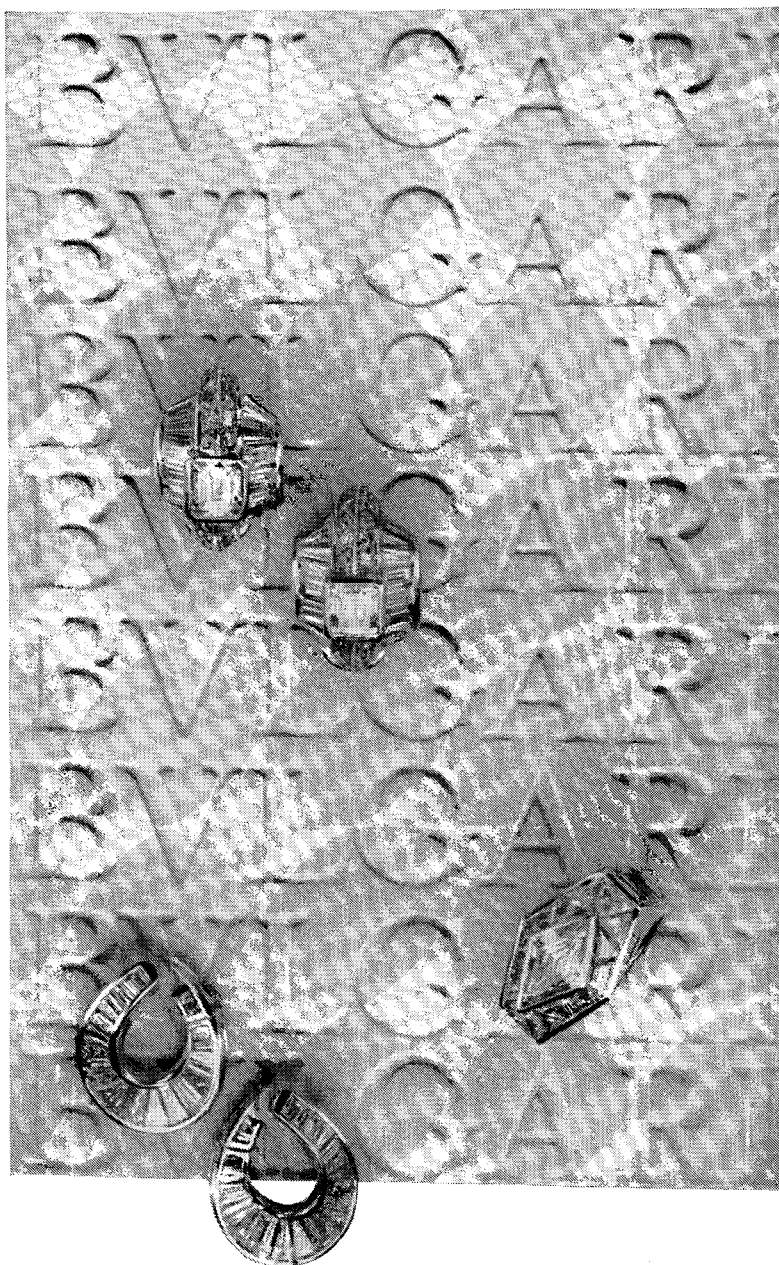
"ECHOES OF THE DRUMS"—An exhibition of North and South American Indian culture from the collection of the Museum of the American Indian. Included are totemic house posts, sports and games equipment, beadwork, jewelry, musical instruments, masks, books, and photographs. Through Oct. 31. (U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK DANCE FESTIVAL—The first seven in a series of twelve free performances—Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 9-10, at 8: Andy deGroat and Alan Lloyd/Dancers and Musicians, Ronald Brown, the Joffrey II Dancers, the Mary Anthony Dance Company, the Concert Dance Company, and the International African-American Ballet.... ♣ Sunday, Sept. 10, at 3 (a one-hour program): The Joffrey II Dancers.... ♣ Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 11-12, at 8: Honi Coles and Brenda Bufalino and Company, Danceworks/Irene Feigenheimer, Kuniko Narai and Luis Villanueva, Martine van Hamel, and Jennifer Muller and the Works.... ♣ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 14-15, at 8: The Marcus Schullkind Dance Company; Peggy Lyman; Naomi Sorkin and Paul Russell, Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; and the Fred Benjamin Dance Company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Rain date, Wednesday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

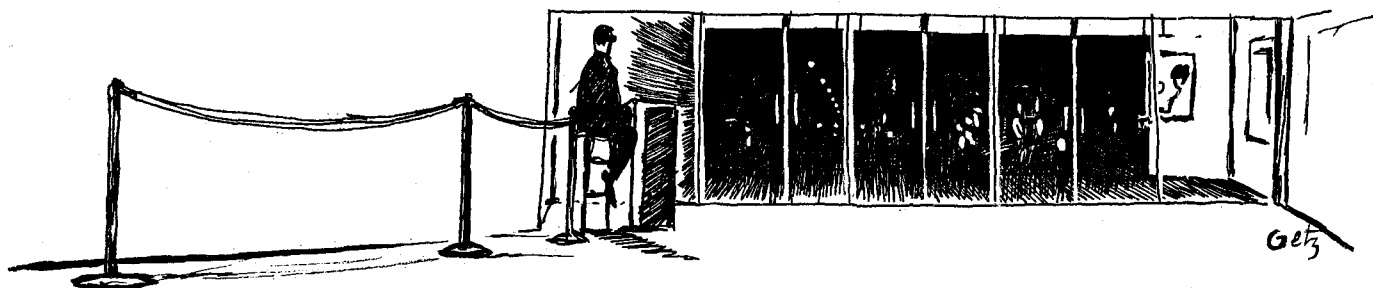
WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 9-10, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16-17, from noon until sundown.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 10: "The All-American Boy."
Sept. 11: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 12: "Deal."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 12: "3 Women" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 12: "The Cheap Detective" and "Sleuth."
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 7: "Madame Rosa."
From Sept. 8: "Outrageous!" and "Putney Swope."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heaven Can Wait."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Sept. 7: "The Buddy Holly Story."
From Sept. 8: "Avalanche."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Nea."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Slave of Love."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Interiors."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Eyes of Laura Mars."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Jaws 2."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Sept. 12: "Girl Friends."
From Sept. 13: "Days of Heaven."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Sept. 12: "Cat and Mouse."
From Sept. 13: "Girl Friends."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Who'll Stop the Rain."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heaven Can Wait."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 12: "The Last Waltz."
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 7: "Who'll Stop the Rain."
From Sept. 8 (tentative): "Avalanche."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Stingray."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Young Frankenstein."
Theatre 2: "Jaws 2."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Sept. 7: "Madame Rosa."
From Sept. 8: "Avalanche."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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10	11	12	13	14		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Young Frankenstein."
Theatre 2: "An Unmarried Woman."
Theatre 3: "The Buddy Holly Story."
Theatre 4: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lin Tse-hsu" ("The Opium War").

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Sept. 13: "The Magic of Lassie."
From Sept. 14: Theatre temporarily closed.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Grease."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Who'll Stop the Rain."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 12: "The Cheap Detective."
From Sept. 13: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Foul Play."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Foul Play."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 9: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The 39 Steps."
From Sept. 10: "Women."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Buddy Holly Story."
Theatre 2: "Harper Valley P.T.A."
Theatre 3: "Jaws 2."
Theatre 4: "Revenge of the Pink Panther."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 7: "Saturday Night Fever" and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From Sept. 8: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"Jaws 2" and "Rollercoaster."

TIMES SQUARE

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Jaws 2." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Hooper."

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Who'll Stop the Rain." (†)

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Young Frankenstein." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Saturday Night Fever." (†)
Theatre 3: "Stingray." (†)
Theatre 4: "An Unmarried Woman." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Eyes of Laura Mars." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"2001: A Space Odyssey." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Sept. 7: "Star Wars."
From Sept. 8: "Avalanche." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

(Only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 6: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Charles Aznavour; and "Detour" (1945), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Ann Savage and Tom Neal.

Sept. 7: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Sept. 8-9: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Sept. 10-11: "The Little Foxes" (†); and "The Misfits" (1961), directed by John Huston, with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, Montgomery Clift, Eli Wallach, and Thelma Ritter.

Sept. 12: "Stray Dog" (1949), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Bad Sleep Well" (†).

Sept. 13: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964); "Wild Horses of Fire" (†), in Ukrainian, directed by Sergei Paradjanov; and "Andrei Roubler" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Tarkovsky.

Sept. 14: "Sometimes a Great Notion" (1972), directed by Paul Newman, with Newman, Henry Fonda, and Lee Remick; and "Alice's Restaurant" (1969), directed by Arthur Penn, with Arlo Guthrie.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 16: "The Old Dark House" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart; and "The Cat and the Canary" (1927), a silent film, directed by Paul Leni, with Laura La Plante and Creighton Hall.

Sept. 7: "High and Low" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Pale Flower" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda, with Ryo Ikebe.

Sept. 8: "Animal Crackers" (1930), with the Marx Brothers; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

Sept. 9: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas.

Sept. 10: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno,



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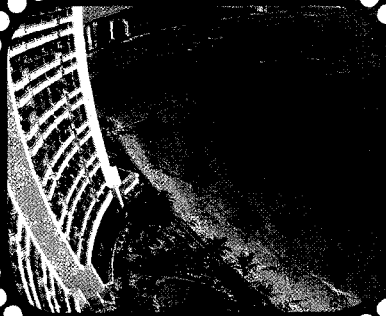
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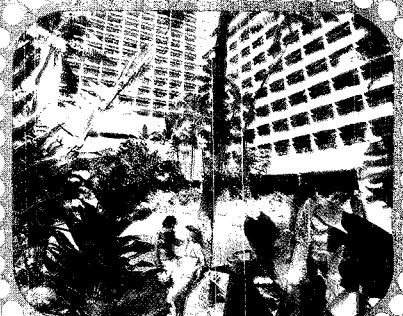
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and George Chakiris; and "Los Tarantos" (1963), in Spanish, directed by Rovina Beleta, with Carmen Amaya.

Sept. 11: "The Puritan" (†) and "The Phantom Baron." (†)

Sept. 12: "Les Enfants Terribles" (1950; "The Strange Ones"), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, Renée Cosima, and Jacques Bernard; and "Fists in the Pocket." (†)

Sept. 13: "What Price Hollywood" (†) and "Morning Glory." (†)

Sept. 14: "That Man from Rio" (†); and "Le Magnifique" (1976), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jacqueline Bisset.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Sept. 7: "The Goodbye Girl" (1977), directed by Herbert Ross, with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss; and "The Heartbreak Kid" (1972), directed by Elaine May, with Charles Grodin, Cybill Shepherd, and Jeannie Berlin.

Sept. 8-9: "The 39 Steps" (†) and "The Lady Vanishes." (†)

Sept. 10-11: "A Star Is Born" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford, and Jack Carson; and "I Could Go On Singing." (†)

Sept. 12: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970), directed by Marcel Ophüls, a documentary on the German Occupation of France.

Sept. 13-14: "The Fury" (†); and "Sisters" (1973), directed by Brian De Palma, with Margot Kidder, Jennifer Salt, Charles Durning, Bill Finley, and Bernard Hughes.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Sept. 6: Three films of Elvis Presley in concert—"Elvis: That's the Way It Is" (1970), "Elvis on Tour" (1973), and "Elvis on TV."

Sept. 7-9: "Jonah Who Will Be 25 in the Year 2000" (1976), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with Jean-Luc Bideau, Miou-Miou, and Raymond Bussières; and "The Wonderful Crook" (1975), in French, directed by Claude Goretta, with Gérard Depardieu and Marlène Jobert.

Sept. 10-11: "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full" (1975), in French, directed by Pascal Thomas, with Annie Colé; and "La Salamandre." (†)

Sept. 12-13: "Cousin Angelica" (†) and "Before the Revolution." (†)

From Sept. 14: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (†) and "A Geisha." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 9: "Designing Woman" (1957), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall, and Dolores Gray; and "The Women" (1939),

directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Sept. 10-11: "Father of the Bride" (†) and "The Actress." (†)

Sept. 12-13: "Fury" (†) and "Intruder in the Dust." (†)

From Sept. 14: "Neptune's Daughter" (1949), directed by Edward Buzzell, with Esther Williams, Red Skelton, Ricardo Montalban, Betty Garrett, and Keenan Wynn; and "On the Town." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Sept. 7: "Trilogy" (1969), directed by Frank Perry, three stories by Truman Capote; and "In Cold Blood" (1967), directed by Richard Brooks, with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson.

Sept. 8-9: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden.

Sept. 10-11: "Seven Beauties" (1976), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Let's Talk About Men." (†)

Sept. 12: "Written on the Wind" (†); and "There's Always Tomorrow" (1956), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Joan Bennett.

Sept. 13-14: "La Marseillaise" (1938) and "Toni" (1935), both films in French, directed by Jean Renoir.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 6: "Rose of Washington Square" (1939), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Al Jolson, and William Frawley; and "That Night in Rio" (1941), directed by Irving Cummings, with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda.

Sept. 7: "The Talk of the Town" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman; and "The More the Merrier" (1943), directed by George Stevens, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn.

Sept. 8: "You're Telling Me" (†); and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" (1934), directed by Norman Taurog, with W. C. Fields, Pauline Lord, and ZaSu Pitts.

Sept. 9-10: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (†) and "The Thin Man Goes Home." (†)

Sept. 11: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" (†) and "Thousands Cheer." (†)

Sept. 12: "The Dark Past" (1948), directed by Randolph Maté, with William Holden, Nina Foch, Lee J. Cobb, and Adele Jergens; and "Knock on Any Door." (†)

Sept. 13: "Kind Lady" (1935), directed by George Seitz, with Aline MacMahon, Basil Rathbone, Mary Carlisle, and Frank Albertson; and "Downstairs" (1932), di-

rected by Monta Bell, with John Gilbert, Paul Lukas, Virginia Bruce, and Hedda Hopper.

Sept. 14: "Human Desire" (†) and "Push-over." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—

Sept. 7 at 2:30: "Report to the Commissioner" (1975), directed by Milton Katselas, with Michael Moriarty, Yaphet Kotto, and Susan Blakely. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 6: "The Nickel Ride" (1974), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Jason Miller and Linda Haynes. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 8:30: "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie" (1976), directed by John Cassavetes, with Ben Gazzara, Timothy Carey, Seymour Casel, and Al Ruban. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2:30: "Gator" (1976), directed by Burt Reynolds, with Reynolds, Jack Weston, and Lauren Hutton. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 6: "Face in the Sky" (1933), directed by Harry Lachman, with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at noon: "The Shootist" (1976), directed by Don Siegel, with John Wayne, Lauren Bacall, Ron Howard, and James Stewart. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2:30: "Norman. . . Is That You?" (1976), directed by George Schlatter, with Redd Foxx, Pearl Bailey, Tamara Dobson, and Michael Warren. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at noon: "The Shootist." . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2:30: "The Stepford Wives" (1975), directed by Bryan Forbes, with Katharine Ross and Paula Prentiss. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 5: "Le Voyage dans la Lune" (1902), a French silent film, directed by Georges Méliès; "La Jetée" (1963), in French, directed by Chris Marker, English subtitles; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951), directed by Robert Wise, with Michael Rennie and Patricia Neal. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at noon: "Mountain People" (1978), directed by Cinda Firestone. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2:30: "Assault on Precinct 13" (1976), directed by John Carpenter, with Austin Stoker, Darwin Joston, and Laurie Zimmer. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 6: "The Killing of a Chinese Bookie." . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at noon: "Mountain People." . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2:30: "Romance of the Rio Grande" (1929), directed by Alfred Santell, with Warner Baxter and Mary Duncan. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 6: "Norman. . . Is That You?" . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2:30: "Pleasantville" (1976), directed by Vicki Polon and Kenneth Locker, with Gale Sondergaard. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 6: "The Phantom of the Open Hearth" (1976), directed by Fred Barzyk and David Loxton, with Jean Shepherd. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 8:30: "The Gardener's Son" (1976), directed by Richard Pearce, with Brad Dourif, Kevin Conway, and Ned Beatty. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ACTRESS (1953)—Ruth Gordon adapted her autobiographical play "Years Ago," which dealt with a young girl in New England determined to make her way in the theatre, and it was turned into a pleasantly modest though disappointing picture by the director, George Cukor. Jean Simmons plays the title role with grace, but the author has neglected to provide indications of talent and drive in the character; this girl seems too nice, too ordinary—she could never grow up to be that tough, indefatigable troupier Ruth Gordon. (The movie is set in 1911!) Despite the title, the central character is the girl's gruff, lovable father (Spencer Tracy); Tracy overdoes it, but he shows some energy, and the film is sadly short of it. With Teresa Wright giving a wan performance as the mother, Anthony Perkins making his first screen appearance, and, in the best sequence, Kay Williams as a musical-comedy star. (Regency; Sept. 10-11.)

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY (1973)—Jon Voight is a prizefighter suffering from a type of working-class alienation that is indistinguishable from bellyache. He mopes through the picture looking puffy, like a rain cloud about to spritz. Charles Eastman wrote and directed this disgracefully condescending view of America as a wasteland populated by grotesques, stupes, and sons of bitches; they are

incapable of love and have false values—and to prove it Eastman sets Voight to walking the Antonioni walk. This is probably the only movie on record in which you can watch boxers working out in a gym while you hear a Gregorian chant. With Carol Androsky, Art Metrano, E. J. Peaker, Anne Archer, Ned Glass, Harry Northup, Rosalind Cash, Jeanne Cooper, and Jaye P. Morgan. (Little Theatre; through Sept. 10.)

AVALANCHE—With Rock Hudson and Mia Farrow, directed by Corey Allen. (Eastside Cinema, Waverly, and Victoria; starting Sept. 8. . . . ¶ U.A. East; starting Sept. 8, tentative.)

THE BAD SLEEP WELL (1960)—Kurosawa takes on the theme of corruption in business and government in this melodrama about how Toshiro Mifune tries to track down the men responsible for murdering his father. He finds them, all right, but here's the Japanese twist on a basically American-type story: Mifune is eliminated and business goes on as usual. It's a strangely mixed movie—an attempt at social significance but with several borrowings from "Hamlet" that take bizarre forms: a giant wedding cake in the shape of an office building serves the plot function of the play within the play in "Hamlet." (The groom's father had committed suicide by jumping from a window of an office building.) The cast includes Masayuki Mori and

Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 12.)

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 12-13.)

THE BITTER TEARS OF PETRA VON KANT (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, born in 1945 and the writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians which is furnished with elegance but sustained by a deep and primitive sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 14.)

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie)

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY—With Gary Bussey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Sept. 7.)

CAT AND MOUSE—Lelouch at his most tricky

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Cinema II; through Sept. 12.)

THE CHEAP DETECTIVE—Written by Neil Simon for Ray Stark, this has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—along with a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. (7/3/78) (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through Sept. 12.)

COUSIN ANGELICA (1974)—Carlos Saura's wonderful picture is the first film made in Spain from the position of the people who lost the Civil War. It happens in two interwoven epochs: the outbreak of the war and the seventies. José Luis López Vázquez plays both the boy and the middle-aged man, in a reflection of the way we all embody the selves we will be at eight or forty-eight or eighty. His beloved is Angelica (María Clara Fernández), first seen (in 1938) as a little girl in a sailor suit who is the child of Francoist parents, later (in the seventies) seen as a daughter of the original Angelica. Happiness billows through this picture, a sanctified fancy about memory. In Spanish. (5/23/77) (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 12-13.)

DAYS OF HEAVEN—With Richard Gere and Brooke Adams, directed by Terrence Malick. (Cinema I; starting Sept. 13.)

DEAL—A documentary about the television show "Let's Make a Deal," directed by John Schott and E. J. Vaughn. (Little Theatre; starting Sept. 12.)

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

EYES OF LAURA MARS—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (Coronet, and Loews State 1.)

FATHER OF THE BRIDE (1950)—A deeply conventional, plushly middle-class view of normal romance and marriage, seen from the standpoint of the banker-father (Spencer Tracy) of the bride (Elizabeth Taylor, still in her teens). Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich wrote this comedy with an eye to the father's misgivings about the groom and his Oedipal fixation on his daughter; it's an archetypal sit-com situation. Vincente Minnelli directed very simply and skillfully, keeping us at a discreet distance; we look on at the follies of sensible, prosperous people in their clean, comfortable, Waspy homes. Within its own terms, the picture is sensitive and very well done, but it's also tiresomely fraudulent: an idealization of a safe, shuttered existence, the good life according to M-G-M—twenty-four-karat complacency. Tracy, at the center of things, gives his basic sturdy-clod performance, somewhat better modulated than usual. Elizabeth Taylor is gentle and soft-toned, and Minnelli uses her sparingly, resisting the temptation to feast on her in closeup; she and Joan Bennett, who plays her mother, match up together neatly. Don Taylor as the groom is a mistake, though; he lacks solidity—he's so nice-boy lightweight he's like an updated David Manners. With Leo G. Carroll, Melville Cooper, Billie Burke, Moroni Olsen, and Russ (then Rusty) Tamblyn. From the book by Edmond Streeter. (Regency; Sept. 10-11.)

FISTS IN THE POCKET (1967)—This first film by Marco Bellocchio must surely be one of the most astonishing directorial debuts in the history of movies, yet it is hard to know how to react to it. The direction is exhilaratingly cool and assured, and the whole movie is charged with temperament, but the material is wild. It's about a bourgeois family of diseased monsters; epileptic fits multiply between bouts of matricide, fratricide, and incest. The material is so savage that the movie often seems intended to be funny, but why it was so intended isn't clear. It features the best strange-brother-and-sister act since "Les Enfants Terribles": Lou Castel, with his pug-dog manner, and Paola Pitagora, looking

like a debauched gazelle. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

FOUL PLAY—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, Cinema 3, Paramount, and Forum.)

FURY (1936)—When this melodrama about an orgy of mob violence against an innocent man—it was Fritz Lang's first American movie—opened in London, Graham Greene said in his review that it was "the only film I know to which I have wanted to attach the epithet of 'great.'" Though Americans may rate it high, they are unlikely to go that far. Spencer Tracy (as the victim) and Sylvia Sydney are very fine, and the picture has so much vitality that it's easy to make allowances for the tacky ending, which doesn't jibe with Lang's sensibility and style. But the sensibility and style are themselves hurdles. The schematic view of fate, the lighting and design, the stylized movements of the lynchers all relate to the theatrical wing of the German Expressionist movement; Lang brings a heavy battery of advanced stagecraft to the small-town American Southern setting. Joseph L. Mankiewicz produced; Norman Krasna did the story; Bartlett Cormack and Lang did the screenplay. With Edward Ellis, Walter Brennan, Bruce Cabot, and Walter Abel. (Regency; Sept. 12-13.)

THE FURY—Brian De Palma's visionary science-fiction thriller is the reverse side of the coin of Spielberg's "Close Encounters." With Spielberg, what happens is so much better than you dared hope that you have to laugh; with De Palma, it's so much worse than you feared that you have to laugh. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgrass, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Cinema Village; Sept. 13-14.)

A GEISHA (1953)—By the great Kenji Mizoguchi. This shapely and most kindly film ironically compares the geishas to national treasures—to the no theatre, the tea ceremony, Mount Fuji. Mizoguchi's geishas have a hard time. One of them, only sixteen years old, bites a customer when she realizes what she is meant to do apart from flower-arranging

and pouring *sake* and being eternally polite. Her flab-spirited father, who has refused to be her guarantor, turns up in a sad scene to beg money from her older female mentor. The film's understanding of the relationship between the two women is remarkable and tacit. So is the understanding of the men, who sometimes expect of women bent necks and giggles, but who once or twice show feeling and love. A masterpiece of quiet attention. In Japanese. (6/5/78) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 14.)

GIRL FRIENDS—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is the interesting one of the counterpull between the wish for sociability and the wish to be alone, but the way the picture is made is rather unfortunate. (8/21/78) (Cinema I; through Sept. 12.... Cinema II; starting Sept. 13.)

GREASE—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Ziegfeld.)

HARPER VALLEY P.T.A.—With Barbara Eden, Ronny Cox, and Nanette Fabray; directed by Richard Bennett. (Loews 83rd Quad.)

HEAVEN CAN WAIT—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

HUMAN DESIRE (1954)—Fritz Lang's melodramatic Hollywood version of Zola's novel about blind instinct, "La Bête Humaine," which had been turned into a classic film by Jean Renoir in 1938. There's nothing very special about this updated version, set in America, and starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame as a ruthless, taunting wife, and Broderick Crawford as her jealous husband. Lang didn't want to make the film but was contractually forced into it by Columbia, which hoped for a success comparable to his "The Big Heat" of the year before, also with Grahame and Ford. With lots of high angles and night scenes, and also Edgar Buchanan and Dan Seymour. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14.)

I COULD GO ON SINGING (1963)—Dreadful, but often fascinating: Judy Garland in the sort of movie that is usually made about a performer long after the events, and with someone else playing the lead. Her face puffy, her manner distressed, she goes through a sort of "Madame X" version of a selfish singer's life, in which she belts out numbers at the Palladium. Made in England and directed by Ronald Neame. With Dirk Bogarde, Jack Klugman, and Aline MacMahon. (Cinema Village; Sept. 10-11.)

INTERIORS—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." We are inside the skulls of people who look at the world as if it were partitioned off from them—as if they were separated from it by glass, which they are scared of breaking, because their control over themselves is so shaky. With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. The film is a noble endeavor that shows us knotted spirits in a world constricted by aesthetic and psychoanalytic jargon. (8/7/78) (Baronet.)

INTRUDER IN THE DUST (1949)—Lucas Beauchamp, the "stubborn and insufferable" hero of William Faulkner's novel, is a black man who enrages the white people in his corner of Mississippi by his refusal to play nigger for them. The director, Clarence Brown, shot this movie in Faulkner's home town—Oxford, Mississippi—with the inhabitants in bit parts and in the crowd scenes. "All in all, I think it is a good movie," Faulkner said at the premiere, and it is a good movie—straightforward, tense, and assured. But it came at



RUM REVELATIONS.

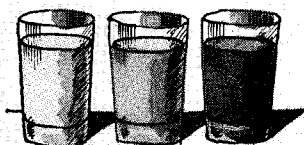
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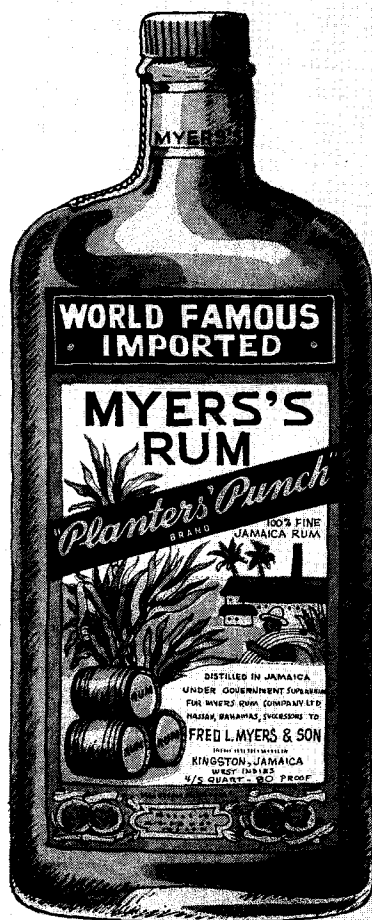
to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The



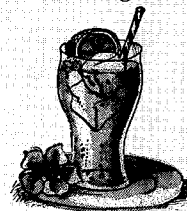
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the end of a cycle of virtuous melodramas about Negroes ("Home of the Brave," "Lost Boundaries," et al.), and the advertising campaign ("The Picture That Dares to Tell the Truth... Tearing Asunder the Veils of Hate and Persecution") didn't help to differentiate it from the others. In the film, as in the novel, inflexible Lucas (Juano Hernández), who refuses to accept condescension or patronage, is conceived as a focus of white ambivalence. The other major character, Chick (Claude Jarman, Jr.), a white boy who has made the stupid mistake of offering Lucas money as payment for hospitality, is so humiliated by Lucas's stony refusal that he writhes in impotent fury at himself and at Lucas. When Lucas is arrested for killing a white man, Chick, still suffering over the debt he has been unable to discharge, finds his opportunity to get back his pride—to restore the balance of his relationship with Lucas. At the very end, a false note is struck by Chick's uncle (David Brian): "It will be all right, as long as some of us are willing to fight—even one of us," and the ultimate cliché, "Lucas wasn't in trouble; *we* were in trouble." It's the movie that gets in trouble. But Juano Hernández's Lucas has the intensity and humor to transcend these Northern liberal platitudes. We can see that, as Faulkner put it, Lucas is "now tyrant over the whole country's white conscience." Two character actors perform with great skill: Porter Hall as the murdered man's father and Elizabeth Patterson as the little old lady who believes in doing what's right. The screenplay is by Ben Maddow (with some revisions by Faulkner); cinematography by Robert Surtees. (Regency; Sept. 12-13.)

JAWS 2—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR (1949)—John Derek as a young delinquent on trial for killing a policeman, and Humphrey Bogart as the lawyer defending him. As he talks, we see the boy's grim past in flashback: his father died in prison, he was sent to reform school, his child wife committed suicide. Making this solemn sociological case for him, Bogart is so wearing that you wish he'd stop orating and get out his own rod again. Nicholas Ray directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film debut); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 9.... ¶ Cinema Village; Sept. 8-9.)

THE LAST WALTZ—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (72nd Street East; through Sept. 12.)

LET'S TALK ABOUT MEN (1965)—Lina Wertmüller's second film, in four parts. Nino Manfredi plays the Superior Man in all four; a businessman financially less successful than his sumptuous thief of a wife, an aged circus knife-thrower, a sadomasochist, a snoring husband who is blind to his wife's discontent. Wertmüller is not a women's-lib polemicist. Politically, she is an intelligent and kindly philosopher, who sees people being turned into society's flunkies. Dramatically, she is moved by paradox, fully aware of the ache that often underlies the Latin bombast of her characters. In Italian. (Thalia; Sept. 10-11.)

LIN TSE-HSU ("The Opium War")—With Chao Tan and Ching Yin, directed by Chen Chun-li. From the People's Republic of China. In Mandarin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Guild.)

THE LITTLE FOXES (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted.

William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 10-11.)

LOOKING FOR MR. GOODBAR—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (New Yorker; through Sept. 7.... ¶ Art; through Sept. 12.)

MADAME ROSA—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Gramercy, and Waverly; through Sept. 7.)

THE MAGIC OF LASSIE—A musical, with Lassie, James Stewart, Mickey Rooney, Pernell Roberts, and Stephanie Zimbalist; directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall; through Sept. 13.)

MORNING GLORY (1933)—Katharine Hepburn got her first Academy Award for her performance as "Eva Lovelace"—the name taken by a girl who comes to New York obsessively determined to become a great actress. It's a strange, ambivalent study of that lying-cheating kind of determination, taken from a play by Zoë Akins and directed by Lowell Sherman. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. The picture was remade in the late fifties as "Stage Struck," starring Susan Strasberg. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 13.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Beekman, 86th St. East, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

NÉA—With Samy Frey and Ann Zacharias, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Trans-Lux East.)

ON THE TOWN (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Regency; starting Sept. 14.)

OUTRAGEOUS! (1977)—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Gramercy; starting Sept. 8.)

THE PHANTOM BARON (1943)—Somehow or other, Cocteau got involved in writing the script for this silly romantic adventure, which was directed by Serge de Poligny and has little connection to Cocteau's own screen work. Set in the early nineteenth century, it's about a hidden treasure. Cocteau played the title role; possibly he inveigled Gabrielle Dorziat into appearing in it also; in any case, she looks as if she's not sure what she's doing here. With Alain Cuny and Jany Holt. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

THE PURITAN (1938)—The very young Jean-Louis Barrault in a film by Jeff Musso, from a Liam O'Flaherty story, that outraged the censors of the time. Barrault plays a reporter, both maddened and pious, who commits a murder out of prudishness and then writes a story about it that suggests the calamity was due to holy wrath about sin. The film is concerned with self-deception; the knife blade of puritanism switches back on itself. Pungent movie, to be seen. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

PUSHOVER (1954)—This murder melodrama, with Fred MacMurray as a policeman who is suckered by a beautiful blonde (Kim Novak) who's up to no good, has a good low-budget texture; the director, Richard Quine, and the scenarist, Roy Huggins, know what they're up to. With E. G. Marshall, Dorothy Malone,

and Phil Carey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14.)

PUTNEY SWOPE (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (Gramercy; starting Sept. 8.)

REVENGE OF THE PINK PANTHER—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. A beloved film, recommended for its funniness about Clouseau's quite impervious inefficiency, and for his splendid decisiveness in mangling the pronunciation of English. (7/31/78) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and National.)

ROLLERCOASTER (1977)—Directed by James Goldstone, a film that rides suavely on the innate terror that people have about rides in amusement parks. George Segal is an amusement-park safety inspector thankful to be yanked away from the—to him—infinite horrors of anti-smoking electric-shock therapy in order to investigate catastrophes caused by bombs laid on roller-coaster tracks. This isn't a disaster film; no dwelling on squelched bodies, and a certain amount of Hitchcockian suspense in broad-daylight chases among holiday-making crowds. (6/20/77) (Olympia.)

LA SALAMANDRE (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (8th St. Playhouse; Sept. 10-11.)

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976 *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Embassy. . . . New Yorker; through Sept. 7.)

SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving race-track crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast. The most amazing people keep turning up: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Joseph Anthony, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, Louise Beavers, Alan Baxter, and many others. Too bad Harry Kurnitz, who wrote the story, didn't give them more to do; W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9-10.)

SLAVE OF LOVE—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei), whose alertness glimmers. She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Plaza.)

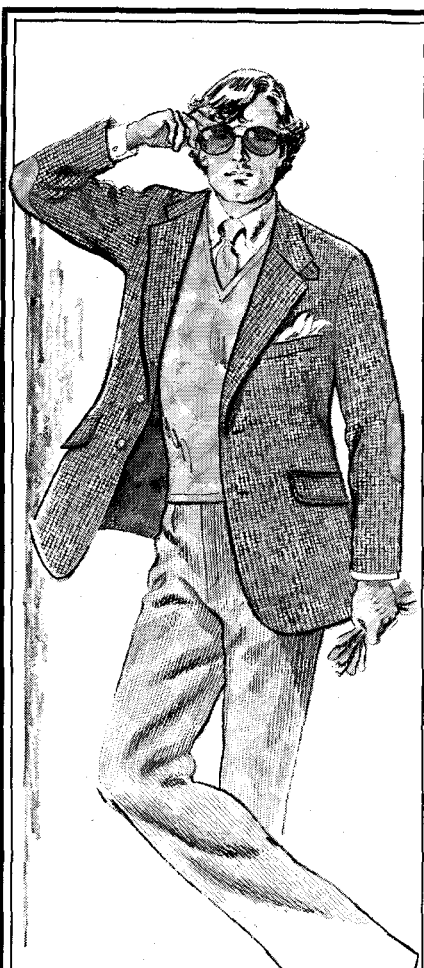
SLEUTH (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his

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prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripshooting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks that the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 12.)

STINGRAY—With Christopher Mitchum and Les Lannom, directed by Richard Taylor. (Loews Orpheum, and Embassy.)

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME (1949)—This big M-G-M musical, set in the early part of the century, began with a not too inspired script idea from Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, and after it went through a series of cast changes and then got assigned to Busby Berkeley to direct, it was a full-scale mess. Kelly and Frank Sinatra are vaudevillians who are also baseball players; Esther Williams, the manager of the baseball team, is in love with Kelly, but Sinatra is in love with her. And there are gangsters trying to get the boys to double-cross her and lose a game. This asinine story just about smothers the good-natured hoofing. Comden and Green and Roger Edens did the songs, but the musical numbers have that flag-waving Irish-American cheeriness which also blighted many Fox musicals made in the same period. With Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin, who work well with Kelly and Sinatra. They all got together—sans Esther Williams—the following year in "On the Town." The finale here isn't by Berkeley; it was co-directed by Kelly and Donen, and served to convince the studio to let them co-direct "On the Town." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11.)

THAT MAN FROM RIO (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 14.)

THE THIN MAN GOES HOME (1945)—This came late in the series but it's still fairly cheerful, just the same. It features William Powell, Myrna Loy, Asta, and Anne Revere, who, carrying a rifle and wearing a felt hat that looks as if it might have been discarded by a janitor, makes a fascinating lunatic. Directed by Richard Thorpe; Robert Riskin and Dwight Taylor did the writing; Karl Freund did the cinematography. With Helen Vinson, Gloria DeHaven, Lucile Watson, and Harry Davenport. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 9-10.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love. Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 9.... Cinema Village; Sept. 8-9.)

THOUSANDS CHEER (1943)—Gene Kelly tries hard in this all-star M-G-M musical, and Lena Horne sings "Honeysuckle Rose," but nothing could save it. Maybe José Iturbi put the seal of doom (i.e., mediocrity) on the venture when he condescended to play boogie-woogie; his boogie-woogie is surely the worst ever recorded. With Judy Garland, Ben Blue, Eleanor Powell, Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, and many others. George Sidney directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11.)

3 WOMEN (1977)—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. The film is full of Altman's overheard and murmurs, with a hallucinating quality typified by his recurring use of self-absorbed twins who never speak except to each other. A fine, musing film. (4/18/77) (Art; through Sept. 12.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direc-

tion of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Gemini 2, and Rivoli.)

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy.)

VIVA ITALIA!—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. Full of a particularly Italian sort of comic conviviality and, sometimes, a particularly Italian note of resolve in the face of distress. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD (1932)—The story line of this film, directed by George Cukor for the producer David O. Selznick, is basically the same as that of Selznick's later "A Star Is Born" (1937), which he admitted was a reworking of this material. (Cukor got back to the material when he directed the 1954 version of "A Star Is Born.") Constance Bennett is a waitress at the Brown Derby who meets a brilliant alcoholic director (Lowell Sherman); she rises to fame as his career collapses. Sherman probably patterned his interpretation on the self-destructive drinking of his brother-in-law John Barrymore. Many of the scenes are like sketches for scenes in the later versions, but this film has its own interest, especially because of its glimpses into the studio world at the time. With Neil Hamilton, Gregory Ratoff, Louise Beavers, and Eddie Anderson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 13.)

WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN—An interesting film by Karel Reisz—the Czech-born director of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "Morgan!", "The Loves of Isadora"—made from an uninteresting piece of pulpdom called "Dog Soldiers," by Robert Stone. The original book is full of clichés about the social ills that followed Vietnam; the film is thoughtful about the impact on a culture of stimulants and soporifics and random noise. With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty. (9/4/78) (68th St. Playhouse, Festival, and Criterion.... U. A. East; through Sept. 7.)

WOMEN—With Marina Vlady and Lili Monori, directed by Márta Mészáros. In Hungarian. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 10.)

WRITTEN ON THE WIND (1957)—A Texas oil millionaire (Robert Stack) sweeps a secretary (Lauren Bacall) off her feet, marries her, and then gets to wondering whether the baby that she's going to have is really his or if it's the child of his best friend, a geologist (Rock Hudson). The Texan's nympho sister (Dorothy Malone) encourages his suspicions while trying to trap the geologist, who is, indeed, in love with the wife. The director, Douglas Sirk, shows his unpleasant talent for whipping up sour, stylized soap operas in posh settings. (Thalia; Sept. 12.)

YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and Embassy 1.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME (1934)—W. C. Fields as a small-town inventor who's also the town's souse and scandal. In the funniest scene, he returns home in despair and plans suicide on the train. With Buster Crabbe, Adrienne Ames, and Joan Marsh. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 8.)



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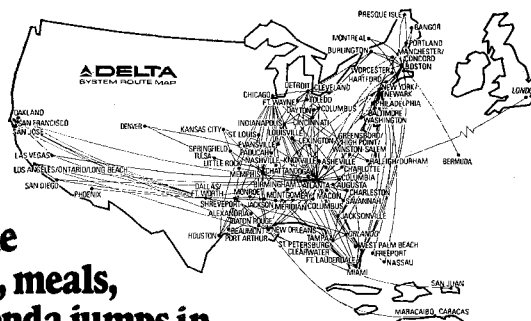
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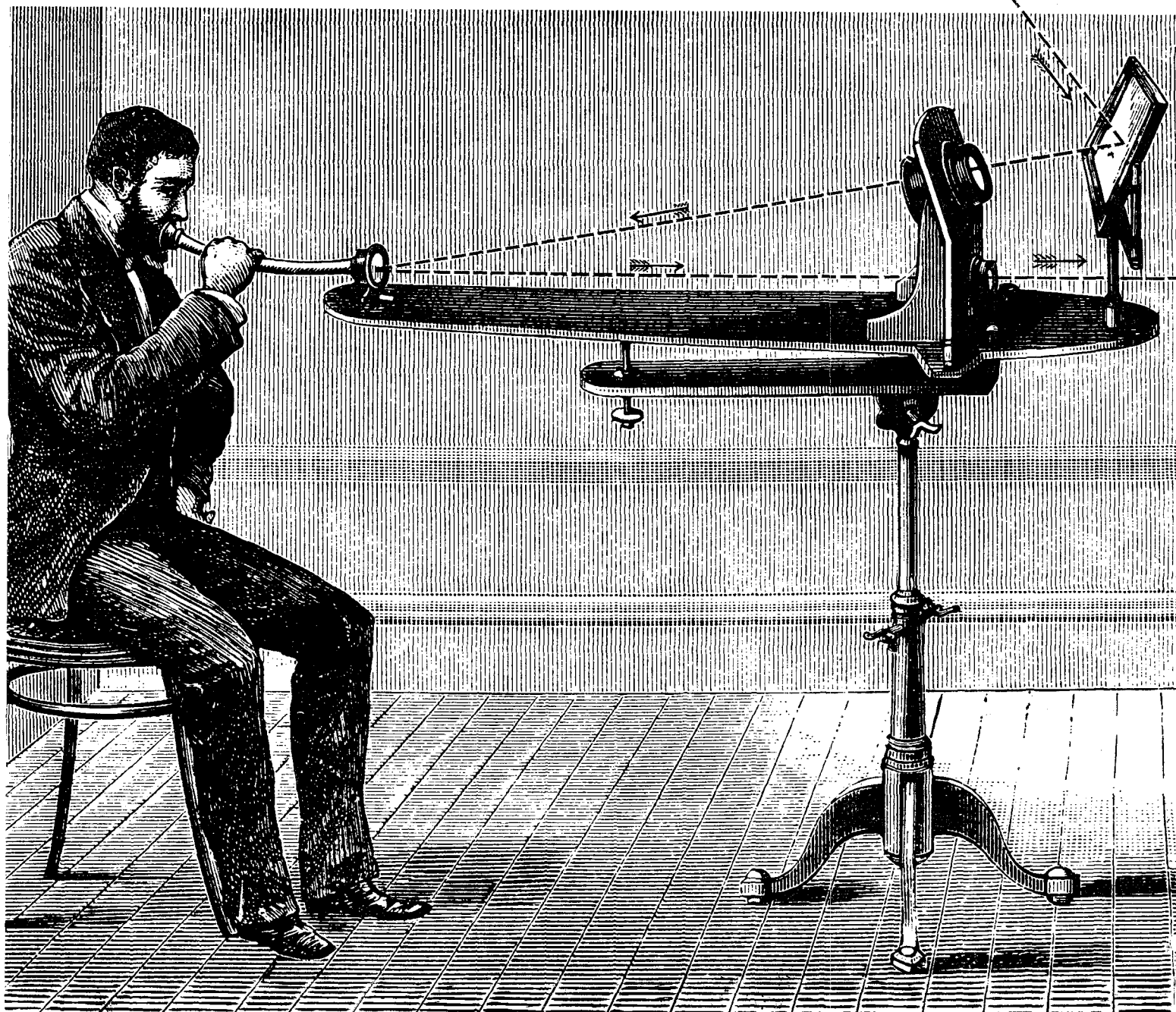
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In Bell's "Photophone," sunlight was bounced from a reflector through a lens to a mechanism that vibrated in response to speech. This caused the light beam to vary in intensity. At the receiving end, a selenium detector translated these variations into electrical current to recreate speech through a telephone receiver.

77 years before we invented the laser, Professor Bell had a perfect application for it.

In 1880, only four years after he invented the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell received a patent for a remarkable idea—using light, rather than wire, to carry phone calls.

Professor Bell built an experimental “Photophone” that transmitted his voice over a beam of sunlight. It didn’t work very well, however.

Sunbeams are scattered by air, rain and fog. In any event, the sun doesn’t always shine. The Photophone, unfortunately, was an idea whose time had not yet come.

A new kind of light

By the 1950’s, scientists again were looking for a way to use light for communications.

In September, 1957, Charles Townes, a Bell Labs consultant, and Bell Labs scientist Arthur Schawlow conceived a way of producing a new kind of light—extremely intense, highly directional, and capable of carrying immense amounts of information.

Townes and Schawlow received a basic patent on their

invention—the laser.

Since then, Bell Labs scientists have invented hundreds of lasers, including many firsts—gas and solid-state lasers capable of continuous operation, high-power carbon dioxide lasers, liquid dye lasers that produce pulses shorter than a trillionth of a second, and tiny semiconductor lasers that work reliably at normal temperatures. Some of these, no larger than grains of salt, may emit light continuously for 100 years.

Getting the light to the end of the tunnel

While we were developing lasers to generate light, we also looked for a way of shielding it and guiding it for long distances and around curves.

Extremely transparent glass fibers, perfected at Bell Labs and elsewhere, provide the answer. These hair-thin fibers can carry light many miles without distortion or the need for amplification.

In 1977, the Bell System took lightwave communications out

of the laboratory and put it to work under the streets of downtown Chicago. The system, the first to carry phone calls, computer data, and video signals on pulses of light, is working successfully.

Spin-off

Laser light is now used in many other ways—to perform delicate eye surgery, detect air pollution, read product codes at supermarket checkouts, and do a variety of manufacturing tasks. Western Electric, the Bell System’s manufacturing and supply unit, was the first company to put the laser to industrial use back in 1965. Hundreds of applications in many industries have followed.

Sometimes, it takes a lot of work and a long time to make a bright idea—like Professor Bell’s—a reality. Often, the things we invent, such as the laser, benefit not only Bell System customers, but society in general.

Bell Laboratories
600 Mountain Avenue
Murray Hill, N.J. 07974

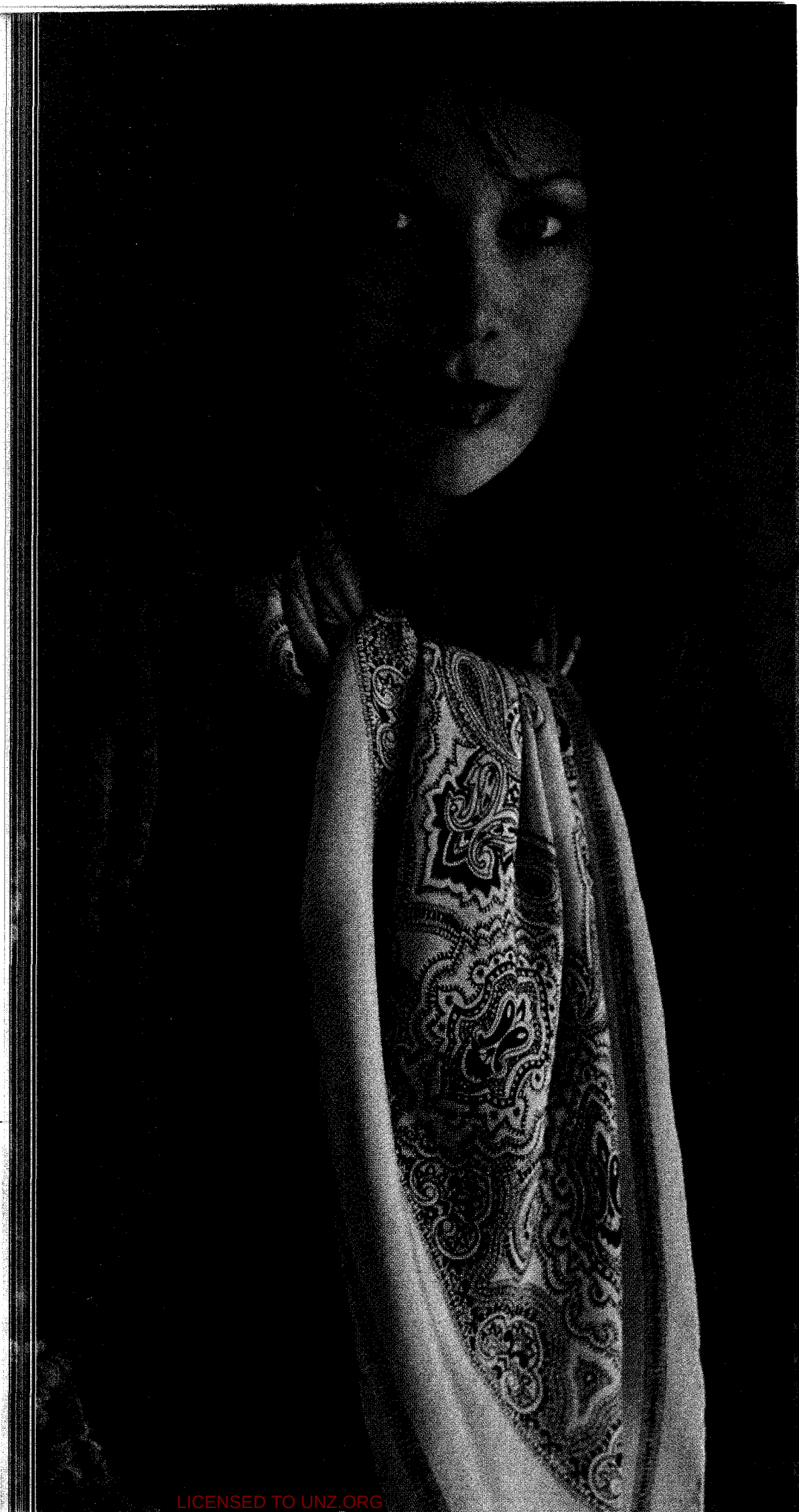


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A LETTER from a young woman we know:

When I decided that the place I was living in was too small for me, I told everyone that I was moving. I would just say, "I am moving." I didn't know where I would move to, but I would say it anyway. I said it to my landlord. In a note to him, I said, "Dear Herb"—I can call him by his first name like that because he is a likable man and we are on good terms—"I am moving. The place here is too small." Weeks later, he called, and when he found out that I didn't have a place to move to after all, he rented me some space—much bigger and cheaper than what I had before. Only, it is in a funny part of town. I am now living in the spice district.

Two things women I know say are hard to find: a nice place to live and a nice man. Two things men and women I know say are hard to find: a good job and a good place to live. Two things a lot of people I know say they hate to do most, of all the things they hate to do: look for a place to live and then move into it.

My friend Rudy said that I should go to the liquor store at the end of the day and ask the people there for some of the boxes they keep in the back until the rubbish man comes. He was perfectly sure about it. He said that's how it always is at liquor stores—at the end of every day they have a lot of empty boxes waiting for the rubbish man. Then he gave me these instructions: Take four boxes and stack them up one on top of another and tie them together with a thick piece of string. Repeat with four more boxes. Pick them up and go home. Four boxes in each hand, eight boxes at a time. He said, "It will make you look like an old-time coolie." I went to the liquor store twice and brought back, altogether, sixteen boxes. Rudy went to the liquor store six times and brought back forty-eight.

That added up to sixty-four: it took sixty-four boxes to hold all the things I own. Most of the things I own should be thrown away, but I can never throw away anything unless I am drunk.

It took Rudy three Monday nights, three Thursday nights, and two Saturday nights to put all my things in the sixty-four boxes. At the end of it, he said, "There. I hope you feel better now." Rudy works at a movie theatre where it costs a dollar to see a show. I used to go see films there, but that was before he told me in quite alarming detail about the mice who live there and what a racket they make during the shows. I think that if I go to the theatre the mice will turn out to be as big as people, and will want to sit next to me.

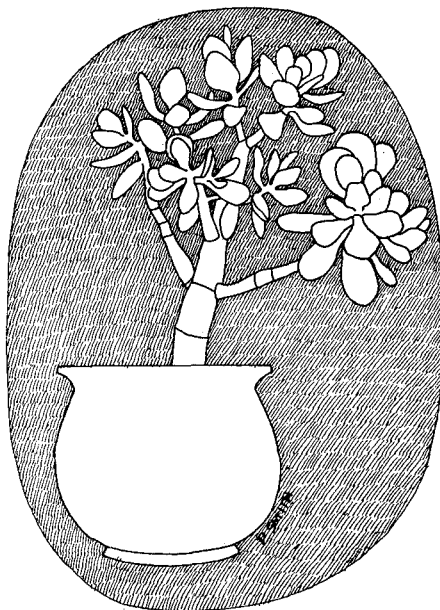
How miserable everything seemed. So it must be true what they say about moving, after all. I hated the woman who would be moving in after I moved out. I hated her even though I knew nothing about her to hate. She would call up and ask if she could come over to measure for curtains, bookshelves, space for pieces of furniture—this, that. Then I found out that she was a cellist, and out of work, too, so I softened.

"How nice," I said. "A cellist." But still. The woman who lived there before me lived there for forty years. She moved out when she died. When I was getting ready to move out, I hated so many things. I hated the way some of the women I knew dressed up as if they were old men, in men's clothes that were baggy on them. I hated the way some of the women I knew dressed up as if they were little girls, in ankle socks and wearing their hair in little plaits, with schoolgirl ribbons at the ends. I hated everything around me.

As for the day I moved, everyone said what a cheery, sunny day it was, and what good, sound, careful, cheap movers I had. I didn't see it that way. I hated what I was doing, but here I was, doing it.

Many Tanks

THE Rosenwach Tank Company, of 40-25 Crescent Street, Long Island City, which is celebrating its eighty-second anniversary, is one of a very few rooftop-tank coopers left in the city. (Its workmen, though, now belong to the carpenters' union.) No one has ever come up with a better way of making a rooftop water tank than by girdling a cylinder of wooden staves with metal hoops and adding a conical roof, and New York, which has thousands of cylindrical wooden rooftop water tanks with conical roofs, couldn't exist without them. The tanks are here because the water that comes into town through the aqueducts will rise to about the sixth floor without any assistance but has to be pumped to tanks on top of taller buildings to provide water pressure on their upper floors. This scheme provides plenty of pressure, because the water arrives at those floors by falling straight down. Rosenwach has built and installed well over half of the city's tanks. Many of New York's Rosenwach tanks were constructed in



the twenties, under the regime of Julius Rosenwach, the father of Wallace Rosenwach, who is the current president. Julius Rosenwach moved the business to Greenpoint from Grand Street, Manhattan, fifty-four years ago, as soon as the B.-M.T. Canarsie line was finished. The Rosenwach shop is still in Greenpoint, and its offices moved from Greenpoint to Long Island City only last year. Harris Rosenwach, Julius's dad, came to the States in 1894 from outside Warsaw, where he'd made bathtubs and tubs for storage and cooking. "Wood was the major material for fluid vessels in those days," Wallace Rosenwach says. Harris Rosenwach got a job with a cooper on Pike Street, later Grand Street, and when the man died, two years afterward, he bought the shop for fifty-five dollars—money he'd been saving up to bring his family over. Soon plenty of New York tanks were sporting the distinctive Rosenwach emblem, a four-sided "R" at the apex of the conical roof, and there was quite enough money to bring everyone over. "You can't draw a New York skyline without water tanks," Wallace Rosenwach says. He's fifty-six, a jolly Teddy bear of a man. "You look down from the top of a high building and see a sea of tanks. We're stupid enough to insist on manufacturing our own tanks. They last forever, unfortunately."

Rosenwach water tanks are made of grooved staves that fit snugly together and are enclosed by galvanized-iron hoops. The staves are cut in Rosenwach's Greenpoint shop—a clean, well-lighted place—on a machine that Wallace Rosenwach invented. It simultaneously cuts both ends of a stave flush, grooves the edges, and drills a small hole halfway along either side—"at the push of a button," he says. The tank roofs are made in the shop, too, in prefabricated sections. Installing a tank on top of a building—a typical four-"R" tank is thirteen feet in diameter and twelve feet high, and holds ten thousand gallons of water—Rosenwach's field manager, George Vasiliades, and his crew of between a dozen and twenty workmen, all of whom have to wear hard hats and steel-toed shoes on the job, start by erecting a steel platform as a base for the tank; then they put up the staves, which are at first held loosely together by wooden dowels connecting the small holes on adjacent staves; then they bind the tank with ropes until the metal hoops can be put on, with the dowels still in place; and, finally, they put on the roof. They can dismantle an old

ten-thousand-gallon tank in the morning and have a new one in its place that night. If you want to know how many feet high a tank you're looking at is—this is a rule of thumb—count the number of hoops and add one. The staves are made either of California redwood or of white cedar (juniper) from the South or of yellow cedar from the West Coast. The conical roofs are plywood; they were originally made of yellow pine and later of cedar, but those woods don't last more than eight years. "Plywood lasts forever, unfortunately," Wallace Rosenwach says.

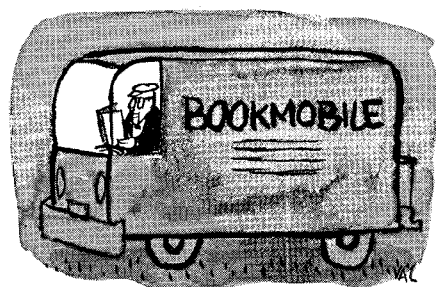
These days, only about a third of the Rosenwach business is building rooftop water tanks. Another third of the business is maintenance, cleaning, and repairs, and the rest is building—of redwood or Southern cypress—industrial tanks for firms like du Pont, Grumman, Pfizer, and I.T.T. (Acids can't corrode cypress.) Rosenwach also has two subsidiaries in Long Island City—one making planters, and the other making cooling towers for office-building air-conditioning coils. "All the fats in the Lever Brothers soap you use are digested in our tanks," Wallace Rosenwach says. "All the colors in the very good grade of lipsticks are made in our cypress tanks. So are New York State wines. Pickles, food—no matter what you do in life each day, a wooden tank either enters in or affects you. We made a forty-foot redwood tank twenty feet high with eighteen-inch portholes for I.T.T. to put porpoises in, for sonar experiments. They wanted wood, not steel, because wood wouldn't bounce the sound around confusingly. Oceanography, one of the newest sciences, is being aided by one of the oldest sciences. Every giant panda in the United States has a Rosenwach tank—all two of them! My daughter went down to Washington and saw Ling-Ling and Hsing-Hsing playing with an old tub, so we made each of them a little redwood bathtub. They had a marvellous time—they threw the tubs around, couldn't break 'em. There's a Rosenwach tank that's a house—a hunting lodge in Windsor, New York, on top

of a hill. Thirty-four feet in diameter, eighteen feet high. Pre-engineered in Greenpoint. Took three men four days to put it up. No nails! Never can be cornered in that house."

Rosenwach started getting into redwood planters in a big way two or three years ago—the Rockefeller Center "Atlas" is now supported by a Rosenwach planter—and recently it has also been turning out hot tubs and decking for rooftop gardens, not to mention a safety attachment for the ladders on the Brooklyn Union Gas tanks in Maspeth which prevents anyone climbing the ladders from slipping more than six inches. Wallace Rosenwach was trained as an engineer before the Second World War, but he didn't want to have anything to do with the family business, and took a job at Douglas Aircraft. Then, over in the Pacific with the Seabees just after the war, when he had time on his hands before being demobilized, he made a cigar humidor for his father, out of thirteen different kinds of wood, that looked just like a miniature Rosenwach water tank, complete with the four "R"s. "On the side I put a sign that said 'Rosenwach & Son,'" he says. "It was my way of telling him 'Maybe.' It's funny how you get into things in this business. Armstrong tiles—you know what Armstrong's original business was? One hundred years ago? Home-canning corks. They had all this cork left over, so they started making wall coverings and then floor coverings. Their first linoleum had lots of cork in it. Whatever we make, we want to stay in New York. We cater just to New York—we're so much a part of New York. We see our efforts all over the city."

Preservation

IT isn't only politics that makes strange bedfellows. So does preservation. The immense old United States Custom House down at Bowling Green, a celebrated example of the Neo-Renaissance style of building favored by our Beaux-Arts-trained architects at the turn of the century, is currently housing an exhibition of six hundred American Indian artifacts, drawn from the incomparably rich collection of the Museum of the American Indian, up on Audubon Terrace. The ghosts of the makers of these artifacts—masks, baskets, toys, ceremonial robes, tools, jewelry, and the like—must be puzzled to find their handiwork on display in a building that would seem more appropriate to seven-





"Aren't you the McClory party that chartered the Liza Belle for tuna fishing?"

teenth-century Rome than to twentieth-century New York and is certainly very much at odds with tepees and longhouses, but no matter: the museum is eager to become better known in the world, and preservationists are eager to convince the federal government, which owns the Custom House, that the building's grand public spaces admirably serve local cultural purposes.

Ever since the United States Customs Service moved out of the building, several years ago, the New York Landmarks Conservancy (a not-for-profit organization that preserves and reuses buildings of architectural and/or historical significance) and the Custom House Institute (an informally constituted body of New York bankers and businessmen who work in the Wall Street area and feel strongly about the Street's place in history) have been putting on a variety of shows in the Custom House, with the intention of demonstrating that, in the jargon of urbanologists, a "sympathetic reuse" of the Custom House is feasible. Luckily

for the preservationist cause, the Carter Administration has pledged that whenever it can it will remodel an old federal office building instead of building a new one; and, to that end, it is asking Congress for some two hundred million dollars for the repair and improvement of federal office buildings from coast to coast. Of this sum, roughly twenty-four million would be devoted to bringing the Custom House up to contemporary office-building standards.

If all goes well, the federal government plans to use much of the Custom House as office space for government agencies, but the ground floor and the splendid rotunda and reception rooms on the piano nobile will be turned over on lease to suitable cultural institutions. The Museum of the American Indian would like to claim a large portion of the building for a new home; whether it will be permitted to do so is, at the moment, moot. The museum's need for space is desperate: in its present quarters, dating back to the early twenties, it is able to exhibit only a tiny

percentage of its holdings, which total something over four million items—by far the greatest treasure trove of American Indian material to have been assembled anywhere on earth. Most of the museum's collection is stored in a large warehouse in the Bronx, and of the six hundred items now on display at the Custom House the great majority have never been seen by the general public. We had a talk about this with Dr. Roland W. Force, the director of the museum, on the opening day of the exhibition at the Custom House, where in the course of a couple of hours thirty-seven hundred visitors milled about oohing and ahing—a greater number of people than the museum itself is accustomed to accommodating in the course of two weeks. "The time of the American Indian has come," Dr. Force said. "Our collection, which reflects many scores of cultures in both North and South America, deserves to be enjoyed by tens of millions of citizens, not just by a handful of scholars. Tourists from this country as well as

from abroad could read almost the entire history of our United States by journeying here to the foot of Manhattan Island and visiting the Custom House, the Statue of Liberty, Castle Clinton, Federal Hall, Fraunces Tavern, and the South Street Seaport Museum. By coincidence, George Heye, who amassed our collection, was himself a Wall Street financier. He spent many millions of dollars over a period of sixty years in happy pursuit of his monomania. I think it would please him to have his collection here."

Luxury

LARRY COHEN wants to rent you a car. Larry Cohen rents wrecks. Drivable wrecks. You wanna rent a wreck? Go see Larry. Let's suppose—just a supposition—you wake up one morning with a pounding urge to go to

Jersey to rent, or lease, a car. Suppose, further, that you don't get any particular lift out of being strapped into those sleek and efficient late-model numbers that the well-established nationwide agencies have to offer—Nipponese compacts with only thirty-five hundred miles on the odometer, dripping-wet-clean Ford LTDs still reeking of Eau de New Car. No, your tastes run to the younger classics—say, a road-ready '73 Nova hatchback, gray with potential air-conditioning (pending a pressure test of the cooling system), or a once blue '72 four-door Pontiac Catalina, a ninety-seven-thousand-mile veteran that stands only a brake job away from behaving like a twenty-thousand-mile cream puff. The man you absolutely have to touch base with is Larry Cohen, the proprietor and franchiser of Larry's Rent-A-Wreck, Inc. ("We Rent Used Cars

at Used Car Prices"), which he operates on license from Bob's Rent-A-Wreck, Inc., of Raleigh, North Carolina. Larry wants you to drive away in the rented used car of your and his shared dreams. Larry's just that kind of guy.

To pay him a worthwhile visit, you cross the Hudson, take the New Jersey Turnpike to the Garden State Parkway, and—heading south—follow that to Exit 109, where you aim for the ocean until you hit Highway 35, in Shrewsbury. Take a right on Highway 35 and you can't miss it. There, across the street from Buxton's Country Restaurant (the look, feel, and approximate taste of a Friendly's), and between Ace Auto Tops and M. Silberstein's Interior Designs, stands a yellow cinder-block building with signs in the front window that proclaim "We Speak Volkswagen" and "Go Topless to the Shore. Rent-A-Convertible."

Inside, you find Larry Cohen, a portly young man in his late twenties, with a mustache, thick-black-framed eyeglasses, bluejeans—nothing obviously hard-sell about him. He's busy with a customer, so you tour the waiting room—two desks, two secretaries, a huge map of Monmouth County, and a 1953 Citroën, which is not for rent—and while you are doing this a blown-dry young blond guy appears and introduces himself as Bob Munnerlyn—Bob himself, proprietor and franchiser of Bob's Rent-A-Wreck, Inc., of Raleigh, North Carolina. Bob just happens to be in town for the day.

With almost no prompting, Bob recites his success story: how two and a half years ago he was damn near bankrupt; how he no longer contemplates bankruptcy; how he has no connection with Dave Schwartz, the rent-a-wreck man in West Los Angeles, who rents cars to the stars; how he has no



connection, either, with a North Carolina outfit called Lease-A-Lemon. It seems that Bob's Rent-A-Wreck and Lease-A-Lemon used to be connected, but now they are opponents in some interesting litigation. Bob used to sell used cars, but he gave that up in 1976. "Ever since then," he says proudly, "Rent-A-Wreck has been my full-time gig. I have no partners. Larry Cohen is an associate. He works the entire Northern region."

Surging enthusiasm is one of Bob Munnerlyn's outstanding traits. He offers to help you get started with your own Rent-A-Wreck franchise. "We'll outfit you with everything—I mean it," he promises. "All you do is put down your up-front money, select a location—say, Camden—and come to Raleigh for at least one week of training, and when you get back to Camden we've set you up with pens, pencils, rental forms, insurance, license plates, desks, mechanics, advance ads in the newspapers, advance publicity, and, of course, cars. You've got a total operation the minute you walk in the door. Think about it."

While you are envisioning prime sites in Camden, Larry Cohen appears, and says, "Come with me." You follow him through the repair area, where a totalled green Monte Carlo is being cannibalized so that a blue Monte Carlo may live. Larry says, "This guy rented the green Monte Carlo from us, drove away, and called me five minutes later to say that he'd run a red light and hit another vehicle. We picked up the car, he paid the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar deductible on the insurance, we put him in another car, and he drove away again. We have a very good atmosphere here. We enjoy our work. We don't have an attitude."

"Hey, Larry, you got a dealer plate?" someone hollers.

"There's a dealer plate in the trunk of the Mustang hanging off the two-car carrier."

The two-car carrier is parked out back, next to a chain-link fence that surrounds a half acre of rental merchandise—a '73 Hornet, a '73 Ventura,



"You know what I'd like to do today? Axe everybody."

a '72 Chevy wagon, a '73 Ford Country Squire wagon, two '73 Le Mans—along with an ambulance that has four tires and a pair of well-worn wheels where the afflicted usually ride, and a custom-built Volkswagen with a spaghetti-like tuned exhaust system and a grafted-on sleeping compartment that will accommodate two uncomfortably. The VW and the ambulance are not for rent. Many of the other cars go for flat rates of sixty, seventy, eighty dollars per week—depending. "Most of my customers want equipment," says Larry. "They want AM/FM. They want air. Maybe a tape deck. We use only Goodyears, no recaps. That '71 Delta 88 there—it's a big boat. Nobody thinks they want a big boat these days. I love 'em. I can buy 'em for a song. I paid three-fifty for that one. I'll fix it up and rent it. No problem."

In come Dan and Karen Wagner, an imposing-looking couple. Karen works in day care in Red Bank; Dan runs a drive-in movie theatre in Eatontown. They've driven themselves to Rent-A-Wreck in a mid-size yellow school bus—Karen's, to use on the job. Now it's parked across the street at Buxton's.

"Our car just died," says Karen. "Technically, it's a total loss. We're talking about a rental that's ready to go now."

Larry nods, then lets them explore the premises. Getting into a '71 Chevy Caprice, Dan starts it up, sees that the air-conditioner doesn't work, climbs out. They shop some more, and finally decide that they like the station wagon.

"We're interested in the Country Squire," Dan tells Larry.

"Sorry, I've got commitments on that one," Larry says. "This customer wanted a first-class dress wagon. You want me to get another one, I can do it in a week. Meanwhile, I can put you in a temporary."

There is a moment of silence.

"Let me quote you out ratewise," Larry says. "You want air and stereo? You want a flat rate with unlimited mileage? I don't know how long you want it, but on a six-month lease the mid- or full size will run you two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, with full service and maintenance. As a bonus to you I take off twenty-five per cent the last month."

"I don't know," says Dan.

"As you can see, we are not small people," says Karen. "And I have



"Alden, which of the five senses do you value most?"

three children, plus a mother-in-law living with me."

"You wanna talk luxury?" Larry asks.

"I don't know," says Dan.

"Let him talk luxury," says Karen. "It wouldn't hurt."

Larry talks luxury. He also talks insurance binders, talks security deposit, talks Cadillac De Ville and Lincoln

Continental. Karen writes it all down. Then she and Dan retreat to Buxton's to study the figures over a couple of Buxburgers (hamburger topped with cheese, bacon, lettuce, and tomato) and iced tea. A few minutes later, they are back at Rent-A-Wreck, ready to rent. They order a Lincoln Continental, AM/FM, 8-track stereo, air, lots of room inside. Larry tells them their

car will be ready in a week. Until then, of course, they can have a temporary, but they decide to wait for the Lincoln. Smiling, Dan signs a few forms and pays the security deposit in greenbacks. Smiling still, he and Karen now cross Highway 35 again and board the yellow bus, thinking luxury, shifting gears, driving away, rumbling toward Red Bank.

AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES, I MET A MAN WITH SEVENTEEN WIVES

NOW that the more feisty in our midst have left the table and gone off to Plato's Retreat to loosen their inhibitions, perhaps those of us who have trouble staying awake after eleven o'clock would care to loosen their stays and join me in a toast. This year, friends, happens to be the golden anniversary of a spot where nobody had any trouble staying awake after eleven—a *nachtlokal* called the Parody Club, on Manhattan's West Forty-eighth Street, at which the team of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante burst into glorious flower in 1928. Since its patrons were packed as tightly as sardines, space there was minimal, but in what was left such disparate connoisseurs of the trio as Robert Benchley, Frank Costello, Edmund Wilson, and John Hay Whitney might have been desecrated rolling on the floor, overcome by mirth. I myself, a raw youth resolved to learn all of Jimmy Durante's routines by heart, was near-bankrupt from attending the club thrice weekly, while my betrothed sat by aghast, dreams of a European honeymoon fading as I cannibalized her dowry to pay for the research.

Among the three or four dozen songs and monologues the audience never tired of, like "Jimmy, the Well-Dressed Man," "So I Ups to Him," and "Shipwreck," with its valiant last line, "Pull for the horizon, it's better than nothing," was a short recitative about an occasion when Durante innocently came into conflict with the law. He had been out for a peaceful stroll with his wife and twelve children, he recounted, when a policeman suddenly materialized and took him into custody. Durante was transfixed. "Under arrest, Officer?" he stammered. "What for? I didn't do nothin'!" "None of your lip," the cop retorted. "You must have done *something*, with that crowd follying you."

Much the same suspicion flooded into my mind a while ago about the defendant in a Far Eastern trial reported by the *Times*. Headlined "117-year-old Malaysian Guilty in 'Living out of Wedlock' Case," the story, emanating from Kuala Lumpur, read: "A Moslem religious court has released a 117-year-old Malaysian man on probation after he pleaded guilty to living out of wedlock with a 40-year-old woman. It was his third conviction on the same charge with the same woman, court officials said. The court fined Lebai Omar Bin Datuk Pan-

glima Garang \$80 at the hearing yesterday. Lebai Omar described himself as a teacher of 'Silat,' the Malay art of self-defense. He had been married seventeen times previously and divorced all his wives."

On the face of it, it seems improbable that anyone skilled in the art of self-defense could have voluntarily married seventeen women, but doubtless the man was an irrepressible idealist, a matrimonial Audubon doomed to wander endlessly questing the bluebird of happiness. Still, I reflected, one was forced to admire his doggedness. Unlike such amateurs as Tommy Manville and Artie Shaw, who lost heart after a paltry eight or eleven wives, Lebai Omar gamely pressed on, confident that in the next shower of rice and old shoes he would come up with a winner. In an attempt to gauge the length of his individual marriages, I got out my calculator and estimated that if he had started at the age of thirteen, the average union ran six years. On the other hand, he may have been precocious and begun marrying when he was seven, in which case there was an eighteenth wife unaccounted for. How he ever moonlighted three times with that forty-year-old woman staggers the imagination.

Before a hungry mob of feminists, sexologists, and other mullahs descends on the case to extrapolate earth-shaking judgments, I herewith wish to stake a claim to the dramatic rights. In this tortuous, steamy maze of conflicting passions, I believe, repose the seeds of a powerful drama—possibly one like Joseph Hergesheimer's "Java

Head," wherein the lovely Chinese bride of a New England mariner (played, I recall, in the silent movie version by the incomparable Jetta Goudal) is subjected to the bigotry and scorn of his puritan townsfolk. Or it could be something on the order of "Alice of Old Vincennes," sentimental yet rollicking. I just mention these two extremes to show how widely I propose to cast my net and see what we can scoop up. So if everyone will kindly shove back his chair a bit, we can improvise a little stage and begin. It'll be hours before those hooligans get back from Plato's Retreat.

SCENE: *The conservatory of Mucho Dinero, the Newport mansion of Bonanza and Wolfram Frontispiece, socially prominent leaders of the colony and longtime possessors of old money. A profusion of smilax, exotic plants, bibelots, and objets de vertu. Through the open French doors behind them is glimpsed Cliff Walk, along which occasionally saunter the figures of Mrs. Potter Palmer, Berry Wall, Mrs. Lytle Hull, Laddie Sanford, Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson, and other members of the gratin—an illusion achieved by cardboard cutouts of the foregoing drawn along a groove in the stage floor. At rise, Wolfram Frontispiece, white-thatched and peppery, paces to and fro chewing an unlit Havana, his brow furrowed. After a moment, Farkrimter, the butler, appears on the threshold.*

FARKRIMTER: Oh, excuse me, sir. I didn't realize the consistory was occupied.

FRONTISPIECE: Consistory? This is a conservatory, man. Don't you know the difference?

FARKRIMTER: Not really.

FRONTISPIECE: Then you'd be a hell of a guy to arrange a meeting of cardinals. What is it?

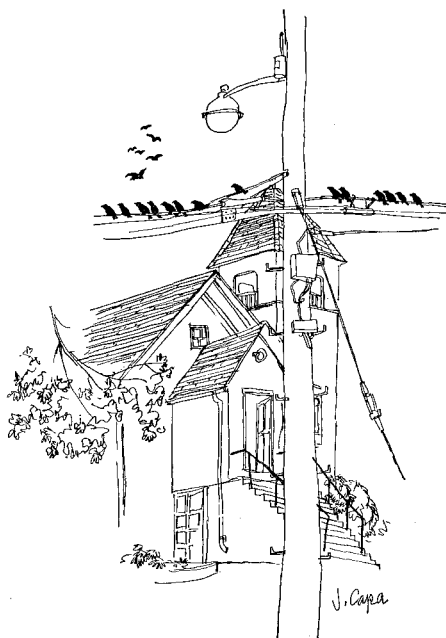
FARKRIMTER: The chauffeur phoned from the airport, sir. He's bringing your daughter Wheatena and her fiancé from Benares, but there wasn't room in the Cadillac. The rest are coming by bus.

FRONTISPIECE: The rest of whom? We're not expecting anyone else.

FARKRIMTER: The seventeen Indian ladies with Dass Ist Kein Kint, your daughter's intended.

FRONTISPIECE (*taken aback*): Suffering catfish, what kind of fumadiddles is that brat of mine mixed up in now? Bonanza—Bonanza! . . . Where the devil's my wife?

FARKRIMTER: She's down in the



basement, laundering some thousand-dollar bills.

FRONTISPIECE: Well, go get her—don't stand there like a wooden Indian! (*As there is a wooden Indian standing there, a statue of Massasoit, Farkrimter awaits clarification, but finally obeys.*) Humph, a pretty kettle of fish. I knew no good would come of it when that willful, capricious minx went off to study in that ashram. And then, to agitate us further, came word that she'd fallen in love with some handkerchief head twice her age. However, best not to fry off the handle; the fellow must be a rajah at least, seeing as how he's brought his retinue with him.

BONANZA (*bursting in distractedly*): Oh, Wolfram, what ever shall we do? Willful, capricious Wheatena has just skyed in from her ashram with a handkerchief head—

FRONTISPIECE: Yes, yes, the audience knows all that. Farkrimter and I planted it in the exposition.

BONANZA: Then why did I burst in here distractedly?

FRONTISPIECE: To cover a stage wait until the couple and their female cortege arrive at our porte cochère below. (*A hubbub of voices ascending*) And here they are now, by Jove. I've a premonition these voyagers from the subcontinent may have a surprise in store. (*His intuition is faultless. Dass Ist Kein Kint, a frail and wrinkled Bengali clad in a dhoti, totters in supported by Wheatena Frontispiece. His face is as deeply seamed as Ramses IP's, and he weighs sixty-three pounds soaking wet. Behind them comes a swarm of gaily plumaged women of varying age and hue in saris. Note: These last, in order for the ensuing dialogue to be heard, should be deftly shunted offstage to the kitchen by Farkrimter.*)

WHEATENA: Well, hello, everyone! My, Mucho Dinero is certainly a sight for sore eyes after that grotty ashram. (*Archly*) However, I daresay you menfolk have a lot to hash over between you, so Mummy and I will creep away to my old nursery for some girl talk. (*They exit, arms around each other's waist.*)

FRONTISPIECE (*a pause as he debates whether to clap his prospective son-in-law on the back*): Hiya, old man. Nice to have you on board.

DASS IST (*cups ear*): How's that?

FRONTISPIECE: I said—welcome. On Bailey's Beach you will hear the mermaids singing each to each. Have a cigar.

DASS IST: No, thank you. I am at

GREYSTONE COTTAGE

Some days the tick of two protestant clocks in the cottage, related in some nebulous (no less real) way to one long ago, puts me again at the kitchen window, waiting for rain.

Open bright sky, and I look across Uig Bay and Ru Chorachan to the river cascading nine miles away down the Waternish cliff into Loch Snizort. At one time, Ian, our neighbor, our friend, tells me, salmon clustered under that steady pelt of fresh water on salt, year long, for the illegal taking. I dream myself poacher. I dream myself benevolent, wealthy invader, nothing on board but my need to be welcome ashore. I bring you songs from a glamorous planet.

The rooms are small and built so that sound cannot carry one to another. Alone in a room, as I am now in the kitchen, I hear only one clock and the house seems empty. Anger cannot carry, or laughter. How I feel is locked in with me. I could be dying and no one would hear my cry, "Call Dr. MacRae!" I could spot a ship of threat sailing in—ancient Viking, modern American oil. No one would hear my warning throughout the house, throughout the island. Like salmon, we wait to be taken. Nothing will save this peace, this near sacred space between people and homes.

This is the season hayricks dot crofts and hotels shut down and the English tourist goes back to London. We're staying on, snug in our cottage, snug alone in each room. The clock in the kitchen reminds me of a time few people dropped by and all mattered. Rain on the window reminds me when a vagabond in rags came looking for odd jobs. He sang to himself and I still remember the tune.

—RICHARD HUGO

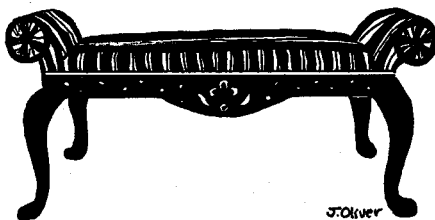
present munching on some betel nuts.

FRONTISPIECE: Oh, sure—feel free. (*Nudges brass cuspidor toward him*) Ah—how are things over there in the sugarcane?

DASS IST: So-so. As the Lord Krishna says, cow dung cannot be gathered where no cow has been.

FRONTISPIECE: Hmm. This is not a problem we have in Newport, Rhode Island. (*Abruptly*) Say, how do you manage to chew that fodder? You haven't got a tooth in your head.

DASS IST: No, I lost my choppers—let me think—soon after the fall of Port Arthur to the Japanese, in 1905.



FRONTISPIECE: Yes, I noticed you had a bit of mileage on you. Might I inquire when you were born?

DASS IST: In 1857, during the Sepoy Rebellion. I'll be a hundred and twenty-two next July, he-he-he.

FRONTISPIECE: What are you giggling about?

DASS IST: Oh, the idea of me and Wheatena and all my ex-wives living in a spread like this. Boy, the Emperor Aurangzeb never had it so good.

FRONTISPIECE (*voice rising*): Ex-wives? See here, Clyde, are you concealing something from me?

DASS IST: Of course not. You saw them just now—the seventeen ladies that rode in on the bus. Also, I've been mousing around with a pharmacist in Jaipur, a lulu—

FRONTISPIECE: But I thought... (*Roaring*) Young man, you have the impudence to come in here seeking my daughter's hand—



"There goes Professor Wagner, whose weak scholarship is balanced by his mighty tenure."

DASS IST: Now, slow down, Pops, you're liable to blow a fuse. You want to wind up with blue lips and a tag on your feet?

FRONTISPIECE: Don't try to sweet-talk me, you insolent puppy! (*Rips open a bureau drawer; extracts a check-book*) I know your sort. How much?

DASS IST (*dangerously*): Let's get this straight. Are you under the impression you can buy me off—that a scrap of paper could compensate me for the love of a creature as delicate as a startled fawn?

FRONTISPIECE: Money talks. Every man has his price.

DASS IST: In that case, we're in business. Speak up, fat man—how much is the white bird worth to you?

FRONTISPIECE (*his chuckle oilier than Sydney Greenstreet's*): By gad, sir, you are a caution. I like a man I can see through. By gad, sir, I like a man who can see through me. Why don't we meet somewhere, like Locke-Ober's, in Boston, and talk this thing over?

DASS IST: All right, but tell that gunsel of yours, Farkrimter, to keep his hands off me or I'll kill him. Also, we're going to need a fall guy—to pay for the lunch.

FRONTISPIECE: I'll bring along Farkrimter. The money he gets in kick-backs from my tradesmen, he could support I and you the rest of our days. And now, shall we join the nineteen ladies?

DASS IST: Frontispiece, I like your style. By gad, sir, you're a man after my own heart—but too many are after it, and the hormones are different. (*As they exit arm in arm*) Listen, how about you and your wife and what's-her-name coming over to the ashram next summer?

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

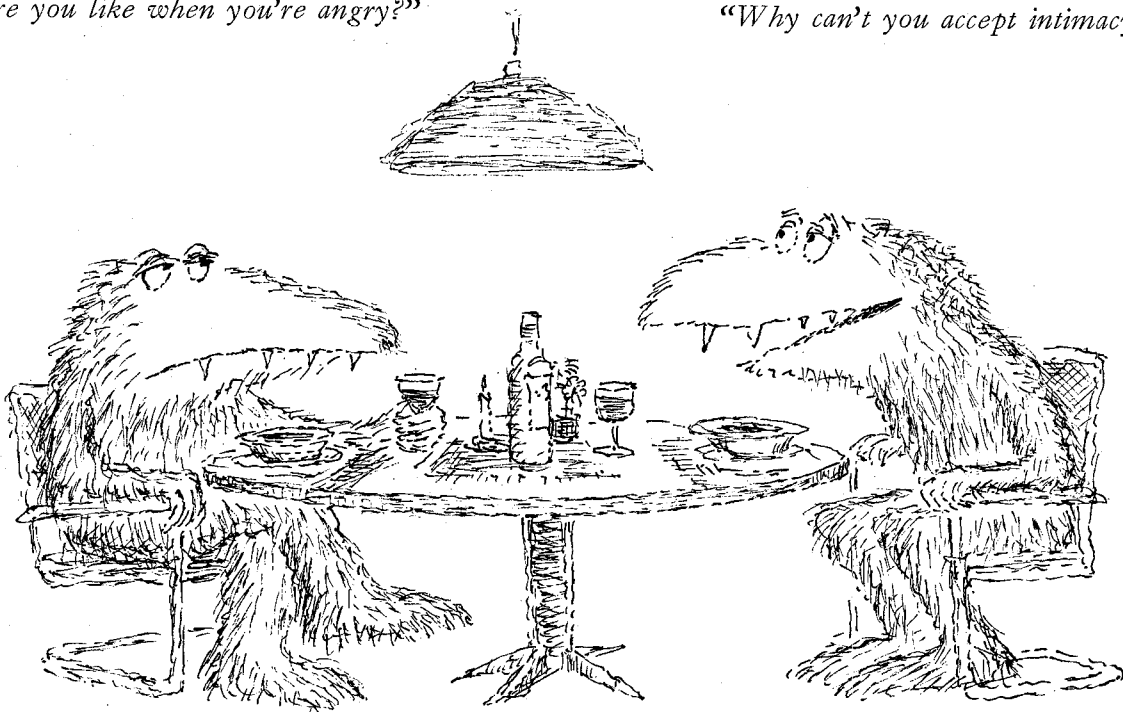
ARE YOU HAPPY?



"What are you like when you're angry?"



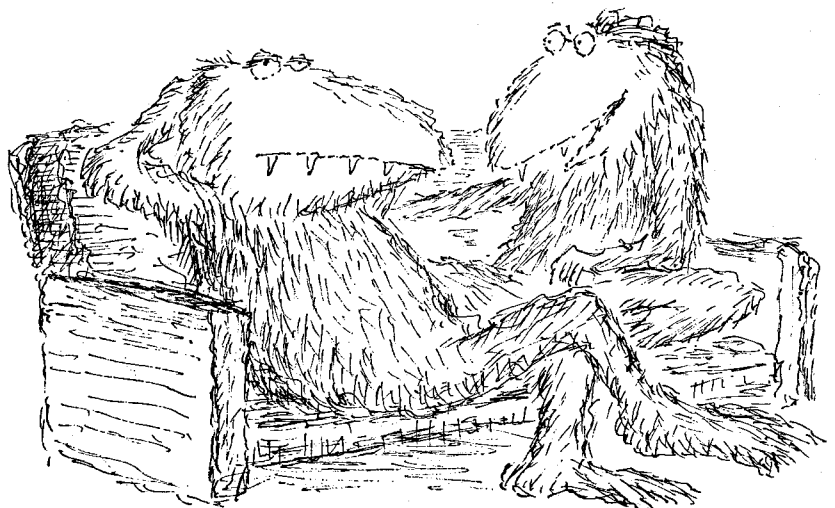
"Why can't you accept intimacy?"



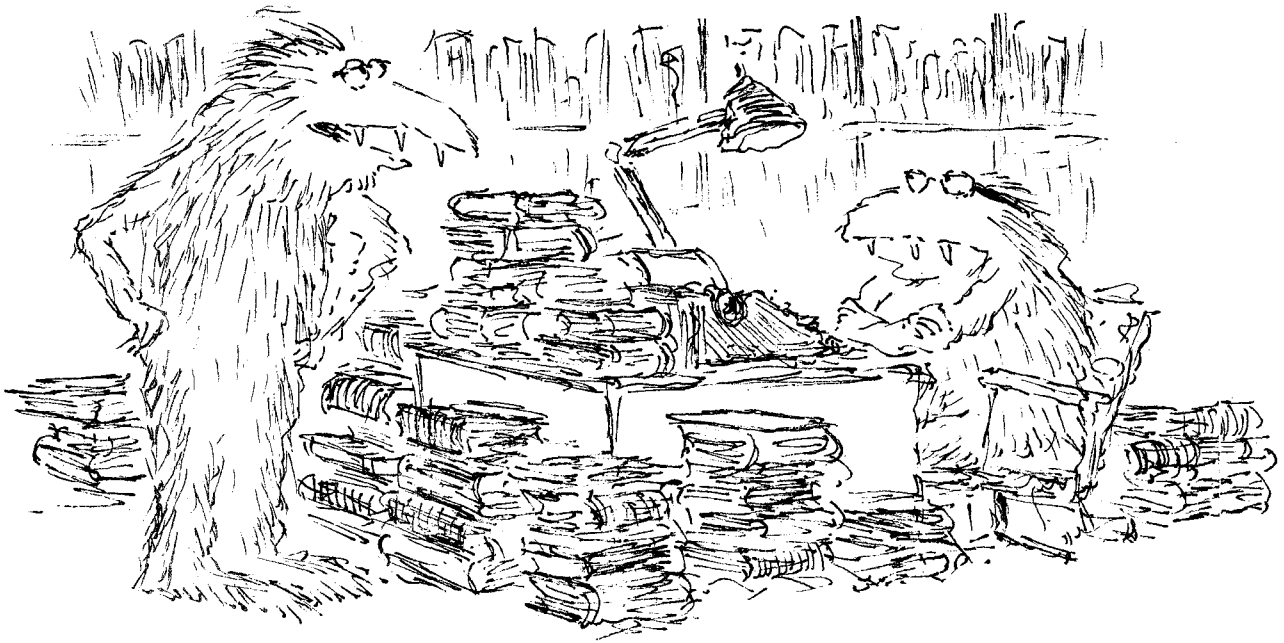
"Do I satisfy your needs?"



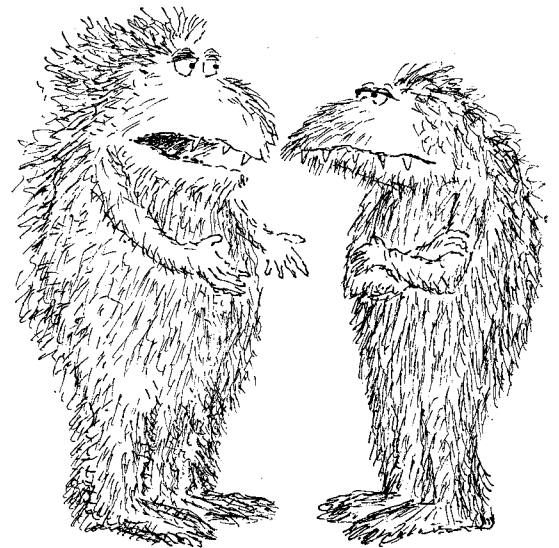
"Don't you think we could stay friends?"



*"How can someone as wonderful as
you not like yourself?"*



*"Why is your work always
more important than our relationship?"*



*"What is it you want? Just tell me.
What is it you want?"*

"Don't you love being spontaneous?"



KOREN

"Do you think you should be getting professional help?"

THE WHISTLING BIRD

I FIRST saw Liliane, my cousin, at one of the few old estate houses left in Dominica—a baby a few weeks old. She was dark, small, and silent, except that every now and again she would wail, a thin, strange cry, as if she were protesting being born. I was told that she was very delicate and not expected to live, and I remember my grandmother saying something about the sins of the fathers being visited on the children. My grandmother was full of these threatening Biblical quotations, though I don't think that she was at all a religious woman. Soon after this I left the island for England and school.

I met Liliane again in a St. Lucia hotel during my first visit to the West Indies for many years. She was then in her twenties—a tall, energetic girl in spite of my grandmother's prophecies. I had lost touch with many of my West Indian relatives, and I heard for the first time of her family's changed circumstances. Her father had died suddenly, leaving very little money, and his widow and three children were obliged to give up the estate. The son, who was called Don, joined very composedly in talk about their future plans. Then one day he got up from the table at the end of the meal, went into the bedroom, and shot himself. There were various explanations of this. When in England, he'd been anxious to join the Navy. Perhaps he had failed an exam and was unable to forget it. Perhaps he suddenly saw what his future life would be and couldn't face it. Anyway, that was the end of Don. He was eighteen. His mother, whom I remembered so well as pretty Evelina, went back to St. Lucia, the island where she was born, with her two daughters. There she met an English woman who, planning to start a hotel outside Castries, befriended, or perhaps made use of, the entire family. Intelligent Liliane was the cashier, pretty Monica the receptionist, Evelina the manageress, who dealt with the staff and the food, for she knew a lot about real French Creole cooking, which can be delicious.

We stayed several weeks at this hotel, and I found it very attractive. I was happy there. One afternoon when I asked for tea, the tray was brought up to my room by a woman dressed in the old fashion, in what used to be called the *grande robe*—a long, gaily colored high-waisted dress, a turban, and heavy gold earrings. It was the past majestically walking in.

I did not see very much of Liliane. It was Monica who told me about her long, lonely walks at night—she often didn't come back till dawn, though she was at work early—and that she edited a magazine, writing all the stories, calling herself by different names: "Lady Amelia," "Onlooker," and so on. But there was usually a short poem, which she signed with her initials, L. L. I remember one about English Harbour in Antigua, once Nelson's headquarters but then in ruins, not yet dolled up for tourists, and supposed to be haunted by a Lieutenant Peterson: a long romance about Lieutenant Peterson, wicked Lord Camelford, Captain Best, and a masked ball, belonging more to the old West Indies than to the West Indies as it is now. I was back in London when I had a letter from Liliane, telling me of Monica's death: the old story—a young Englishman to whom she was engaged had left the island without explanation. When it became obvious that he wasn't going to write or return, she went to bed and was dead in a couple of weeks. For Evelina this was one misfortune too many, and she gave up and died soon afterward. Liliane, the survivor, wrote that she was coming to London, and it was there that I met her and got to know more of her.

SHE was a strange girl, shying away from any attempt to help her, insisting that what she did was her own business and no one else's. I have never known anyone who kept her contacts with other people so formal. She never said "I'll come tomorrow afternoon"

but "I'll be with you tomorrow at a quarter to four and I'll leave at half past five." So it would be. She had found a job, she told me, and something about her voice made me sure it wasn't a well-paid job, or one she liked or wished to talk about.

She lived in a small bed-sitting-room beyond Hampstead. In one corner was a silver tea service brought from the West Indies. Also, to my surprise, she had the portrait of Old Lockhart, her great-grandfather and mine, who had arrived in the West Indies at the end of the eighteenth century. He stared as blankly as ever. It was impossible to know whether he was a bad man or a good man lied about, or someone who just did what everyone else did without thinking too much about it. The Spanish great-grandmother, whom I'd always been so curious about, wasn't there. Liliane didn't talk much about her past or the West Indies but did talk a good deal about her love for England, London, and the Royal Family. Someone once said of her, "I can't keep my face straight when I'm talking to that old Rip Van Winkle."

"Be patient with her—she's an anachronism," I said.

"But such a damn bore."

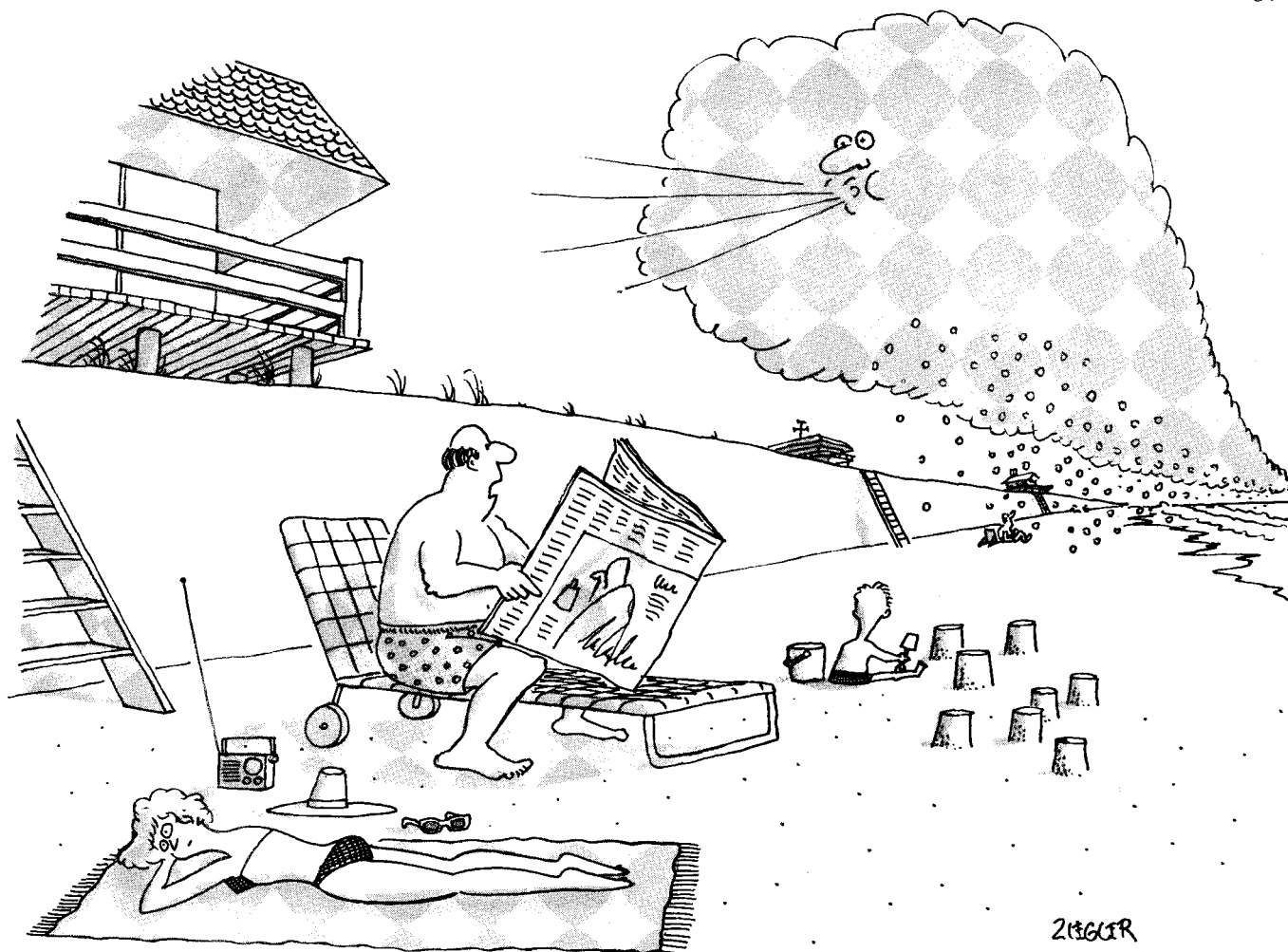
Underneath all this she could be gay and full of life, and almost crazily generous with the little money she had. After I went to live in the country, she would say that she was the Londoner now, I a visitor and her guest. She as hostess must pay for all our outings. It needed a lot of arguing to convince her that that wasn't how I saw it at all. One day she told me that she had sold one of her poems. "Dorinda isn't mine anymore" is how she put it. "I've sold Dorinda." So she still writes poetry, I thought. She gave me a copy of the poem.

My name is Dorinda and I live
so gay
In a little hut with flowers on a
shilling a day.
The white man made me but he
cannot tell
The secret of my laughter like a
golden bell.

My name is Dorinda and I live
so gay
In a little hut with flowers on a
shilling a day.
The black man made me but he'll
never know
The secret of my dark heart which
he made so.

As we got to know each other better, she showed me other poems. I often wondered when she wrote them. After she came back tired from the office to her little bed-sitting-room? Or on Sun-





"Good Lord! Is summer over already?"

days—did she walk about Hampstead Heath to the tune of "Trinidad Selina"?

Watch her walkin' and stop your talkin'
See her dancin'—she dances on air.

I was certain that some of her songs were salable, and I knew how badly she needed the money, but I didn't know how to set about selling them. Even if by some miracle someone liked the words, wouldn't they be set to the wrong music and spoiled? Also, Liliane wasn't encouraging. She seemed not to have the slightest wish to make money out of poems—even to be somewhat hostile to the idea. It was as if she meant to keep them to herself, to protect them, and I understood this far too well to argue with her.

I DIDN'T go to London for some time after that. Then I heard from a friend that she wasn't at all well. I'd noticed it the last time I'd seen her. All the spring and pride had gone out of her walk—she had walked beautifully when she first came to London—and she rarely smiled, which was a pity, be-

cause her white, even teeth were her greatest beauty.

The last time I saw her, she showed me a poem. "This is different," she said. Unlike the others, it was a sad song, about a man who kills his sweetheart, hides her body in the Dominica forest, and escapes to England before she is missed. But he cannot forget her.

Devil made me lash her down,
devil made me kill.
Sorrow made me leave her
Now she's dark in Dominica
And I'm lonely in the snow....

I wish I were beside her, where
the mountains hide her.
For the whistling bird is calling
me.

She said, "The whistling bird—you remember. The mountain whistler?"
"Of course."

"My mother called it the *siffleur de montagne, le solitaire*. I expect there aren't any left now."

"Perhaps a few."

"What about the parrots? Long ago the forest was full of parrots, green and gray. There isn't one now."

"Parrots," I said, "are different. There's money in parrots. Who'd buy

a mountain whistler? If it were caught, it would probably die."

"Not at once," said Liliane.

After thinking a lot about her, I wrote and begged her to take a holiday, enclosing some money to help. She wrote back coldly, returning the money and adding that I must know that she didn't want to leave London and didn't need a holiday. I decided that when I saw her next I would argue her into taking one all the same. Then I heard that one morning she'd got up, had her usual obligatory tepid bath, and was dressing to go to her horrible job, when she fell. The landlady heard the noise and rushed to her bedroom. She was dead.

After all, I saw comparatively little of Liliane. She may have had other friends, another life that I didn't know about. But I never caught a glimpse of it.

"Woe to the vanquished," they say. Need it be so much woe and last such a long time? Anyhow, not Don, not Monica, not Evelina, not Liliane will join in that complicated argument. For it is complicated, whatever the know-alls say.

—JEAN RHYS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SENATOR—I

EACH of the one hundred members of the United States Senate at some point establishes a reputation within the institution by which his colleagues judge him and by which his effectiveness is measured. Some become known as mediocrities, some as well-meaning but ineffective, some as phonies, some as mavericks (a category that is broken down into useful mavericks, such as Wayne Morse was, and ignorable ones), a few are dismissed as jokes, and a few are taken seriously. Many work to obtain federal money and projects for their states, attend their committee meetings, and cast their votes on the Senate floor but have little impact on the institution or on national policy. Some senators establish themselves as powers through seniority or because of presumed expertise on a certain subject—a presumption that is not always well founded—but in recent years the Senate has changed to the point where its members no longer need seniority in order to have an impact. John C. Culver, a forty-six-year-old Democratic senator from Iowa, who is in his first term, has already established a reputation as one of the most effective members of the Senate. Watching Culver as he works his way through the crosscurrents, hazards, complications, and pressures of Senate life, one can get a picture of that life, of the workings of the Senate, and also of what one senator actually does.

Culver is not a saint and he is not an ideologue. He is an unusual combination: a man with firm principles and beliefs who is also a practical politi-

cian—one who gets in there and does the hard work of legislating, of putting together coalitions, of mediating among the conflicting interests in this country, of making the whole thing go. Anyone who tries to do this has to keep in mind a lot of roiling objectives and somehow work it all out. Those who can do this thoughtfully, carefully, and courageously are rare—and essential. Among the other senators, Culver has a reputation for brains, tenacity, integrity, shrewdness at picking his issues and skill at pushing them, and an ability to work with his colleagues. He is usually among a handful who vote against proposals that play to the crowds but that he dismisses as “demagogic.” And what he accomplishes he does in part through the sheer force of his personality and style. Even his size has something to do with it. Culver is a huge man: he is six feet two and easily weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. His broad, stocky body—he was a football star (fullback) at Harvard—is developing a slight paunch. He has a large head on a thick neck, and big hands. His voice is husky, and when turned up to full volume, sounds as if it were coming from a bullhorn. He has blond hair that is thinning in front, blue eyes, a wide nose, a mobile, expressive face, and a pink complexion that quickly turns red when he is moved to laughter or anger—which he is, easily and often. Culver has a powerful temper, and he can also be a very funny man. The temper may unsettle or antagonize associates or officials who have been its target, but, like his humor, it is an

ingredient of his effectiveness, and it is also part of a deeper aspect of his personality. Culver is one of the few politicians around these days who are unashamed to feel, and to show, passion on the issues. One of Culver's Senate colleagues says, “John's temper and his passion go together; and the temper gives the other members pause before taking him on.” Moreover, because he is a big man with a big voice who says things forcefully, what he says as his temperature rises becomes magnified. Says an aide to another senator, “He does have a low flash point, but by and large it helps. He communicates his concern so devastatingly that people don't want to argue with him; the excesses get excused because of his effectiveness.”

Other senators talk about Culver's perspective on himself and on the institution, his discipline, and the fact that, as several put it, “he is his own man.” One, a Southern Democrat, said—and he was not talking about Culver's physical attributes—“You just can't knock him over.” Several made the point that he is not one of the posturers in the place, and not one of those who feel compelled, as so many do, to rush to the floor or to the television cameras with a statement on just about everything, and said that this restraint adds to his effectiveness. One senator observed, “It's more important to know when to shut up than when to speak.” It is not simply Culver's bulk or his temper, or even his mind, that causes him to have a certain impact on people who deal with him; he also has “presence.” It is an atmosphere he establishes which suggests that when doing business with him one had better be well prepared, know what one is talking about, and not waste his time; it is a quality that emits an unspoken “Don't mess.”

Culver is a modern, sophisticated man with several old-fashioned characteristics, political and personal. On those occasions when he takes to the Senate floor for a major speech, it is an event: he lets go in a stem-winding style that one associates with the Senate of a hundred years ago. One member of the House—where Culver served five terms—has said that Culver is the one person he knows who gets more articulate the angrier he gets. He can be impatient and demanding, and sometimes verges on playing the bully with officials who come before his committees with testimony he considers ill-



The Sculptor and His Marble



"I'm going into town. Do you need anything?"

prepared or misleading. He can also be warm and sensitive. He can be talkative or contemplative, hyperactive or peaceful (but not, it seems, for very long). He can be raucous or reserved—almost shy—and when he is being kidded he can blush and even become tongue-tied (but, again, not for very long). He can be profane or choirboy polite. And there is an unaffectedness about him—a simple, and sometimes startling, directness.

Recently, I spent some time with Culver, in the Senate and in Iowa, talking with him and watching him formulate strategies, push his legislation, decide how to cast his votes, deal with his constituents, respond to the things that came at him, and cope with the extraordinary pressures that a senator—especially one who thinks about national questions and tries to get things done—faces.

MONDAY, JULY 10TH: Congress is returning today from a ten-day Fourth of July recess. Culver was in Iowa over the Fourth and then, with his wife, Ann, and a few other senators and their wives, he went to Alaska

to study the question of how much of the land there should be placed under federal protection. The trip was grueling, and Culver has flown all night to get back to Washington, so he is very tired. Now, at ten o'clock, sitting in his office, Room 344 of the Russell Senate Office Building, he scans a summary prepared by his staff of press clippings from Iowa which have accumulated in his absence. Some refer both to him and to his Senate colleague from Iowa, Dick Clark, who is up for reelection this year in a race that is considered very close as of now. Culver reads aloud an item summarizing a letter to the editor: "Would J.C.C. and Clark defect to Russia rather than make anti-Communism speech?" He rolls his eyes upward and says wearily, "Welcome home."

Culver was first elected to the House in 1964, in the Democratic landslide of that year. Two years later, he was one of two out of six Democrats from Iowa who were re-elected to the House, and thereafter he built his congressional district into an increasingly safe one. Before he ran for the House, Culver served for a year as a legislative assistant to Senator

Edward M. Kennedy, who had been a close friend since they were freshmen at Harvard. Upon graduating from Harvard, Culver spent a year as a Lionel de Jersey Harvard Scholar at Cambridge University, living in John Harvard's rooms there; then he served thirty-nine months in the Marines, and after that he went to Harvard Law School. While he was at law school, he helped Kennedy in his race for the Senate in 1962. His plan had been that when he finished law school that year, he would return to Iowa, to practice law and go into politics (his father had been active in Republican politics), but Kennedy persuaded him to come to Washington for a while.

Culver has taken a lot of kidding about 1972, when, having served in the House of Representatives for eight years, he declined, after surveying the political situation, to run for the Senate against the Republican incumbent, Jack Miller; Clark, who had served as Culver's administrative assistant for seven years and had been preparing to run for Culver's House seat if Culver did run for the Senate, made the Senate race instead, and won. (Culver first met Clark in 1963, when Cul-

ver was preparing for his first race for the House. Clark, who was teaching Russian history at Upper Iowa University, in Fayette, was deeply involved in the techniques of local political organization, and Culver enlisted him.) Some of Culver's political associates say that his assessment of the 1972 situation was correct: that, because Clark did not have an established political record for Miller to campaign against, and was unknown and not expected to win, Miller did not campaign as hard against him as he would have against Culver. In 1973, when Harold Hughes, a Democrat, who was then Iowa's other senator, announced that he would not run for reelection, some of Culver's friends, including Kennedy, sent Culver a telegram asking for the name of his current administrative assistant, so that they could make a contribution to his Senate campaign. Culver made the race and won.

Now, in his office, Culver reads a summary of another story, about his having voted, shortly before the recess, against severing all diplomatic and economic relations with Cuba. Also, Culver was one of four senators who voted against an amendment offered by Jesse Helms, a very conservative Republican from North Carolina, to prohibit any foreign aid or the sale or transfer of any goods to Cambodia, Vietnam, Uganda, or Cuba. And he was one of twenty-two senators who voted against a five-per-cent cut in foreign assistance. Of late, in a reaction to the adoption by the voters of California of Proposition 13, cutting property taxes drastically, Congress has adopted a number of such amendments to make across-the-board cuts. On the day after the foreign-aid votes, Culver voted against an across-the-board cut in an appropriations bill for the Treasury Department, and also against an amendment to delete funds that the Department planned to use to keep track of the traffic in firearms. Both of these proposals carried. All of Culver's colleagues from Iowa in the House voted against the funds to monitor firearms, and so did Clark in the Senate. In 1967, during the domestic turmoil over the Vietnam War, Culver was one of sixteen members of the House to vote against a bill that made desecration of the American flag a federal offense. When I was talking to Culver before the recess, I asked him why he had decided to vote against the Helms amendment on aid to Vietnam, Cuba, and the rest. He replied, "It hadn't been reviewed.

LET ME BEGIN AGAIN

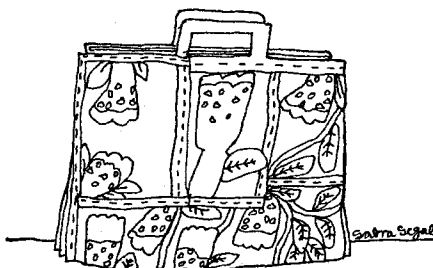
Let me begin again as a speck
of dust caught in the night winds
sweeping out to sea. Let me begin
this time knowing the world is
salt water and dark clouds, the world
is grinding and sighing all night, and dawn
comes slowly and changes nothing. Let
me go back to land after a lifetime
of going nowhere. This time lodged
in the feathers of some scavenging gull
white above the black ship that docks
and broods upon the oily waters of
your harbor. This leaking freighter
has brought a hold full of hayforks
from Spain, great jeroboams of dark
Algerian wine, and quill pens that can't
write English. The sailors have stumbled
off toward the bars or the bright houses.
The captain closes his log and falls asleep.
1/10/'28. Tonight I shall enter my life
after being at sea for ages, quietly,
in a hospital named for an automobile.
The one child of millions of children
who has flown alone by the stars
above the black wastes of moonless waters
that stretched forever, who has turned
golden in the full sun of a new day.
A tiny wise child who this time will love
his life because it is like no other.

—PHILIP LEVINE

It was modified on the floor, so no one knew the full ramifications of it. Besides, it's another example of denying the President flexibility in international matters, and things are in such flux that there are some situations where Presidential discretion is valid. Look, right now we're dealing with Angola—that shows you how matters change within a week or ten days. It shows the importance of having a chance to exploit opportunities. I think when you're faced with an arrogant disregard of the law on the part of an Administration, that's one thing, but this was just demagoguing about a list." Then he talked about his vote against making the five-per-cent cut in assistance. "We're giving about one-fourth of one per cent of our gross national product to foreign aid," he said. "It's one of the worst records on foreign aid of all the industrial nations. I think, too, that

the third-world problem in the year 2000 will be every bit as great a threat to our security as the U.S.-Soviet balance. I think that the threat that's represented in terms of our ability to deal with third-world problems—food, development, trade, the potential instability—is going to make it impossible to maintain ourselves as an isolated island of affluence, and I think that that transcends some of our more immediate preoccupations."

Now Culver reads a summary of an editorial in the Des Moines *Register*: "Doesn't agree with recommendations to retaliate against Soviet newsmen for charges brought against U.S. newsmen." Culver has reason to be grateful for the *Register*, a liberal paper that reaches the entire state of Iowa. I remark on the many statements being made by politicians about the current trials of dissidents in the Soviet Union. He tells me that he thinks that the United States government should respond—expressing its adherence to certain values—but that it should do so with sophistication and discipline; and that he worries that at a certain point the statements by the politicians may not be helpful to the dissidents' cause. He says, "God, can you imagine anyone in Congress standing up and



saying anything but 'Hang the Wilmington Ten' if the Soviets did anything like that?" Next, Culver reads a clipping of an editorial in the Storm Lake, Iowa, *Register* that says he and Clark "are following the desire of the big unions." He says to me, "Isn't it wonderful to get back?"

THE Senate has gone into session at eleven this morning to begin debate on the military-procurement bill, an annual bill to authorize funds for research and development and purchase of major weapons and to set the manpower levels for the armed forces. Culver, who is a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, plans to offer an amendment stipulating that the Navy should in the future build no big aircraft carriers beyond the one—the twelfth in the fleet—that is provided for in the bill. His argument is that the giant carriers are too vulnerable, and that the Navy should be pushed into reliance on smaller, more flexible ship-and-plane combinations. The Administration opposed the new carrier, a nuclear one, which has strong support in both the Senate and the House; but the Senate Armed Services Committee has authorized it, and the Administration is not trying to get it removed from this bill. (The Administration's plans did call for one more large carrier, but a conventionally powered one.) Culver has decided that there is no likelihood that a majority of the Senate would vote to delete funds for the new carrier, and has chosen the next-strongest proposal. This is typical of Culver's legislative style. He does not take on a large number of issues, and those that he takes on tend to be ones that make an important point—and also ones on

which he feels he has a reasonable chance of winning. One of his associates said to me, "He doesn't spread-eagle a lot. He gets enormously annoyed if he takes on something that doesn't result in something. He's not like some of the others. Take Hubert Humphrey, for example. If twenty-five of the fifty bills he introduced were never heard of again, he didn't give it another thought. Culver is anxious to know what the traction is before he starts." An aide to another senator said, "Culver has something of a genius for spotting an issue—for seeing something others may not have thought of—and for knowing which arguments will work best in debate,

and then he makes his case better than the others, because he has worked harder and is better prepared." Culver's earliest big issues in the Senate were unconventional and against the grain. His maiden speech there, in 1975, was one in which he opposed a bill that would have restored the retired military status as an Air Force colonel of Alexander Butterfield, a former aide in the Nixon White House who was later named administrator of the Federal Aviation Administration. In 1975, Butterfield left the F.A.A. and sought reinstatement of his military status, which he had surrendered to take the civilian post, and the Senate Armed Services Committee approved a bill granting his request. Culver turned this into the issue of the preservation of civilian control over the government and made a speech that lasted a little over an hour. He pointed out that the statute establishing the F.A.A., which has jurisdiction over both civil and military airspace, specifically stated that the administrator should be a civilian. "We are talking about a constitutional principle as old as the Republic," he said. In this debate, he took on his own com-

mittee, including its chairman, John Stennis, Democrat of Mississippi, and he won. The bill was defeated.

The same year, Culver took on another issue that seemed obscure to most people at the time but that has had significant consequences. He opposed the construction of a military base on Diego Garcia, a horseshoe-shaped atoll in the Indian Ocean. Culver offered an amendment stipulating that no money could be spent on the construction until 1976, and that by that time efforts would be made to negotiate with the Soviet Union about trying to prevent a military buildup in the area. Culver debated the issue at length on the Senate floor in July of 1975, and lost. He



did not give up, however. Later in the year, he learned that the Ford Administration had misled the Senate by saying that the island was uninhabited—that in fact, pursuant to a secret arrangement with the British, from whom the United States had leased the island, all the inhabitants had been removed. In November, he won Senate approval of his amendment. In April, 1976, the Ford Administration reported that it had not yet approached the Soviet Union on the question, and it requested no further funds. The new Democratic Administration, in 1977, opened talks on demilitarization of the Indian Ocean. An aide to another senator says, “At first, everyone was wondering why Culver was bothering with

a coral reef. Later, we understood.” Culver’s own staff was divided in its enthusiasm over this project, but Culver followed his instincts. Says one of Culver’s staff members, “When others were saying ‘Why are you bothering? Who’s Diego Garcia—a dead Cuban revolutionary?’ he was in there working at it.”

Another early fight that Culver made over a seemingly obscure point—over whether Congress should buy a certain building on Capitol Hill, 400 North Capitol Street, for additional office space—occurred in 1976. Culver turned that into the issue of what he termed “the chaos and confusion” over the use of space on Capitol Hill. The Capitol is an archaically run place, and

Culver had worked on this problem when he was a member of the House; after he reached the Senate, he proposed that a commission of outside experts be created to study such questions as how senators use their time, the utilization of space, and how to change the irrational bureaucratic system that theoretically manages the operation of Capitol Hill. The commission issued its report at the end of 1976. When Culver talked to me about it recently, he said that the commission “was primarily addressed to obsolete overlap.” He continued, “We’ve got these various things being run by the Sergeant at Arms, the Secretary of the Senate, the Architect of the Capitol, the Majority Leader’s Office. There are no space inventories. There’s no rational central management of personnel. The Sergeant at Arms handles the flooring, the carpeting, and the furnishing of the Capitol, and the Architect handles the painting of the walls and ceiling.” He pointed to a clock on a wall of his office and said, “If that clock doesn’t work, one person fixes one part of it and one fixes another. People up here are sick of reform, but I think we’re making some quiet progress on this. It isn’t the sexiest topic, but we’re trying to do some things that will make sense out of this place.” In his fight against the purchase of the building, Culver took on one of the other great orators in the Senate—Ernest Hollings, Democrat of South Carolina. The resulting show was memorable. A Senate aide recalls, “It was like two deer with thirty-five-point antlers—kings of the herd—clashing. Culver won, and people still talk about the day Culver took on Hollings.”

Culver’s interest in the process by which Congress conducts its business as well as in the substantive results—and his understanding of the connection between the two—was also reflected in a provision that he got incorporated in some House reforms when he was serving in that body: it urged House committees to exercise “foresight” as well as “oversight.” The provision said that the committees should keep abreast not only of current developments but of forecasts of future developments in their fields of jurisdiction, and consider when new legislation might be needed. The committees haven’t much followed this guidance, but Culver was on to something. “One of the real problems we have with the legislative process,” he said to me recently, “is that we’re dealing with after-the-fact data that may be obsolete, and once we get the money for a



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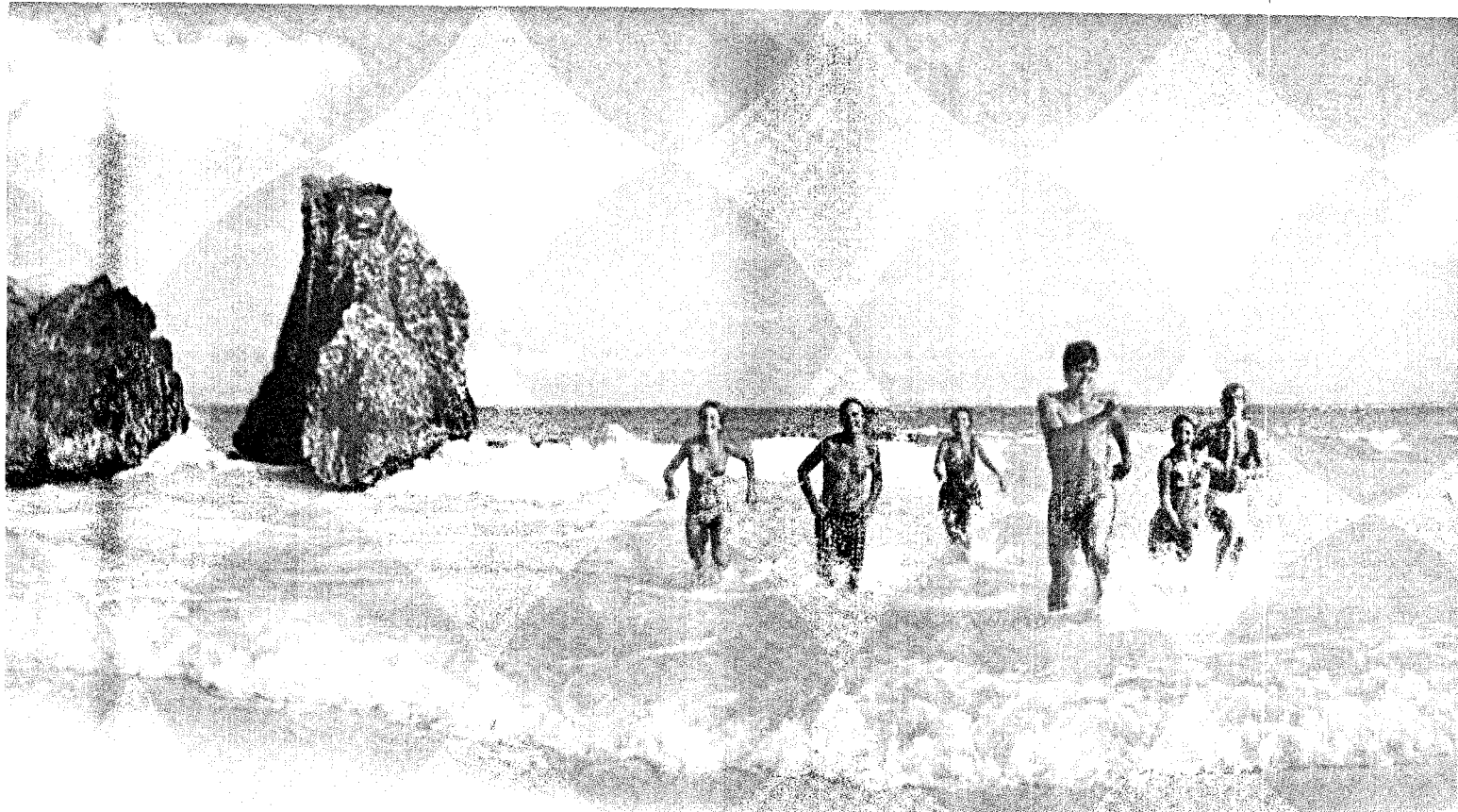
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program out the problem may have disappeared, and then we don't have any oversight. We just don't get out ahead of the curve. There are classic examples, like the failure to anticipate the baby boom and its implications in terms of schools, hospitals, jobs, the elderly—and then when the baby boom ends we're still building hospitals." In the early nineteen-seventies, Culver's interest in what is termed "futurology" led him to push for a state project called Iowa 2000—a program in which the citizens could participate in decisions about the future of the state. He worked with the governor, the state legislature, and the University of Iowa; there were local, regional, and state conferences, and the university is publishing the results. He has got the Senate to approve federal funds to encourage other states to undertake this sort of exercise. "The idea was to get maximum participation, not to have a blueprint imposed by a bunch of wise men," Culver says.

Culver's reputation for tenacity, established by his early fights, was enhanced by his fight, from 1976 on, to kill the B-1 bomber. "Maybe it's the fullback in him," an aide to another senator says. "When he spots something, he just piles right up the Senate." The fight over the B-1 was the biggest that Culver had taken on. Characteristically, he ascertained that he would have traction: that he had good, sustainable sources of information inside and outside the government; that there were divisions among defense professionals, including those within the Department of Defense, on the issue; that he would have strong allies in the Senate; that he would have help from such places as Harvard and M.I.T., where he has good contacts. Culver, in fact, gets around, and has a wide network of contacts: through past and present Harvard connections (he is a member of its Board of Overseers and of the Advisory Council to the John F. Kennedy School of Government there); through old friends in the House, with whom he has made it a point to keep in touch more than most House members do who move on to the Senate; through his connections with the Kennedy circle; and through his own wide range

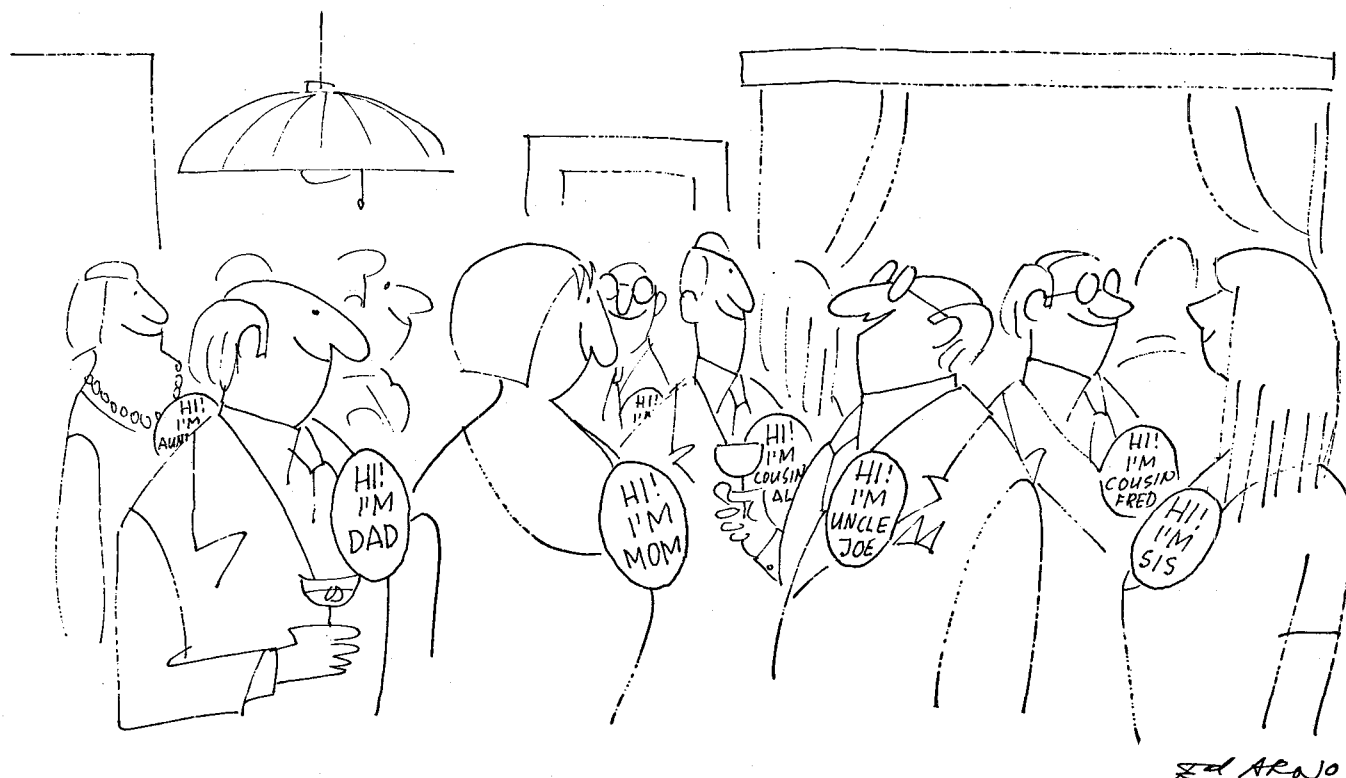
of friends—which includes Averell Harriman and old political pals from Iowa—around Washington. When Culver was in the House, he was seen as one of its more promising members—he served on the Foreign Affairs Committee and on a committee to reform House procedures, and he also headed the liberal Democratic Study Group—and was invited to join such organizations as the Trilateral Commission and to attend innumerable conferences. Moreover, members of Congress and their staffs, particularly if they are in a position to be effective and are astute enough to know how to do so, can become recipients of information from within the bureaucracy. Culver fought a series of battles on the B-1. First, he succeeded in putting through an amendment on the Senate floor—overturning the Armed Services Committee in the process—which delayed the spending of money to procure B-1s until February, 1977 (that is, until a new Administration might take office and have an opportunity to review the matter), and until the President certified that such expenditures were necessary. This procedural ap-

proach to a substantive issue—making something seem a matter of process, and therefore more reasonable than a frontal attack—is, again, characteristic of Culver's legislative style. It is extremely rare that a major weapons system is killed outright in Congress. Culver's amendment was not adopted in the Senate-House conference on the bill, but a version of it was later adopted as part of another bill. When President Carter, who had spoken on both sides of the B-1 issue during the Presidential primaries, was making up his mind on whether to go ahead with the bomber, Culver, on behalf of and at the behest of its congressional opponents, made the case to Carter against it. Carter eventually cancelled the plane.

Last year, Culver fought the Carter Administration's plan to sell the highly sophisticated Airborne Warning and Control System (AWACS) to Iran, but the Administration secured enough support to win approval of the sale after various concessions had been made to Culver and his allies.

Culver is, of course, a junior member of the Armed Services Committee, and he is also one of a small minority





Ed ARNO

of its members willing to challenge the Pentagon on major programs. He makes most of his fights on armed-services bills within the committee, and strictly limits the number of issues that he will take to the Senate floor afterward. "I always have something of a problem," he told me in a conversation before the recess. "I have to decide which issues to hit hard on and how to pick my shots, how to remain credible, not be irrelevant. You can't posture and fight in a knee-jerk way, and identify with every issue that comes along. It's hard enough to make these fights and still stay viable. The fights are very emotional; strong interests are involved. I try to approach it in a constructively critical way—to fight for a cost-effective defense. So I challenge where I don't think the military is doing enough to provide us with the proper readiness, and I challenge on excessive expenditures, like the B-1." Culver, who is proud of his service in the Marines, is not a conventional "dove." He talks frequently about a "cost-effective defense," and he does support certain increases in the Pentagon budget—especially measures to improve combat readiness through better maintenance and greater reliability of weapons. "You can't go on the floor and just tear up what the committee has done," he says. "There are trade-offs. There are areas where you try to establish expertise and competence and where you think it's worth the expenditure of political capital, and you try to

win on those. And once you've established some sense of your competence in that way, there are other areas where you can take something on and win. It's just like a lawyer in a town who establishes a reputation in the practice of law as someone who goes in and wins cases; then there are a lot of things he can establish without having to go into court. I think that's true in Congress, and in the executive. If they think that you're effective, think that you know what you're talking about, then you can be effective. But you have to be discriminating. You can't be posturing and predictable."

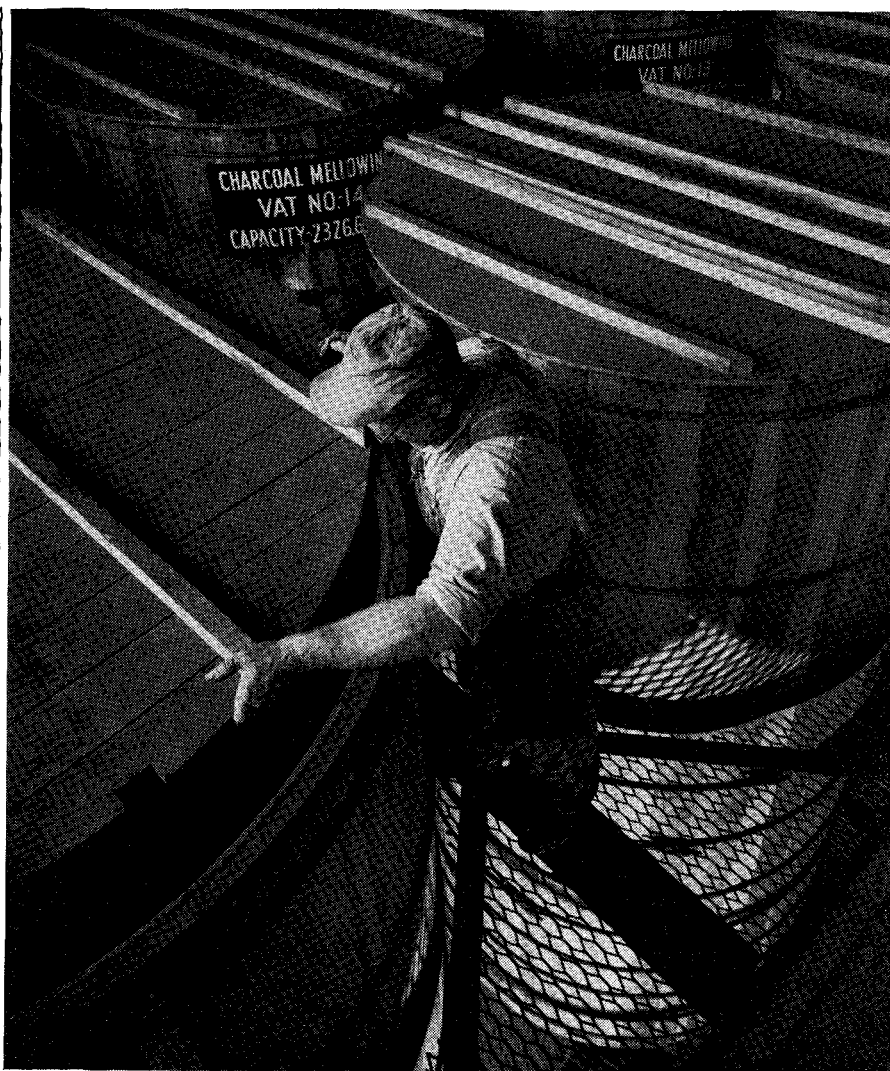
He talks frequently, and disparagingly, about policymakers and politicians who have never served in the armed forces and who seem eager for international confrontations and large-scale increases in expenditures for arms. He says, "It seems to me that the propensity for hawkishness is in direct proportion to how remote a person is from any military experience."

Culver is one of a group of senators who have been preparing to fight for Senate approval of a Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) agreement—he is careful to say, "Provided it is a good agreement and one that is verifiable"—and the expectation is that he will play a major role. Meanwhile, there are other military issues, some of them related to SALT, some not, that he is pursuing. Among the amendments to the military-procurement bill which Culver succeeded in

getting adopted within the Armed Services Committee this year was one that would delete a provision in existing law requiring that every large surface vessel proposed to Congress be nuclear-powered, or the President must explain why it is not. This provision is known as "the Rickover provision," after its chief sponsor, Admiral Hyman Rickover. In 1976, Rickover, himself an intimidating man, and Culver tangled over the subject in an Armed Services Committee hearing—Rickover made the mistake of challenging Culver's credentials for dealing with it—and Culver thereupon sponsored an amendment to repeal the Rickover provision, which carried in the committee and also on the Senate floor. "That got his attention," Culver says to me today. The amendment was dropped in the bargaining over the bill between conferees representing the Senate and the House, but this year Culver got it into the bill again. A proposal Culver offered in the committee this year which was not adopted was an amendment to provide for a study, to be submitted by the President, of the impact of nuclear exchanges of various levels of magnitude. This was opposed by Henry Jackson, Democrat of Washington and second-ranking member of the committee, who is essentially a defender of military budget requests and a critic of SALT. In the committee meeting in which Jackson opposed the study of nuclear effects, Culver demanded, "What are

you afraid off? What are you afraid off?" But he was voted down. "Isn't that interesting?" Culver says to me today. "The idea was to make the attractions of nuclear war a little less persuasive. Isn't that unbelievable?" Now Culver is planning to try to persuade Stennis to permit the General Legislation Subcommittee, which Culver heads, and which has jurisdiction over the subject of civil defense, to hold hearings on nuclear effects. Recently, there have been reports that the Administration would ask for an additional two billion dollars over five years for a civil-defense program, and Culver has made the connection in his mind between the possible new emphasis on civil defense and the whole argument over the strategic-arms balance. Culver says, "We need to increase the public understanding in both the United States and the Soviet Union of the dangers of nuclear war, by drawing upon a wide and diverse group of technically qualified sources, both outside and within the government, who can address themselves to this question. This will make it clear that the concept of a 'limited' nuclear war is absurd."

Referring to reports and warnings issued by the more vigorous critics of SALT, Culver says, "One of their major pegs is that the Soviets do not share our strategic-nuclear-doctrine concepts of deterrence and mutual assured destruction. These critics cite Soviet military literature that talks about fighting and surviving, or even winning, a nuclear war. But we have the same problem on our side. We have people in our own military who talk in the same vein about a nuclear war. We have always taken the rather snobbish attitude that we would educate those 'barbarians' about sophisticated concepts of strategic warfare. But one of the problems of the U.S.-Soviet relationship is that the Soviets' tactics, doctrine, strategy, force structure are so much a part of the special geography and history of their country. They've been landlocked, and we've been a sea power; they've been invaded several times, and we've never known comparable death and destruction. They have potentially hostile powers on their borders, and we don't. One of the objectives of the SALT talks should be to bring about a greater degree of understanding of these things by the two nations. The point of holding hearings on nuclear effects is that I think the more you can dramatize the horrors of nuclear war the more you can demonstrate the insanity of contemplating a 'successful' one. I believe that we should be making deter-



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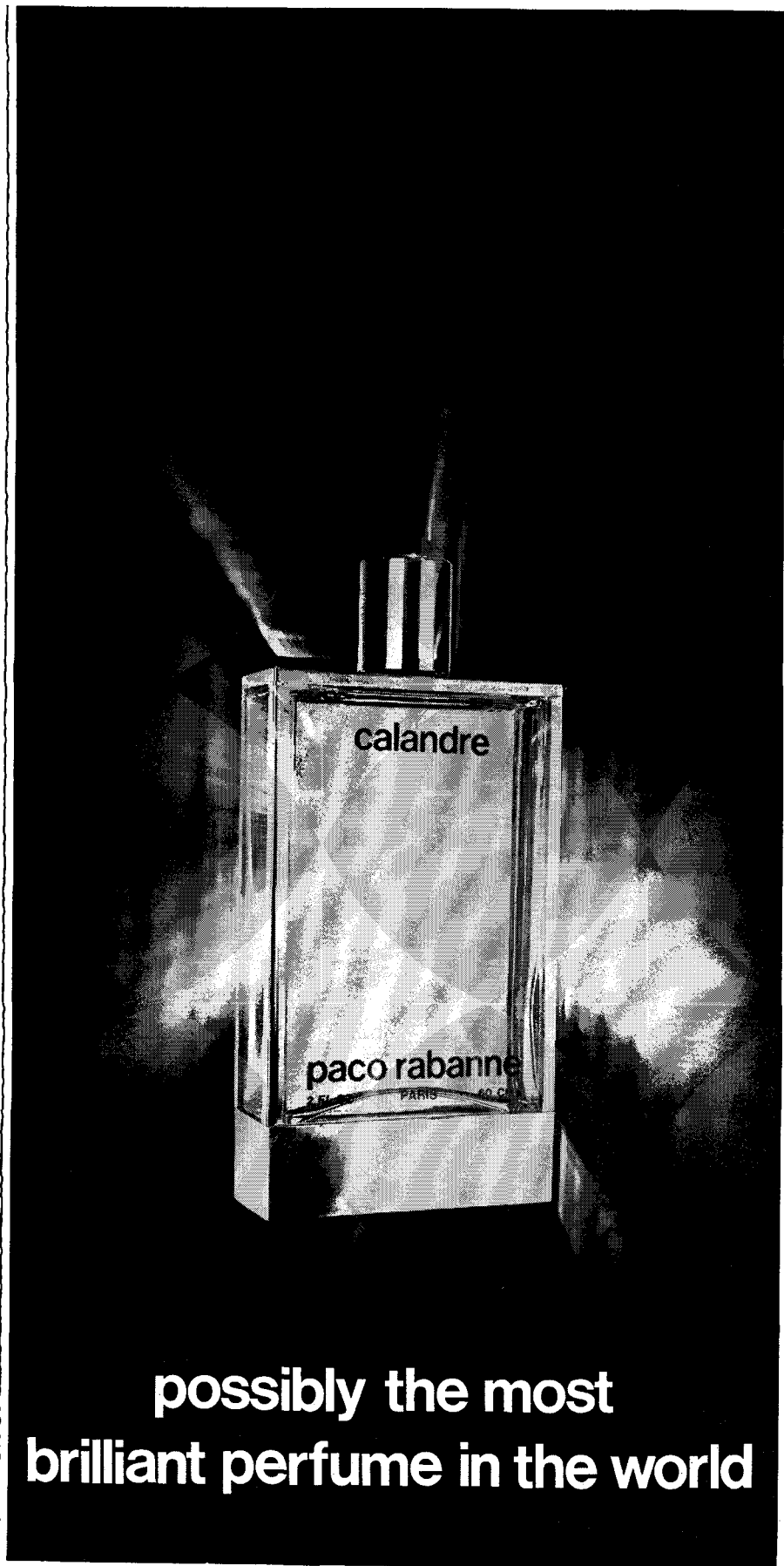
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mined efforts to achieve greater agreement on strategic doctrine, and a greater shared awareness of nuclear effects will help bring that about. And then we can have a more realistic view of civil defense—of whether a one- or two-billion-dollar expenditure makes any sense in that context.” Culver tells me that he has been urging Stansfield Turner, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, to declassify and make public a report by the intelligence community on the Soviets’ civil defense. “The various reports on what they are actually doing have been somewhat mixed,” he says. “Our official position has been that what we have heard they are doing and what we could conceive of their doing could be offset by a retargeting of our missiles—that there’s no way you can rationally protect yourself from unacceptable damage. They’ve got their pamphlets, and we have ours. They’ve got their signs in their subways, and we have ours. The official line here has been that we’ll keep an eye on it and if it looks serious we’ll retarget. But the far right says the Soviets’ civil defense is getting so substantial that they might feel they could safely launch a nuclear war. I’ve tried in the committee to keep us from throwing money at the problem. When you get into this military stuff, you talk about capabilities and perceptions and intentions. You should deal with capabilities, and not intentions. You have to be able to deal with capabilities even if the intentions are benign. Perceptions are important, of course; they can cast a long shadow. In our internal debates, we often create our own perception of weakness—we create a self-fulfilling prophecy that comes around and bites us in the tail.”

Now Culver ascertains through a telephone conversation with Charles Stevenson, his chief legislative assistant for the Armed Services Committee work—he has two aides to deal with such work—that his aircraft-carrier amendment will not come up until tomorrow. He is relieved: he is tired, and needs more time to get prepared. Also, he wants to have some time for Stevenson to talk the amendment over with members of the committee staff, so that Culver will have some indication of how Stennis will react when he presents the idea to him. Culver has been giving consideration to offering the amendment for some time, but he has not yet informed the committee about it, so as to avoid giving opponents there or in the Pentagon much time to work against it.

Shortly after noon, Culver reviews

with various staff members the status of other issues he is working on. According to Senate rules, senators are to serve on two major committees and one minor one, but Culver is temporarily serving on three major committees—Armed Services, Judiciary, and Environment and Public Works—as well as a minor one, Small Business, and he heads four subcommittees. This is a result of one of the fights he got into with Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, Democrat of West Virginia, at the beginning of this Congress, in 1977. Culver, along with Kennedy, Senator Edmund S. Muskie, Democrat of Maine, and a number of other Democrats, backed Hubert Humphrey over Byrd for Majority Leader. They knew that Humphrey did not have much of a chance—that he was ill and that Byrd had been working hard for the job for years—but they felt that Humphrey represented more closely what they stood for as Democrats than the more conservative Byrd did. (Moreover, there had been a long-standing rivalry between Byrd and Kennedy, who had been the Democratic Whip for two years, until Byrd defeated him.) After Humphrey lost, there was a fight over the question of whether Humphrey or Byrd would be chairman of the Senate Democratic caucus. The chairmanship of the House caucus is held by someone other than the Majority Leader, and the group felt that this should be the rule in the Senate, too; besides, Culver and his allies were seeking a way to make Humphrey a member of the leadership group that meets with the President at the White House, and thus a conduit for the liberals. Byrd won the caucus chairmanship, but an arrangement was made whereby Humphrey joined the delegation to the White House. Then there was a fight over the question of whether Byrd himself or the entire caucus would name the members of the Steering Committee, which makes committee assignments, and the Policy Committee, which schedules legislation. Byrd once more prevailed, but a procedure proposed by Culver to make the selection system more democratic was adopted for future years. The next fight was over the question of whether there would be an individual vote by the caucus on each committee chairman. On that, Culver and his allies won. In the course of all this, Culver exploded in the caucus, breaking down the fraternal façade by which senators set so much store, and saying out loud—very loud—things that a number of them had been quietly saying to each other. He shouted, “Any time

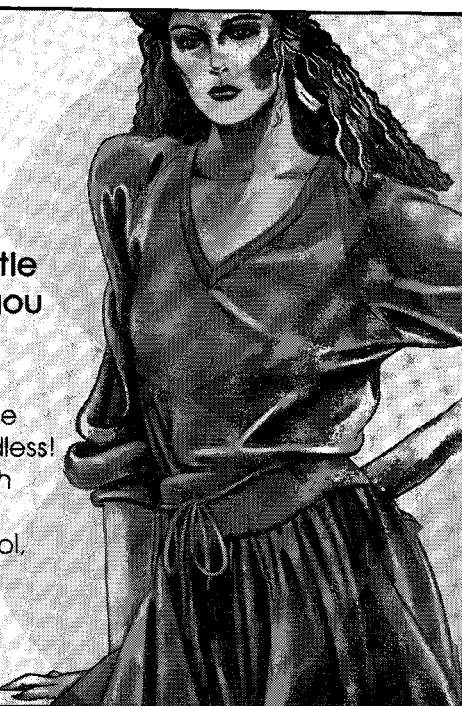


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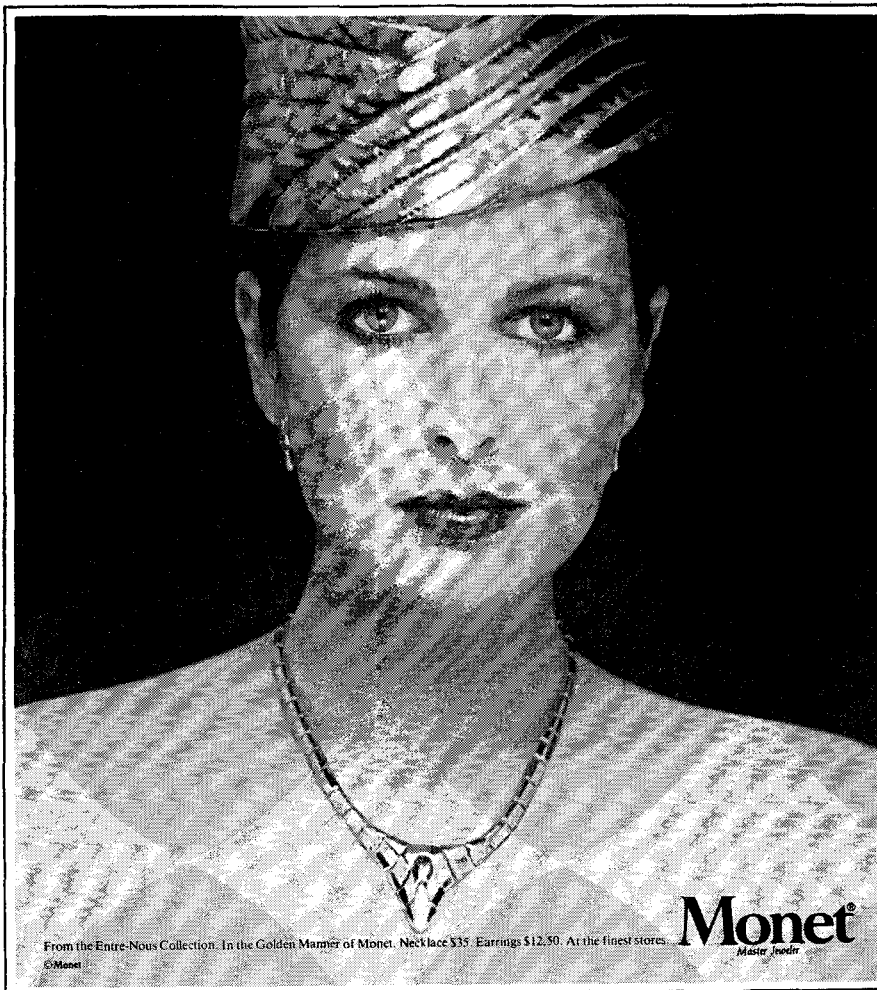
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anyone around here suggests any reform, it is taken as a personal affront." He railed against new senators who, he said, had campaigned saying, "Elect me; I'll go down there and change some things," and, now that they were fresh off the hustings, were suddenly quiet, more concerned about their committee assignments than about reform. "Here's your moment!" he roared at them. Then, when James Allen, the very conservative senator from Alabama, was proposed for a vacancy on the Judiciary Committee—an appointment that would have tipped the balance of the committee to the conservative side—another fight ensued. Culver accused Byrd to his face of trying to "buy Allen off." (Allen was one of the senators most expert at causing delay in floor legislation.) As a consequence, eventually both Culver and Allen were named to the committee. At the beginning of the next Congress, Culver will have to drop one of his three major committees.

Culver puffs on a cigar as his aides review what will be coming up shortly on the floor and in his committees, and the situation on a bill involving endangered species which Culver will manage on the Senate floor, and which is expected to be scheduled for debate within the next week. The endangered-species issue is an emotional one, and this will be the first major bill that Culver has managed. The Endangered Species Act of 1973 required that the government draw up a list of fish, wildlife, and plants considered to be in danger of extinction, and prohibited federal projects that might jeopardize them. The result was a series of confrontations between environmentalists and builders. The most spectacular example was the Tellico Dam, which was being built by the Tennessee Valley Authority and was ordered halted by the Supreme Court in June, after it was discovered that the project would impinge on the critical habitat of a three-inch fish called the snail darter. At that point, the dam was nearly completed. Culver was already deeply involved in the endangered-species issue because the law is scheduled to expire at the end of this September and he heads the Resource Protection Subcommittee of the Environment and Public Works Committee, which has jurisdiction over it. Encouraged by his staff, and persuaded that the number of such disputes under the act was going to grow, thus making the act vulnerable, he began to work out a mechanism by which the conflicts might be resolved. Culver has

been a strong environmentalist, but he also figured that unless the act was made more flexible it would be in trouble when it came up for reauthorization. "We were trying to get out ahead of the problem," Culver told me. "There isn't a lot of political reward for that. So we spend most of our time here dealing with the political pressures in terms of short-range panaceas." He continued, "The act has polarized the environmentalists and the builders, and that affects the money that comes into your campaign chests." Culver felt that as chairman of the subcommittee he had to try to find a solution that would insure the survival of the Endangered Species Act. He carefully, methodically built a consensus: he worked with Howard Baker, of Tennessee, the Senate Minority Leader, and the second-ranking Republican member of the Environment and Public Works Committee, on a solution, and eventually persuaded both the subcommittee and the full committee to support it. The bill has been reported by the committee unanimously. Culver's solution is to establish a seven-member interagency committee to resolve disputes that arise under the act. The committee could provide exemptions that would allow a project to go ahead, but its procedures would be heavily weighted in favor of the species. Culver has told me that some of the environmental groups assured him and his staff that they recognized the political realities the act had encountered, and that the compromise was a "constructive" approach, which they would support. "The problem is," Culver says, "that some of those assurances didn't stay stuck, and the newsletters and the press releases went out saying this was a know-nothing attack on the ecosystem."

Now Culver's aides tell him that this week the Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee, which he chairs, of the Judiciary Committee will draw up—"mark up"—a bill tightening the regulation of PCP (phencyclidine, or "angel dust"); that the full Judiciary Committee will meet to vote on certain bills; that a water-pollution-and-soil-conservation program Culver is sponsoring will be coming up soon, as will a highway bill, for which Culver is seeking a provision that will allow some of the funds set aside for the construction of bridges to be used for bridges on rural roads as well as for those on federal highways. Culver is planning to go to Iowa this weekend, and one staff member tells Culver that when he does he will be able to announce a fifteen-

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million-dollar grant to Des Moines for the study of noise pollution. There is some discussion about what stops he should make during the trip to Iowa.

Tomorrow morning, Culver will have to chair a hearing of the Resource Protection Subcommittee on whether the National Environmental Policy Act, which requires federal agencies that undertake certain kinds of projects to prepare a statement of the environmental impact of their activities, should apply to international transactions. Senator Adlai Stevenson, Democrat of Illinois and chairman of the International Finance Subcommittee of the Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, has proposed that the activities of the Export-Import Bank, which lends money to companies to help them sell their products overseas, be exempted from the act. American businesses are concerned that if they have to wait for the filing of such reports they will be put at a competitive disadvantage against foreign companies. Stevenson's proposal has been approved by the full Banking Committee. The White House has asked Culver, whose subcommittee has jurisdiction over the Environmental Policy Act, to delay action on Stevenson's proposal until the Administration can come up with a position on the question, and Culver has obliged by scheduling a hearing. But the Administration has been in disarray on the issue, because the numerous interested federal agencies have been unable to come up with a united position. Culver has his own concern with this issue. "The Export-Import Bank just made a loan to the government of the Philippines to build a nuclear plant right on an earthquake fault," he has told me. Now Kathi Korpon, a staff member who works on matters before the Environment and Public Works Committee, tells him that tomorrow the Administration, which has already been granted a postponement of the hearing and said it would have its position worked out by tomorrow, will testify against the Stevenson amendment, but doesn't have its own position worked out yet.

"So what are they coming up here for?" Culver asks somewhat testily. "To tell us they don't know?"

Mrs. Korpon explains that the Administration now has a position almost ready, but the President hasn't cleared it, and he is leaving later this week

for Europe, for the economic summit conference in Bonn.

Culver asks, "What kind of catalogue of horror stories do we have for me to use in the hearing?"

Mrs. Korpon mentions the nuclear power plant in the Philippines.

"Are there any others?" Culver asks. "I've been using that one. Can you get me some more by tomorrow?"

Another staff member tells Culver about a bill Culver has pending before the Small Business Committee, relaying information he has gathered on interagency bickering over what the Administration's position should be on the bill, and Culver suggests that he make a call to a member of the White House congressional-liaison staff. "Tell him it's something I care a lot about," he says. They talk about the status of a bill that Culver has introduced to provide for the payment of attorneys' fees for small businesses when they are involved in litigation over government regulations, and about another Culver bill, this one to revise the United States Olympic Committee charter. (Culver served on the President's Commission on Olympic Sports, which issued a report in 1977.) Then Culver discusses with his staff whether or not to go ahead with sending a letter to Russell Long, Democrat of Louisiana and chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, to urge consideration of a Senate resolution he has introduced expressing disapproval of the President's recent action raising

the amount of beef that may be imported into the United States. On this, as on some of the other issues, Culver asks staff members what they think the vote in the committee will be—how certain senators might line up. Culver says that he is reluctant to go ahead with the beef-

import issue if it will amount to no more than a gesture. He asks a staff member how many co-sponsors he now has, and is told he has twenty-one. The conclusion is that, between those senators who are concerned about beef imports and those who want to cast a vote against Carter, the resolution might carry on the Senate floor. A staff member points out that Culver is scheduled to meet with some cattlemen in Iowa this weekend, and it would be good to be able to talk about the letter to Long. Culver decides to go ahead with it. The meeting proceeds, and one can see Culver weary-



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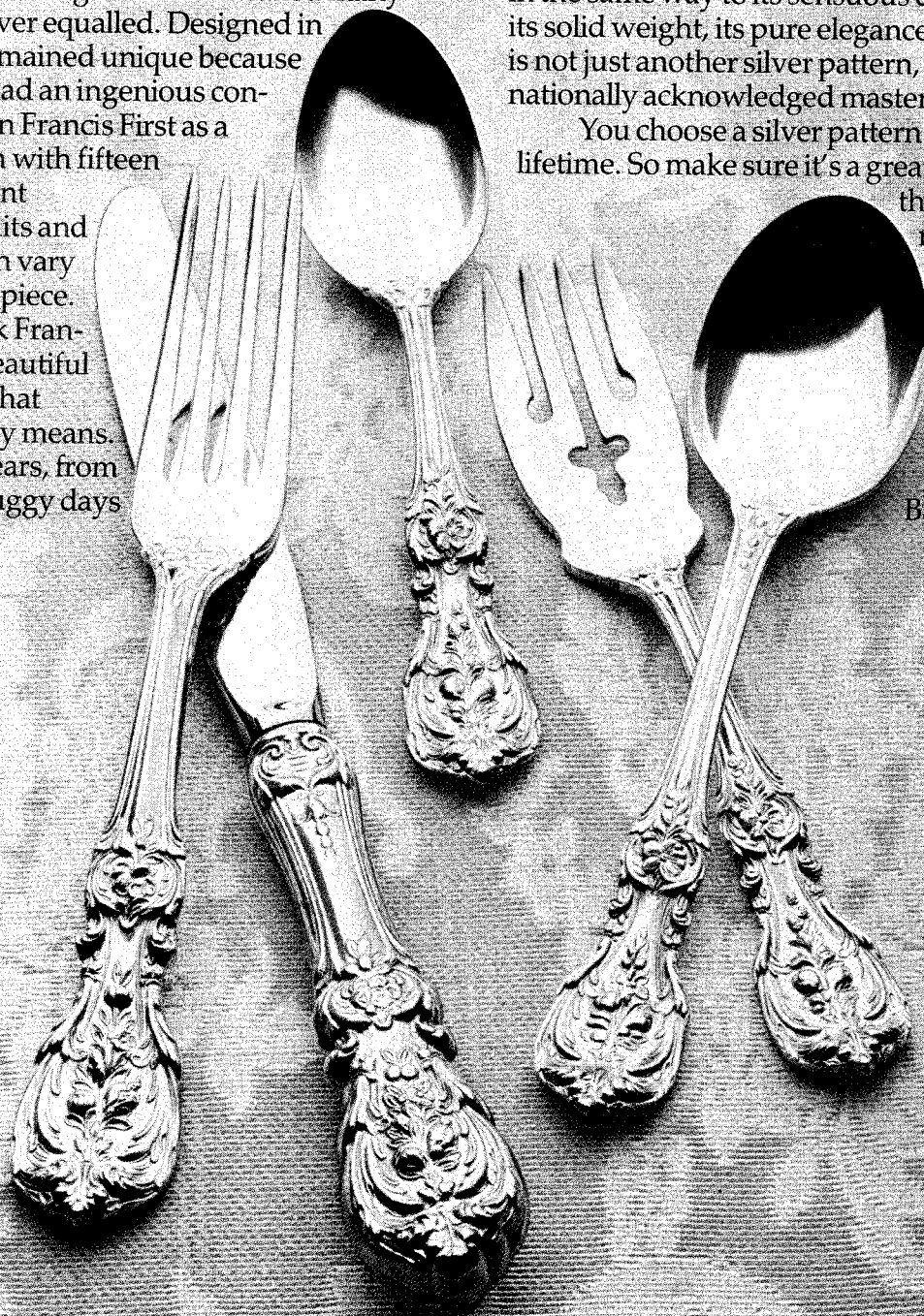


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ing as the staff throws ever more details and issues at him, yet he keeps raising a number of questions himself.

Now George Jacobson, who also works for Culver on matters before the Environment and Public Works Committee, tells him that over the weekend Senator Gaylord Nelson, Democrat of Wisconsin, has come out against his endangered-species compromise and might offer an amendment to kill it. Nelson and Culver are close friends, and Culver is surprised. He again rolls his eyes upward. "My buddy," he says. "Thanks for the call, Gaylord." Nelson has been a strong environmentalist since long before such a stand was fashionable, and now Culver and his staff must worry about whether Nelson's move will cause environmental groups to oppose Culver's compromise. Culver breaks off this conversation to phone Charles Stevenson, who is on the Senate floor, to ask how the military-procurement bill is progressing and what has happened on his proposed aircraft-carrier amendment, and then he returns to the conversation about the endangered-species bill. He is concerned about getting caught in what he calls the cross fire between Nelson and John Stennis, who will sponsor an amendment to weaken the Endangered Species Act. A few other matters are discussed, and the meeting with the staff members ends.

After the staff members leave, Culver reaches for another cigar—he keeps a box of them on a table by his desk—and says to me, "Isn't that a lot? It's too much, isn't it? And that's just what lands in your field, it's not a matter of chasing and going. God, it's too much." Culver picks his big issues carefully, but the simple fact that he has a state to represent and committees to serve on and subcommittees to chair—and that he takes these jobs seriously—provides him with a very large agenda. He orders lunch at his desk, and goes over a four-page memorandum prepared by one of his staff members on the question of extending the time for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. Yesterday, there was a demonstration in Washington in favor of extending the seven-year deadline, which is due to expire next March, and this afternoon he is to meet with a pro-extension delegation from Iowa, which ratified the amendment in 1972.

Culver's office is rather ordinarily furnished—some senators go to great lengths to have theirs decorated—with large brown leather chairs and sofa and a green carpet. There are photographs of his family around—the Cul-

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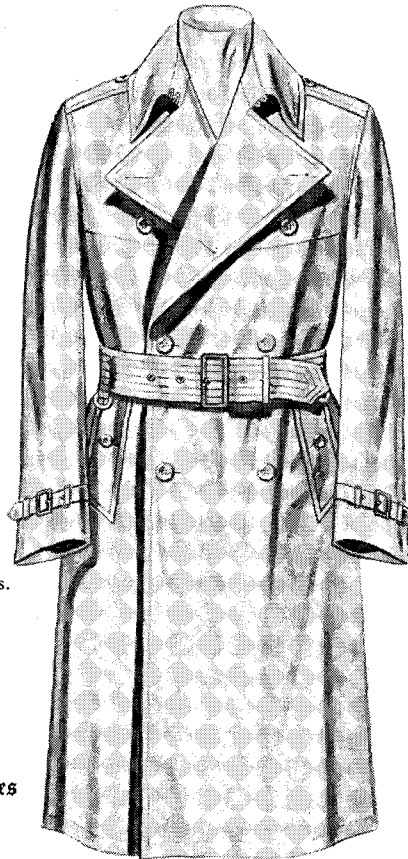
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vers have four children—and on his desk is a very large ear of corn encased in Lucite. “Harold Hughes gave that to me,” Culver remarks. “We explain that it must have been a drought year.” Over the mantel is a painting of a Victorian building that Culver himself restored in McGregor, Iowa—a small town on the Mississippi River, in the northeast corner of the state. Culver maintains a home there, in addition to one in Washington. On the mantel are a drawing of a showboat on the Mississippi River; a framed poem, “Song of the Great River,” which was written in 1973 by Paul Engle, the former head of the University of Iowa’s International Writing Program, for the tricentennial celebration, arranged by Culver and held in McGregor, of the discovery of the upper Mississippi by Marquette and Joliet. There is also a framed saying:

Until you’ve been in politics
you’ve never really been alive
it’s rough and sometimes it’s
dirty and it’s always hard
work and tedious details
But, it’s the only sport
for grownups—all other
games are for kids.

—Heinlein.

There are on the mantel busts of John F. Kennedy and Robert F. Kennedy, and a collection of miniature pigs that Culver has gathered in the course of his travels around the world. On the walls are rice-paper drawings of horses he bought during a trip to China last year. Outside Culver’s own office is the usual warren that makes up a Senate office suite. There are five rooms, three of them subdivided by plywood partitions. About twenty people, including staff members and summer internes, work in these rooms; seven others handle mail in a building a half block away; and eleven work for Culver on committee matters in other offices in the two Senate office buildings. The office suite houses a chief assistant, Dick Oshlo, whose job it is to run the place; five legislative assistants, who follow various issues (and one of whom, Mike Naylor, is in general charge); Culver’s press secretary, Don Brownlee; receptionists; his personal secretary, Pat Sarcone; other secretaries; and general office assistants. Culver also has two senior staff members: Park Rinard, who was once Grant Wood’s personal secretary and then was Harold Hughes’ closest adviser; and Fred Holborn, who was Culver’s tutor at Harvard, and who worked for John Kennedy in the Senate and in the White House. (There

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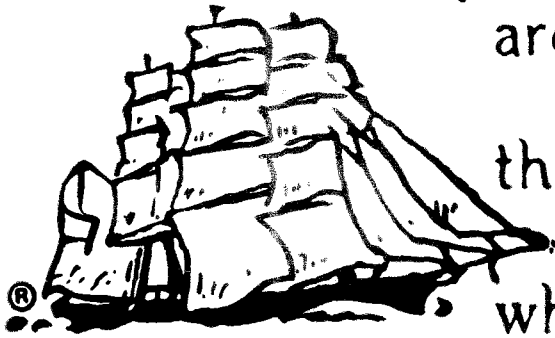
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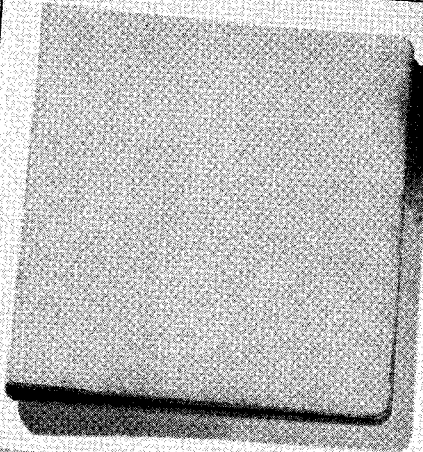
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are two Grant Wood drawings in Culver's outer offices.) In addition, Culver maintains four offices in Iowa, where a total of ten people work. The Iowa offices handle most of the casework for constituents—difficulties with Social Security or veterans' benefit checks, inquiries about Veterans Administration hospitals, applications for appointments to military academies, and problems with federal programs—and matters they cannot resolve are sent on to Washington. One Senate aide estimates that approximately one-fourth of every senator's job consists of taking care of state interests and casework.

Culver's five legislative assistants try their best to keep up with the legislation that is of direct interest to their senator, and also with everything else that is happening on the Senate floor. They try to know what is in each bill and amendment that might come up, but they can't always do so; besides, a number of amendments come up without any warning. The legislative assistants can follow the debate either by going to the Senate or by listening to a squawk box that broadcasts to the offices what is happening on the floor. Senators tend not to stay around the chamber except during debate on bills in which they have a direct interest, so they are as likely as not to arrive for a roll call without knowing what the precise issue is. They find out, and get recommendations on how to vote, from their legislative assistants, from other senators whose views they respect, and on occasion from an assistant to another senator. Most often, they know instinctively what to do once they hear what the issue is or who is sponsoring the amendment. Culver has told me that only about twenty per cent of the roll calls are close questions. The scale of the Senate staff, which has grown dramatically in the last decade or so, is, in a circular way, both a symptom and a cause of the increasing complexity of a senator's job. The staff has grown as a result of the increasing number of issues in which Congress has become involved, and the growth of the staff has, in turn, increased the number of issues in which Congress becomes involved. Senators tend to hire bright, aggressive young people who get satisfaction from suggesting ideas and seeing them carried out. This puts pressure on the senators to introduce bills or offer amendments or raise questions in order to satisfy a staff member some percentage of the time. The growth in staff has helped senators develop expertise in what they deal with, and to be more of a match for the ex-

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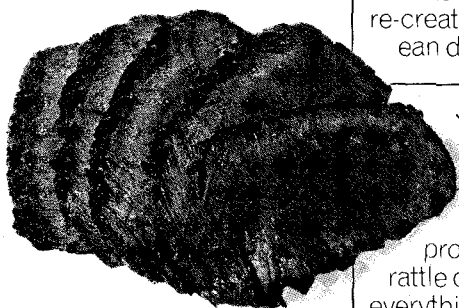
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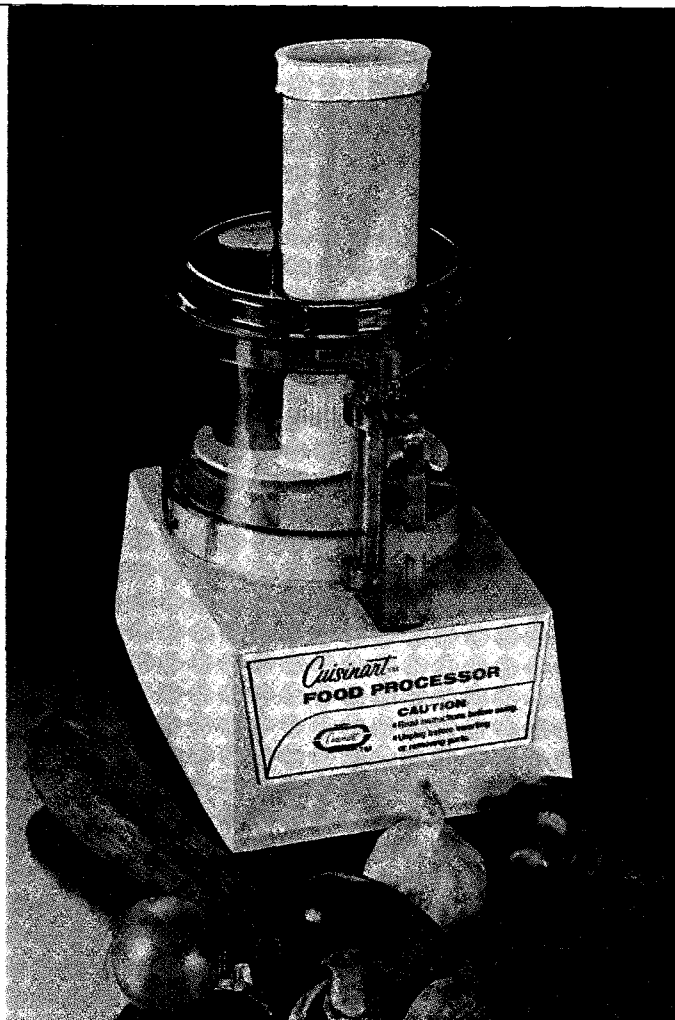


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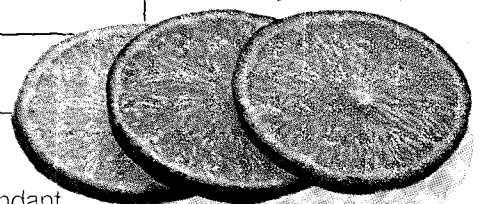
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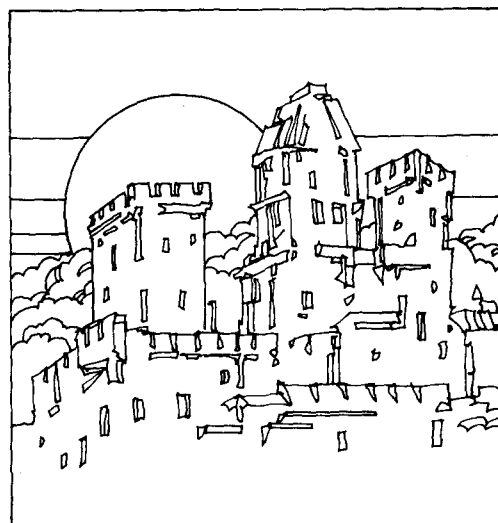
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ecutive branch, but it has also increased the senators' work load and has been a force for extending debate. Some senators are known for being influenced, or even run, by aggressive staff members; Culver seeks the advice of members of his staff, listens to them, but does not give them a great deal of running room.

As Culver and I sit in his office having lunch, he talks to me about his staff. "To have good, nice, capable staff—you can't have any better politics than that. A lot of people who come to work on the Hill believe that to be successful in politics you have to be Machiavellian and devious, where in fact those who will be most successful are more often those who are thoughtful, considerate, and straight." He continues, "It's so hard to demand high standards of performance and still not intimidate your staff or freeze their performance, because they're afraid of making mistakes—to achieve a combination of having them be careful and also creative." One of Culver's characteristics, noted by his friends, is objectivity about himself. As he talks now about the staff, this comes out. "I know I can be hyper and intimidating and aggressive, and I have to be careful not to expect too much of them. They can be bright and competent, but they don't all necessarily have the range of knowledge or the peripheral vision that you need up here. You have to be careful that they don't see themselves as failing when they fall short. You forget the importance of peer needs—how well they're liked by the rest of the staff, whether they have a date, and so on. I get to the point where I'm so driven and preoccupied and fulfilled in lots of ways—you know, 'Let's take the hill!'—that I forget about their needs. You get so driven that you're not likely to sense their need to have their own personal time. And we do demand and extract a lot in terms of hours."

Culver is a thorough man himself, and one day recently, when a staff member was handing me armloads of material to read up on, he remarked, "When you work for John Culver, you learn to be thorough." He is demanding of his staff and loses his temper with them, but he also kids around with them. About once a month, he has a breakfast for them, to which another senator comes and talks. Culver has something of a reputation for being difficult to work for, but this, and his reputation for having a temper—like many of the reputations that are set afloat in Washington—seems some-



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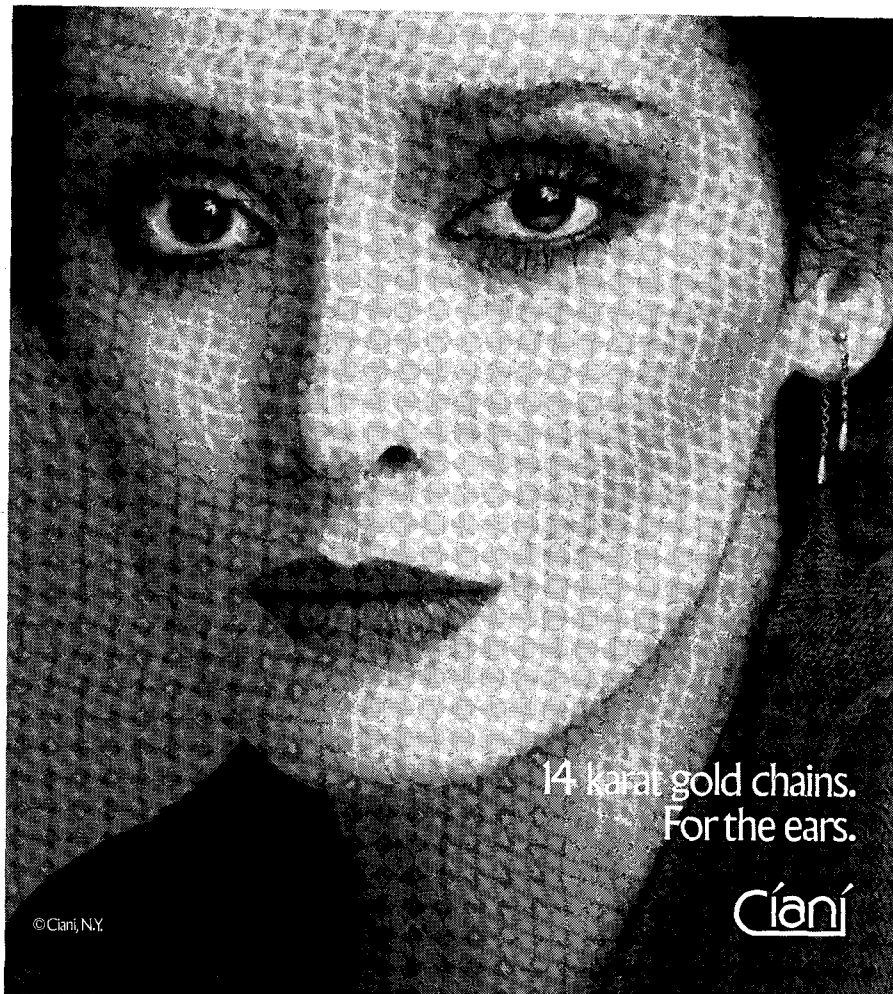


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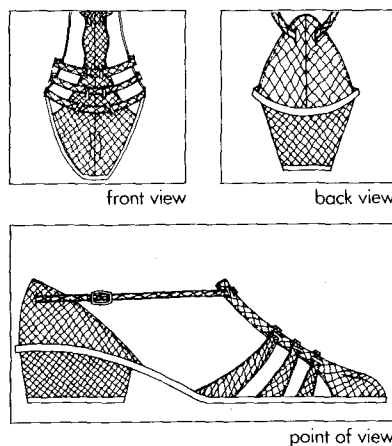
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what exaggerated and oversimplified. There is, in general, a fair amount of turnover on Capitol Hill, as staff members move on in their careers. It appears that Culver had more turnover in the House than he has had since he came to the Senate, and in any event he has a number of aides who have been with him for some time. It seems that if they get the hang of his temperament—and if they meet his exacting standards—they find his office one of the more interesting and enjoyable places to work. Culver's objectivity about himself also comes out when he discusses his temper—which he freely admits to having and can consider quite clinically. "I talk about it openly with the staff," he has told me. "I know when I've been unfair. I know when I take a minor point and bang it and bang it—belabor it and magnify it." Culver is detached enough to be able to say to a staff member later on that he knows he got more upset than he should have. His temper is not a simple or uncontrollable reaction. "My campaign opponents always think of it as a 'weakness' on my part that they can exploit—by goading me in debates, and the like—but it's never worked," he says. "There are things I feel strongly about. In the Marine Corps, in football—every place I've been, I felt strongly about it. You reach a critical mass and it comes out 'temper.'" He was once asked, in a TV interview in Iowa, whether reports that he had a temper were true. He said he supposed they were. What, he was asked, are the kinds of things that set it off? "Actually," he replied, "I handle it on a case-by-case basis."

At three-thirty, ten women from Iowa come into Culver's office to talk with him about the E.R.A. extension. There are three children with them. A member of Culver's staff has told me that they try to arrange for him to see as many as possible of the constituents who come to Washington, and that they try to schedule such meetings for the afternoons, because committee meetings are held in the morning and, ordinarily, the Senate does not meet until the afternoon—and it is easier to break away from the Senate floor than from a committee meeting. If Culver can't meet with the constituents, one of his assistants does; similarly, the assistants may stand in for him at the many trade-association receptions where some representation seems obligatory. Many politicians in Washington are virtually obsequious with constituents; several are polite but have a patronizing attitude toward them. Cul-

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ver probably would not know how to be obsequious, nor does one get any sense that he feels patronizing. He is usually polite, but he has something of a reputation for being blunt on occasion—more blunt than most politicians are. Culver himself, in the course of talking about the pressures of public opinion on politicians, recently told me of one such incident. It occurred in April of this year, on the day that the Senate was to vote on the second Panama Canal Treaty. Culver recalled, "I went out on the steps of the Senate to be photographed with a group from Iowa—it was a church group of teen-agers, with five or six chaperons. We were going to vote in about two hours on the second Panama Canal Treaty, and the Des Moines *Register's* Iowa Poll the weekend before had shown that only thirty per cent of the people in Iowa were in favor of the treaty. My staff had told me that the group wanted to talk to me about human rights and foreign aid and so forth. When I got out there, I said, 'Before you ask me any questions, I have a question for you.' I said, 'How many of you know what my position is on the Panama Canal?' There was sort of a pause, and then two or three hands went up—out of a group of eighteen or twenty people. I said, 'Are you sure you know what my position is?' And one of the chaperons said, 'We of course *hope* you're going to vote for it.' I said, 'Well, I came out in November, 1977, in Iowa in support of those treaties, and I got nothing but a drumbeat of steady criticism and ads and everything else against me for it. And, a month ago, I voted for the first treaty. If you people, who are supposedly the most dedicated group in support of those treaties, still have no idea of my position and don't make a conscientious effort to inform yourselves, and, moreover, smugly assume I'm going to vote for them or you'll be upset, how do you expect people like me to remain here very long voting that way? And how could you, as counsellors, bring this group out, supposedly on a political workshop, when we're taking one of the most historic votes ever taken here, and yet fail to inform them about this vote?'" For Culver, the incident dramatized, he told me, "why it's so difficult to get people to do the right thing." He said, "The interest group that is against something is disciplined, marshalled, mobilized, in-

formed, and organized, with computerized mailings and propaganda and newsletters and visitations and all the rest, and is obsessed with that one issue. And, of course, that fact is not lost sight of by anybody up here, no matter what the issue is. It happens on gun control, abortion—you name it. And on the other side of the ledger is that amorphous constituency that wants you to do 'the right thing.'"

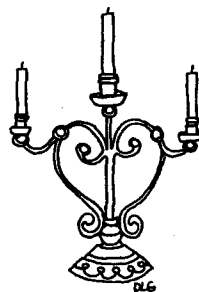
Culver is nearly exhausted by now, but he greets the E.R.A. delegation jovially. Once his visitors are seated in his office, he explains his fatigue by telling them a bit about his trip to Alaska, and says, "My head feels like a vegetable."

Minnette Doderer, a state senator, who just lost a primary campaign for lieutenant governor, explains that they are there to discuss extension of the time for ratification of the E.R.A. "You O.K.?" she asks.

"My natural inclinations are clear from the record," Culver replies (he voted for the Equal Rights Amendment), and he continues, "But I want some more time to study it." He has got conflicting information from staff members on the issue of whether or not, if the time for ratification is extended, states should also be permitted to rescind their votes to approve, and he wants time to think it through. He suggests that the group leave some material with him. Mrs. Doderer tells him, "We do not want rescission." Culver asks her to send him the best arguments against permitting rescission, and to mark the letter "Personal," and tells her that he will take up the question with his staff.

Mrs. Doderer says, "We need you, we need you badly."

Mrs. Doderer's campaign loss is generally attributed to opposition by anti-abortionists, and now Culver turns to her and says, "Minnette, you and I have talked about single-issue politics. How do you distinguish this issue from other single-issue matters—gun control, abortion?" Culver recently gave a speech to the Wisconsin State Democratic Convention on single-issue politics, in which he said, "Strident and self-righteous groups of voters are proliferating in number and narrowing in focus." He said that in the past politicians could count on the support of groups not each of which would agree with them every time, and "being 'right' on most of the issues most of the time was more than enough." Now, he





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went on, "for each narrow, self-defined lobby . . . the worth of every public servant is measured by a single litmus test of ideological purity. Taken together, the tests are virtually impossible for any officeholder who hopes to keep both his conscience and his constituency."

Mrs. Doderer replies to his question by saying that the difference between the E.R.A. group and the others is that "we're not out to get anyone."

Culver responds, "Didn't I read in the paper this morning where people at yesterday's rally were saying 'Off with their heads?'" Culver is frowning now, and one gets the feeling that he is holding something in.

Then he turns to the children and asks, "Would you vote against me in the next election if I didn't vote the way you want me to on one issue even if I voted right on other issues?"

A boy who is twelve years old says, "No. It would depend on your entire record, and your opponent's record."

Culver smiles broadly. "Well, that's great," he says. "You'd see how I voted on foreign aid, energy, and so on? And you'd kind of make a balance of the issues? Well, good for you."

Mrs. Doderer says, "If you're wrong on one issue, you're usually wrong on a lot of issues, and if you're right on one issue, you're right on others."

Culver replies, "But 'right' and 'wrong' are, like beauty, in the eye of the beholder."

Another woman says, "Senator, I feel we were put on the defensive as a one-issue group. I don't think that's true. We'll be back to lobby you on other issues if you like."

Culver breaks the tension by smiling and saying, nicely, "Well, good for you. That's fine." Then he shows the group some of the items in his office—explaining where each of the miniature pigs came from—and poses with the visitors while Don Brownlee takes pictures. He autographs some photographs of himself for them and thanks them for coming by.

After the meeting, he says to me, "Wasn't that kid just great?"

Then he drops in on a birthday party for a staff member in one of the outer offices. A big subject at the party is that the Culver and Clark offices' combined softball team is supposed to play the Kennedy office team tomorrow evening. "Let's keep it low-key that I might play," Culver tells the staff, smiling. He pauses. "For one thing, I might not." Pause. "If Kennedy gets wind of the fact that I might

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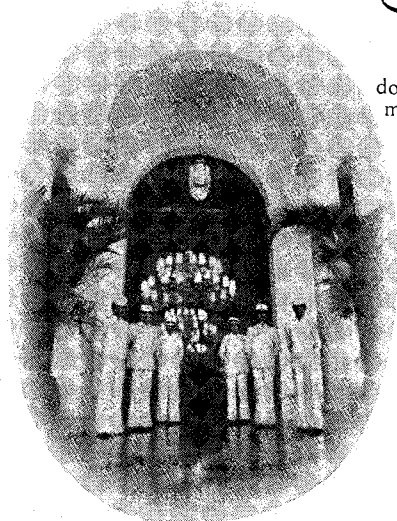
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come, he'll show up." Pause. "And then I'll have to show up."

At five-thirty, Culver is told by George Jacobson that Nelson definitely plans to oppose his endangered-species proposal. Jacobson says that he has been talking with staffs of other senators—Kennedy, and Gary Hart, Democrat of Colorado—to "test the waters" and see how much support Nelson might have. Dick Oshlo, who used to work for him on the Environment and Public Works Committee and is therefore also involved in the endangered-species issue, suggests that Culver call Nelson. There is always a possibility that a senator is not as enthusiastic as his staff is about pursuing a certain course, and the only way to find out is to talk to the senator directly. (Members of the Administration have made the same point to me.) Culver wonders aloud if his calling Nelson might suggest that he is worried that his own side is not so strong, and he asks whether certain senators—Muskie; John Chafee, Republican of Rhode Island; and Robert Stafford, Republican of Vermont—all of whom are strong environmentalists and members of the Environment and Public Works Committee, might be expected to stay with him or go with Nelson. Their defection could be very damaging to Culver. He considers the fact that Nelson's opposition "puts us in the middle ground," and says that that might not be so bad, but he also worries that if Nelson does move to kill Culver's proposal the environmentalists will have to support Nelson. "What do you think, Dick?" he asks Oshlo. "Should we just let this run its course?" Oshlo suggests that Culver will have to be prepared to "take a little heat" from the environmentalists but that he doesn't think a vote on such a move by Nelson will be severely damaging to Culver. He says that they must make sure that the other senators' offices understand what the issue is really about. "I'm not sure it's any big deal," Culver says. "It's just a little surprising to me." Clearly, he is uncomfortable with the new complications. Then he says, referring to the Nelson and Stennis positions, "I'm not sure that when we get to a conference with the House we won't be politically stronger if we've had the votes on both sides of us. It might be a little difficult in the short run, but it might add some starch for later."

He reaches Nelson on the phone, and becomes jovial and expansive when he talks to him. "Gaylord! How you doin'? How you been?" He laughs at

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something Nelson has said. "I missed you in Alaska, Gaylord. You should have gone." He talks a little about the trip, and then says, "You got anything new for me? I've been away." He listens to Nelson for a few moments and then says loudly, in mock horror, "You're going to *what*? *Oppose* it?" He laughs. "Gaylord! You of all people! *Gaylord!* To me? Your buddy? Gaylord! I mean, a lot of guys around here want to have an issue rather than do something about a problem, but not you, Gaylord, not you." He goes on, in good humor. He and Nelson are, after all, close friends, and, beyond that, a good bit of the negotiating, testing, that goes on in the Senate is done in the atmosphere—real or contrived—of good fellowship. Culver spent some time with Nelson when he made the speech to the Democratic Convention in Wisconsin in June. Now he says to him, "Remember we talked about this on that rowboat on that beautiful lake in Wisconsin, and we visited a little about this? Didn't I detect a nodding of the head? You see, Gaylord, you should have come to Alaska with us. You see, if you stay around here you get in trouble. I don't believe, Gaylord, you'd do this to your buddy. I just *know* you've been trying to reach me so that we can talk about some amendments we can work out mutually. I *know* that's what you have in mind." Culver's staff has told him that Nelson has some amendments to Culver's proposal, and that perhaps the announcement that he is going to oppose it is a bargaining position. Culver puffs on a cigar and listens to Nelson. He is sober now; Nelson apparently isn't backing down. "Well, I know that, sir—I'm very much aware of that," Culver says. "I really think this strengthens the act. I didn't know what you wanted to do—if you wanted to visit about some amendments." Then he laughs, and says, "Well, if you're just going to let me get bloodied in the cross fire while you're standing there in your white hat." He laughs at something Nelson says, and then hangs up.

"O.K.," he says to the staff. "Let's make sure we're ready." He continues, "We've got to get the best substantive rebuttal to the argument that there is no need to change the law. Nelson said that Tellico probably would not be exempted under our proposal, and I agreed with him, but it's best not to get into that on the floor if it can be avoided. We have to know about every project that's backed up because of legal difficulties and which state it's



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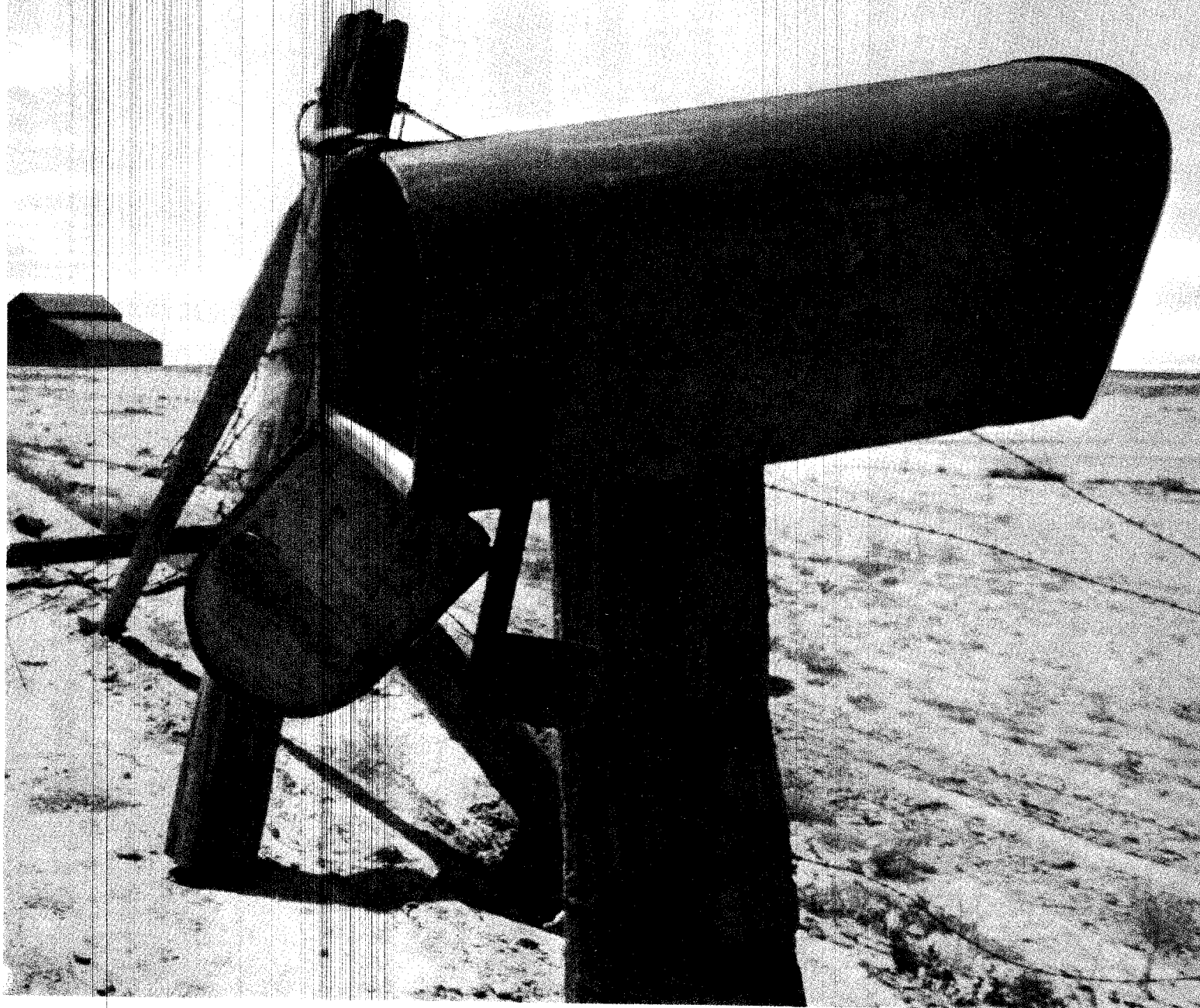
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in." He clearly doesn't like having been taken by surprise.

After the staff leaves, he says to me, "This is just a new difficulty, after we took some heat for proposing to change the law in the first place. And it comes just when people were beginning to calm down and support our proposal. Now the environmentalists are going to have to oppose me. Now we might lose some of the senators we've worked so long to hold. I don't know how many votes we can hold." He suggests that his staff is being optimistic.

The Senate stops working shortly before six tonight without having taken any votes. A number of senators are going to the White House for a briefing on foreign policy. (Culver attended one three weeks ago.) Culver's wife and their two younger children are at their home in McGregor. The other two children, teen-age daughters, are staying with friends in Washington, and the Culvers have rented out their Washington home for the summer. Almost as an afterthought, Culver has arranged to stay with Charles Stevenson tonight. He hasn't had time to figure out where he will stay for the rest of the summer. Right now, all he can think about is getting some sleep.

TUESDAY, JULY 11TH: At nine-thirty, on the way to Room 4200 of the Dirksen Senate Office Building for the hearing on the National Environmental Policy Act, Culver tells me that he has had a good night's sleep and feels better. This morning, as usual, he reached his office at eight-thirty. The Senate began meeting at nine o'clock, but no votes are expected before eleven. Culver hopes to have his hearing over before then and get back to his office to prepare for offering his amendment to the military-procurement bill stipulating that the new giant nuclear carrier provided for in the bill should be the last large carrier of any kind.

At the hearing, Culver reads an opening statement that his staff has prepared for him. The hearing room is filled—such is the interest in this issue—but for the moment Culver is the only senator present. He spells out the trade-offs: the concern of business that a requirement for statements on the environmental impact of products for which export loans have been made by the Export-Import Bank will put American manufacturers at a competitive disadvantage against those of other nations, as opposed to the arguments of

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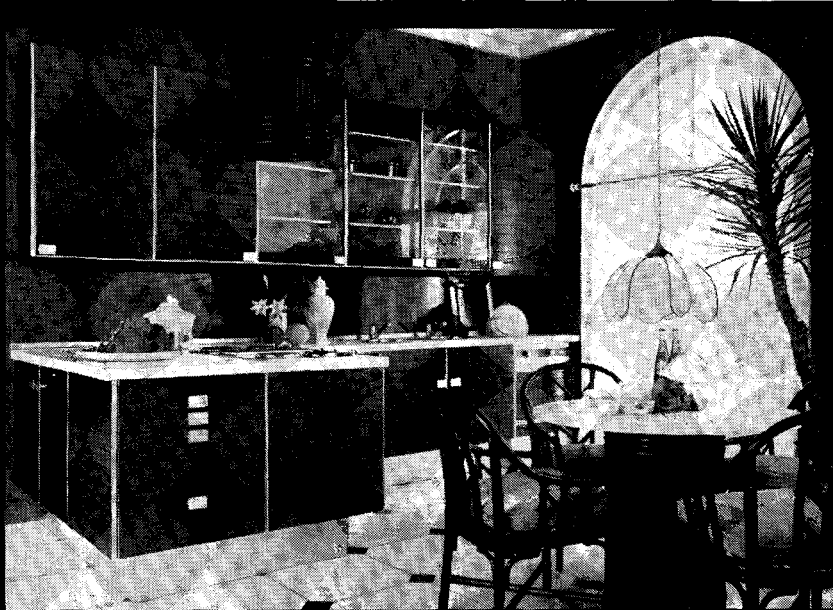
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those who feel that "we have a responsibility to be aware of the impact of our federal actions on the world ecology, in order to avoid exporting our environmental misfortunes abroad." He mentions specifically the export of chemicals that are banned or strictly regulated within the United States.

Herbert Hansell, the legal adviser to the State Department, testifies. He is accompanied by the chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality and the chairman of the Export-Import Bank. Hansell tells Culver what he already knows: that the Administration is discussing a response to the Stevenson amendment, and—using the kind of language which Administration officials, and especially, it seems, those from the State Department, often use when they testify, and which tries the patience of even the more patient members of Congress—that the government agencies "are making substantial progress in developing a practical approach to achieve this objective." He continues, "A number of details need to be worked out, and other agencies need to be consulted, but we see the basis of agreement that can be recommended to the President shortly." As the State Department witness testifies, Senator Malcolm Wallop, Republican of Wyoming and the ranking minority member of the subcommittee, shows up. Kathi Korpon is sitting beside Culver, and George Jacobson is behind them. From time to time, Culver confers with his aides.

When Hansell finishes, Culver says, "I am a little disappointed that we don't have an approved Administration recommendation at this time." He reminds the witnesses that he has already granted the Administration one delay, and, bit by bit, his impatience spills out. "We wait and wait for this Administration to, it seems to me, get its act together in a number of different policy areas," he says. "You have a four-year term, as far as I read the Constitution."

Then comes sarcasm: "You want me to go to bat in stopping Senator Stevenson from going ahead with this particular approach. How would you like to be me or Senator Wallop and go to Senator Stevenson and say, 'Senator Stevenson, with regard to that Export-Import matter, please be advised that'—in your own words—'we see the basis of agreement that can be recommended to the President shortly.' That ought to overwhelm him, don't you think?" Then, his voice getting stronger, he plows through the statement he has just been hearing, reading back portions of it in a mocking

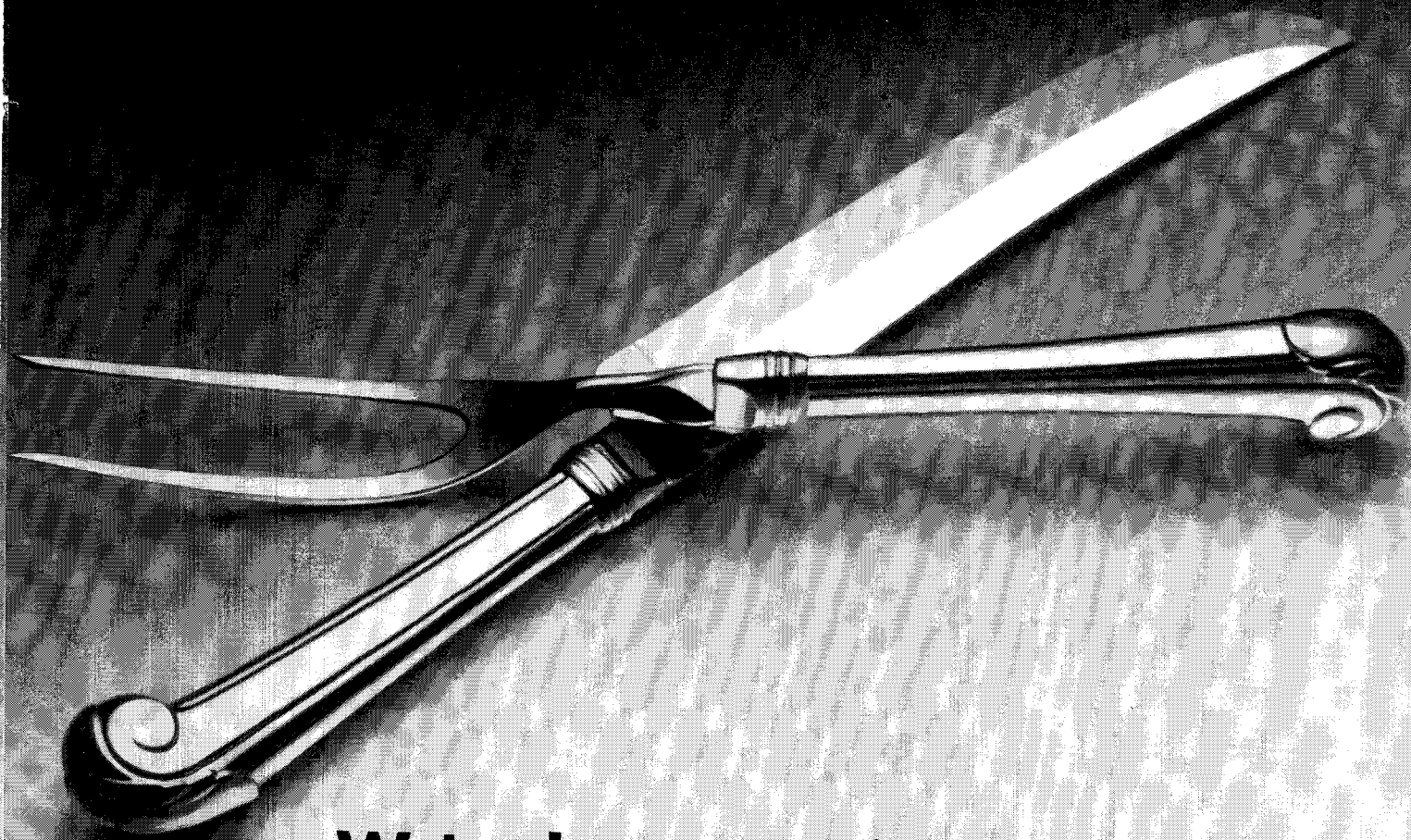


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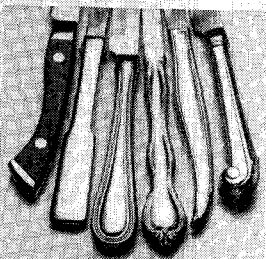
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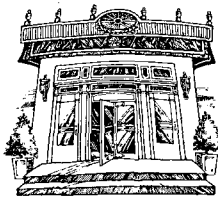
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tone. His annoyance appears to be real. Culver can sometimes get huffy in a hearing for no great reason, but today his pique seems justified. The Administration has asked for his help, and he has obliged, and now these witnesses are coming before him unprepared; moreover, they are taking his time when he has a great many other things to do. He gets increasingly worked up, and says, "Then you say on page 6, 'This program may be included in an executive order.' May be. Are you just going to send out a press release? Is it going to be an executive order? Are you going to submit legislation? I really think, with all due respect, it is awfully hard to carry water in a bucket that has so many holes you can't get away from the well before it is empty." He asks some specific questions about how the new policy might work, and gets vague answers.

Now his annoyance is total. "We aren't having this hearing to hear from you that if and when you can ever have a meeting with the President of the United States you are going to tell him what you intend to do," he says. "Because the next time you say, 'Senator, would you please have another meeting'—you know, I am awfully busy, too. If you can tell me what you have got in mind here on this one occasion that I have an opportunity to seriously focus on this subject, I am here to entertain that. . . . Have you got anything to tell me? Otherwise, I am not interested in talking to my friend Senator Stevenson about it; it is too embarrassing. Senator Stevenson would say, 'Well, what is going to happen?' 'Well, I just talked to this nice man Mr. Hansell. He is going to talk to the President and tell him about timing and flexibility and contents. Just take my word, Adlai.' I am not going to play that role for you. . . . Make your case. And the case can't be 'If and when we get the ear of the President, we may have a policy.' Tell me something at least substantively. We don't need any more mood music about how complicated it is."

The hearing goes on in that vein, with Culver asking precise questions and then expressing annoyance with the answers. As it proceeds, Senator Muskie arrives. He asks Mrs. Korpon to get him a cup of coffee, and she does. Culver concludes with instructions to the witnesses to come up with a policy that assumes the United States has an obligation to protect the world environment and that protects the third world from the misapplication of technology.

At eleven-forty, Culver recesses the



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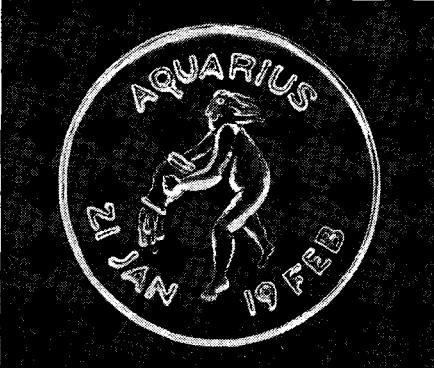
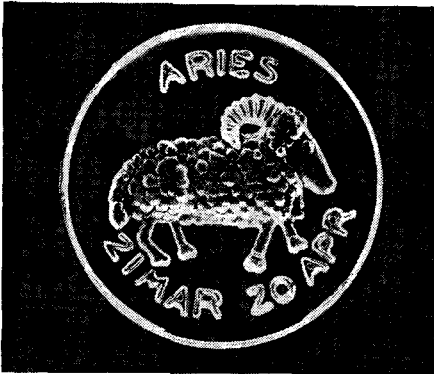
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hearing and races over to the Senate floor. The buzzers have sounded, signalling a roll-call vote, and he hasn't had time to get back to his office to prepare for the debate on his aircraft-carrier amendment. Senators have fifteen minutes to get to the floor to vote once the buzzers have sounded. As they rush from place to place, they carry cards in their pockets listing their schedules for the day; usually the lists are very long, and often they become theoretical.

While Culver is on the Senate floor, he talks with Stennis—who, as chairman of the Armed Services Committee, is managing the military-procurement bill—about the timing and also the substance of his aircraft-carrier amendment. Culver asks Stennis his position on the amendment, and Stennis says that he hasn't decided yet but that he has some problems with it. Culver asks what they are. Stennis tells him he is concerned that it would place restraints on the President. Culver suggests that the two men's staffs try to work something out. He leaves the implication that otherwise there will be a floor fight on this, or perhaps even a proposal by someone else to knock out the carrier provided for in the bill—a possibility Stennis is concerned about. Even though such an amendment is unlikely to carry, managers of bills have to worry about what might happen in an emotional moment. Culver's staff is also negotiating on his behalf with the staff of Senator Dewey Bartlett, Republican of Oklahoma, about an amendment concerning American military equipment stored in Europe. Culver confers off the Senate floor with Charles Stevenson about these negotiations, and with George Jacobson about a problem that has arisen over the ground rules for the debate on the endangered-species bill. The Senate floor debates proceed largely by unanimous-consent agreements among the senators: on how many hours will be allowed for general debate on a bill; on how much time will be allowed for each amendment; and even on such minor questions as whether certain staff aides can be on the Senate floor during debates. This morning, Culver learned that Nelson has asked for more time for consideration of his amendment, and that Malcolm Wallop, who, as the ranking Republican on Culver's Resource Protection Subcommittee, will manage the bill with Culver, is likely to object. Culver is worried that if Nelson is given more time the unanimous-consent agreement on the endangered-species bill could come undone, and he

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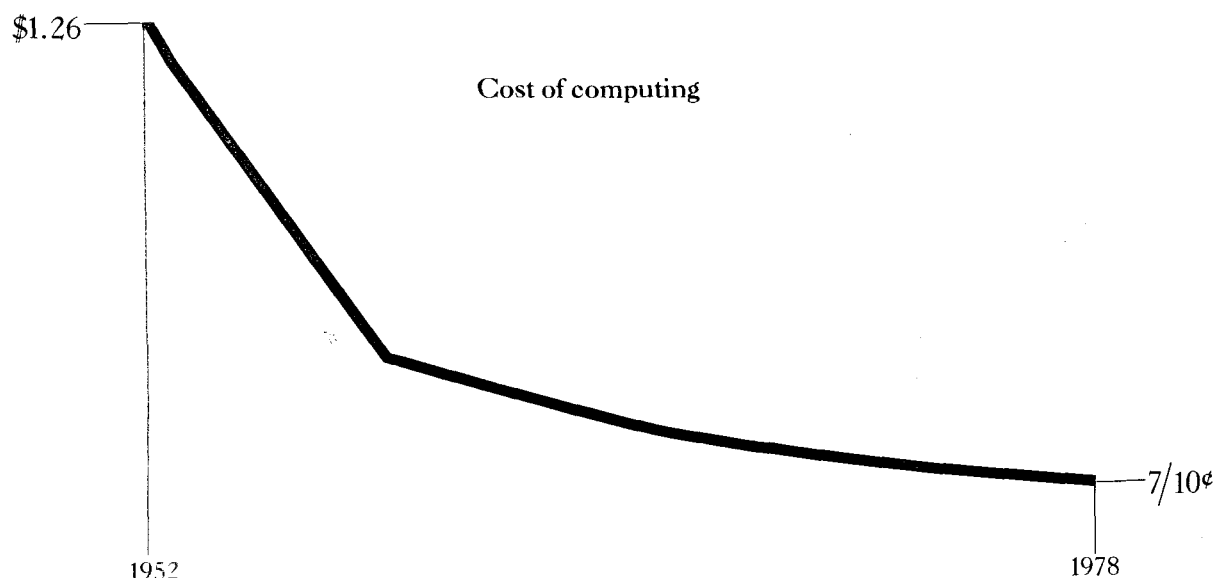
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has told George Jacobson to tell an assistant to Majority Leader Byrd that if an exception to the unanimous-consent agreement that has already been reached on the bill is made for Nelson, others will also want more time.

At twelve-thirty, Culver goes to a luncheon in the office of Alan Cranston, of California, the Democratic Whip, to discuss SALT. A group of about seventeen senators now meet for lunch every two weeks to consider this topic. This group grew out of a meeting of a few senators and Administration officials which was held at Culver's house last November. The idea, Culver has told me, was to organize a group that would become well informed and be in a position to conduct a strong debate on behalf of a SALT agreement and to help the Administration, whose competence to handle the issue was in doubt, prepare for a SALT fight. Gradually, the group grew. Before the Fourth of July recess, it met with Harold Brown, the Secretary of Defense. Today's lunch is interrupted from time to time for roll-call votes on the defense bill. When Culver comes into the Senate chamber to vote, he checks with Charles Stevenson on the progress of his negotiations.

Over lunch in the Senate dining room, another senator talks to me about the frustrations of the job. "It's the pressures," he says. "The pressures of the institution. You've got to be at a committee meeting, you've got to be on the floor, you've got to do this, you've got to do that, you've got to be back in your state, you've got to go to a reception here. After a while, you say, 'Wait a minute. Do I have to do all this?'" The staff all want to be close to the boss, and they all want to sit down and talk to you about what they're working on, and you don't have time, but if you don't talk to them you create a morale

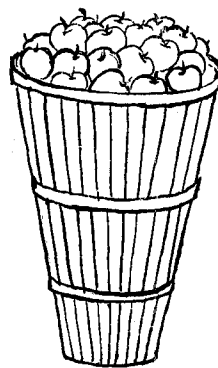
problem. It's hard to put up with a lot of the baloney around here—the posturing. A lot of guys up here are robots. They just go around making speeches and shaking hands and voting politically. They don't concentrate on the legislation or take any chances. And people treat you like a pincushion. I don't mean the constituents—they're your boss—but, no matter how busy or preoccupied you are, anyone feels he can come up and ask you a question or argue with you about something. It's as if you're fair game at any hour.

There's no peace, and very little time to think."

At today's SALT luncheon, the senators were assigned specific subjects in which they were to develop expertise so as to be able to handle them during the debate. Culver, along with four other senators, was given the largest subject: the United States-Soviet strategic balance. Now Culver, who has returned to the Senate floor for a vote, chats with Dick Clark for a while about how his race for reelection is going. Culver's friend Paul Sarbanes, Democrat of Maryland, comes over to him and gives him a packet of material concerning the Administration's proposal to lift the embargo on the sale of arms to Turkey—a move that Sarbanes opposes. Culver talks with Birch Bayh, Democrat of Indiana, about a problem in the administration of juvenile-delinquency programs.

When the senators are summoned to the floor for a vote, they get one of their rare chances to see each other, to trade information, to transact business. Senators, stretched thin on a number of committees (House members serve on fewer of them), trailed about by aides (few House members are trailed by aides), on call to more constituents and sought out by more government officials than House members are, do not see nearly as much of each other as their counterparts in the House do. They lead far more autonomous lives.

Culver, a gregarious type and a man who also understands the importance of good relationships with his colleagues in accomplishing things—of the purposeful conviviality that marks Capitol Hill—gets around this problem as best he can by spending time in the senators' few gathering places: in the cloakroom behind the Senate floor; in the gym; in the senators' private dining room (actually two rooms with an open door between



Judith Shalom

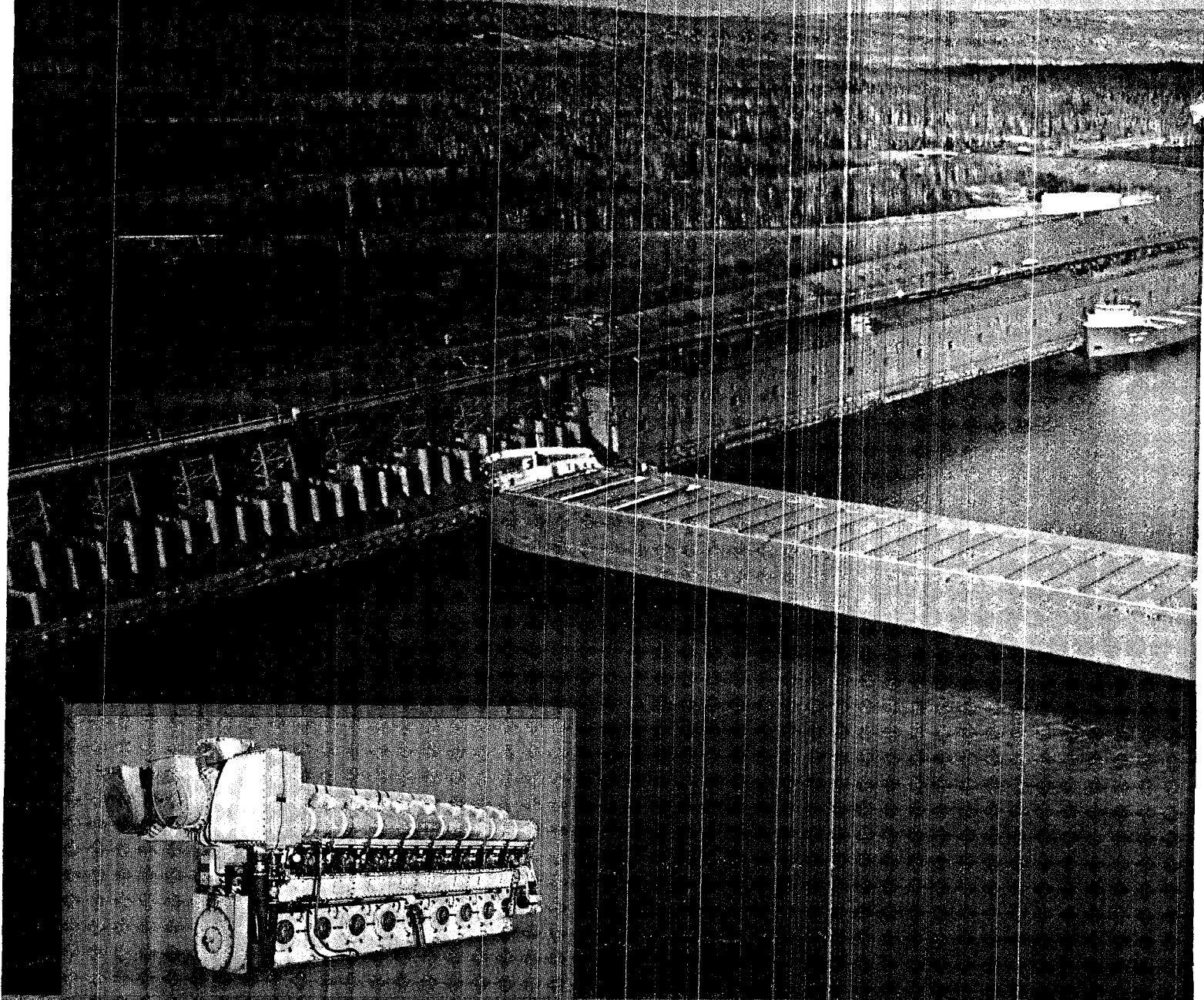
them, one containing a big round table for Democrats, the other a similar table for Republicans); and in the office of Stanley Kimmitt, the Secretary of the Senate, where at the end of the day an odd assortment of Democrats—among them, James O. Eastland, of Mississippi; Warren Magnuson, of Washington; Nelson and Culver—plus an occasional Republican or two, may gather to drink and talk. (Culver himself does not drink. He used to, but liquor and the temper were not a good combination—early in

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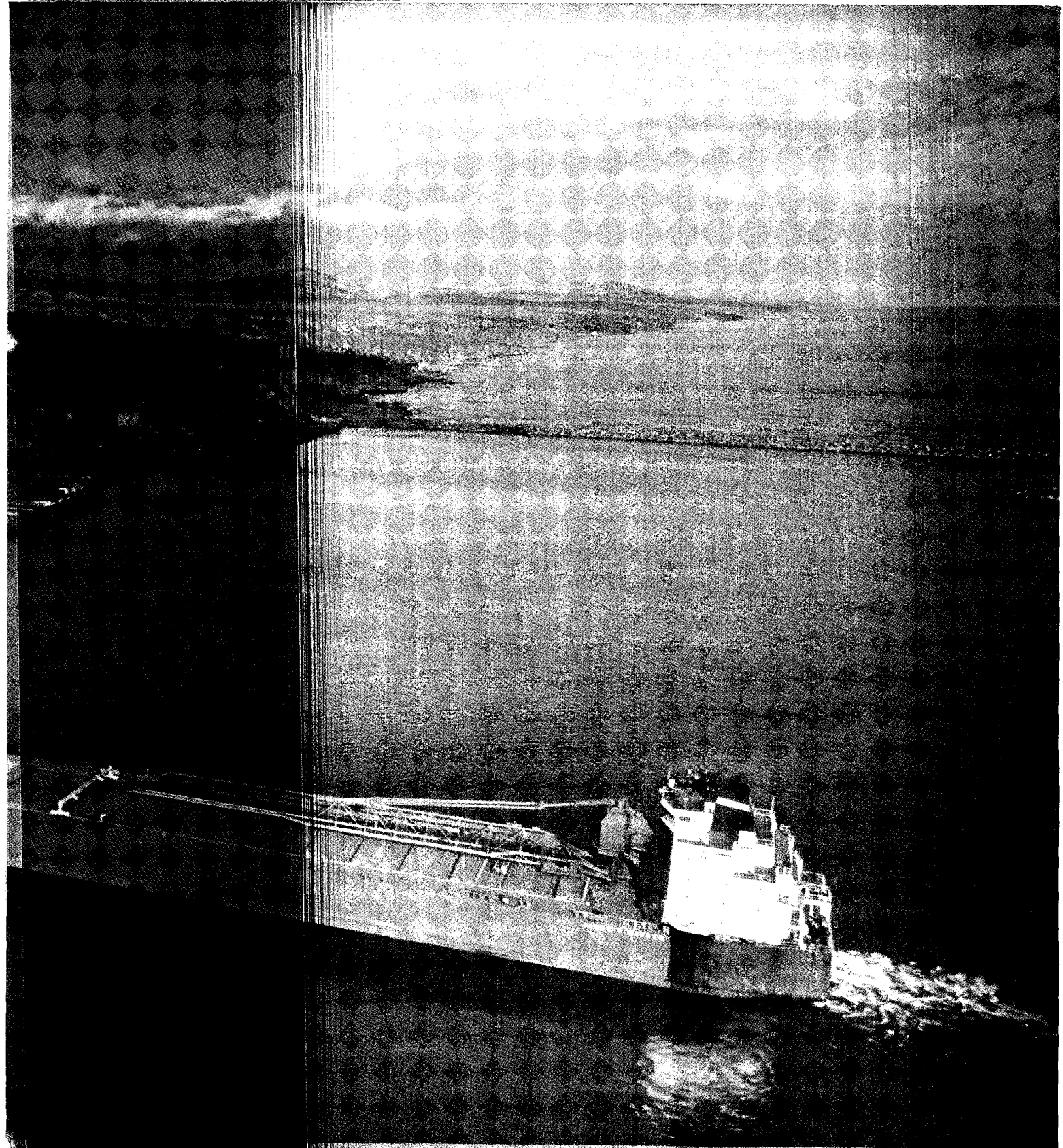
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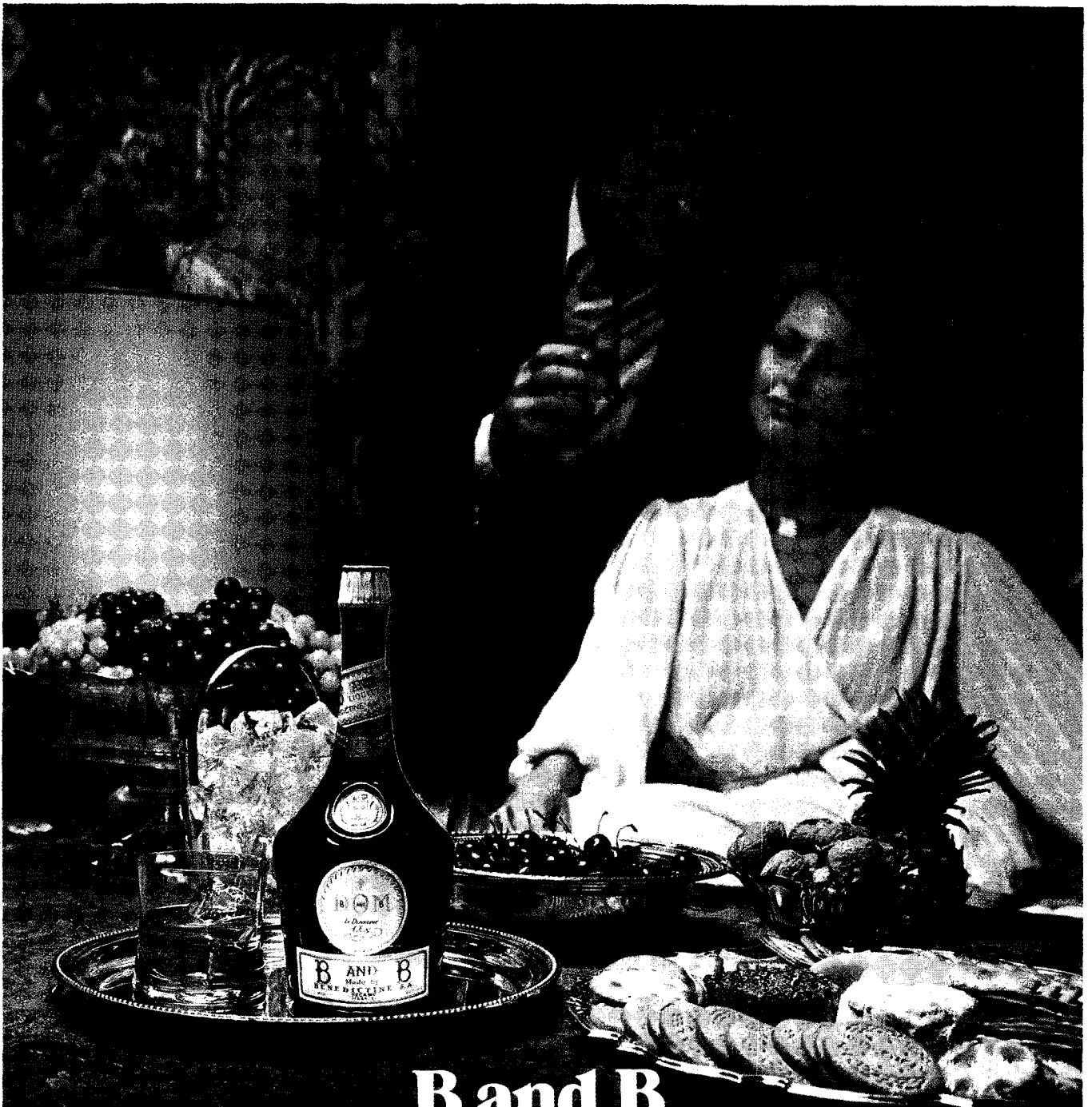
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his House career, he got into a minor scrape with police—and eight years ago he simply stopped.) Culver classifies himself as a liberal, but he does not have the arrogant, or snobbish, quality that some liberals have, and he gets on well with Democratic and Republican conservatives. Culver also goes over to the House gym on occasion. He stays in touch with his former House colleagues, apparently not only because he enjoys the relatively less pretentious House members and shares their outlook on many things but also because it helps him know what is going on in the House, and to get things done. Not many senators bother to maintain allies in the House, people who can help them with their legislation there. When Culver was in the House, he managed to get close to its leadership, and formed friendships with his contemporaries and also went on hunting trips with some of the older and more powerful Southerners. “He’s interesting that way,” an associate of Culver’s says. “He’s not at all establishmentarian in thought, but he likes to be with the established centers of power. He cultivates the powers that be by his company and good fellowship but not by his vote.”

Now Culver, back on the floor, is talking again to Stennis about the timing and substance of his amendment. Stennis wants Culver’s amendment to come up by midafternoon. The amendment says that all future requests for aircraft carriers shall be for carriers smaller than the current giant ones “unless and until the President has fully advised the Congress that construction of such ships is not in the national interest.” In order to get Stennis to go along with his amendment, Culver agrees to a minor change, making it clear that it does not apply to the carrier in the bill. With that, Culver approaches Barry Goldwater, a member of the Armed Services Committee, who has expressed reservations about the continued deployment of large carriers, and asks him to speak in behalf of his amendment. Goldwater declines, saying that he will support it but not speak in its favor. Culver tells him that Stennis is going to announce his acceptance of the amendment, and Goldwater then agrees to speak in its behalf. Culver figures that when the amendment is taken up in conference with the House it will help to have had Goldwater for it.

While all this has been going on, Culver has had to give his attention to other matters, too. At about three-



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thirty, he attended a brief meeting of the Democratic caucus to ratify some new committee assignments, including that of Mrs. Maryon Allen, the widow of James Allen, who died in June, to the Senate Judiciary Committee. His office has sent over some material on endangered species for him to put in the *Congressional Record*. An interview he was to give to an Iowa reporter on the subject this afternoon had to be postponed. His office has sent him a note saying that he has been asked to appear on "Good Morning, America" tomorrow, along with a number of other senators, to discuss SALT and the Soviet trials. Culver declines; he doesn't think that that is a very good forum for discussing such a complicated issue. (He turns down many requests for television interviews.) He receives a memo from Don Brownlee telling him that all three Cedar Rapids/Waterloo television stations and also the Cedar Rapids Gazette carried stories the previous day about the fact that the Rath Packing Company, whose headquarters are in Waterloo, had, with Culver's help, been awarded a ninety-six-thousand-nine-hundred-dollar contract to provide the Defense Department with bacon. He talks to Wallop about the question of time for debate on the endangered-species bill. He leaves the floor to take a call in the cloakroom from a personal friend and, later, a call from Kennedy about whether he plans to go to the softball game tonight. Kennedy says that he will go if Culver does. Actually, there is some question whether the Senate will adjourn in time for either of them to make it. Culver works at his desk, next to an aisle, in the last of four rows on the Democratic side, which is on the left as the senators face the presiding officer, reading his notes for his forthcoming speech on his amendment and showing the amendment to some of his colleagues. He ducks out to a room off the Senate floor to work on his speech, and after a short time Charles Stevenson, a quiet young man with dark-blond hair, a mustache, and rimless glasses, comes and tells him that the amendment will be brought up shortly.

At a little after four, Culver is recognized to offer his amendment. He stands at his desk and, as he explains the amendment, slowly paces three or four steps back and forth in different directions from his desk, as if within an invisible circle. Unlike most senators, he does not use a lapel microphone to amplify his voice. He does not need one. And, as is his habit, he

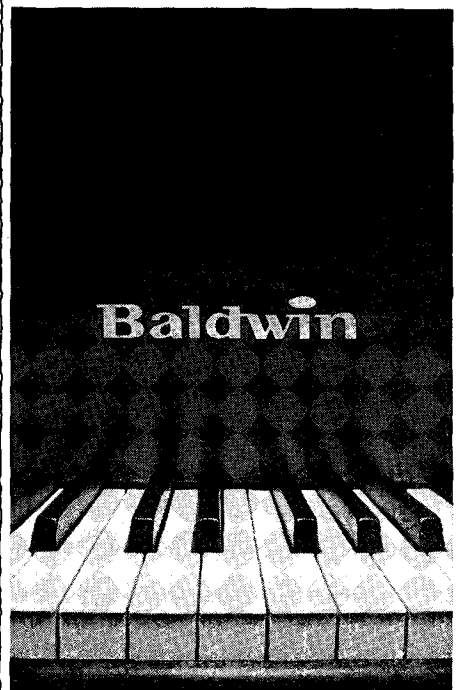


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speaks extemporaneously, referring only occasionally to the notes on his desk. This is a technique he has long since developed; he is aware that when a senator makes a speech he is far more likely to command the attention and respect of his colleagues if he seems to actually know what he is talking about, and that the best way to create that impression is to be prepared and to speak extemporaneously, rather than to read a speech in a manner that suggests that it was written by one's staff. Charles Stevenson has given Culver "talking points," and Culver has been reworking them and making his own notes, and now he just lets go. As is his wont when he is making a point in debate, he repeats for emphasis: "In the past two years that I have had the opportunity to look in some detail at some of the current Navy programs... we have received, believe it or not, some six different five-year shipbuilding plans for the U.S. Navy. Six separate, distinct, and different submissions as to where the U.S. Navy is going to go in the next five years. In the last two years, we have received six different proposals." He goes on to say that the Navy represents "the most significant area of current disarray within our over-all military force posture." His voice rising, he asks rhetorical questions about the role of the Navy: "What is its mission? Is its mission sea control? Is its mission to project force ashore?" And so on. As he speaks, sometimes his left hand chops the air, sometimes his right hand goes out in front of him, sometimes he spreads his arms and waves them up and down. "The role of the giant aircraft carrier in the world today is over," he says. He has the attention of the dozen or so senators who are present. (Not all senators are listened to when they speak.) He says, "You're talking about a forty-billion-dollar cost" for each carrier task force (the carrier plus its accompanying ships and planes) over its life cycle. The estimated cost of the new carrier itself is about two billion dollars. He says, "Anyone who thinks for a moment that the Soviet Union does not know, at this very moment, where each of our current fleet of aircraft carriers is does not know the first thing about military planning." Stennis comes over and sits three chairs away from Culver, watching him, nodding on occasion at this young man with whom he has suddenly found himself in agreement. Culver talks in a very loud voice now, as if he were in a ferocious argument. Some senators just get up and

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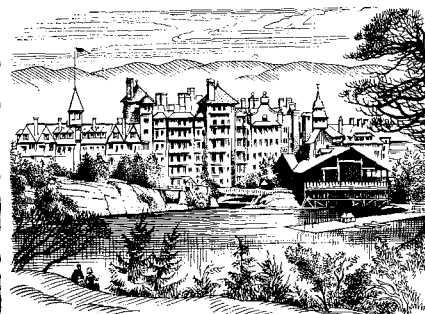
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talk; some give formal speeches; Culver speaks forcefully, as if in strong debate, as if what he does in these few minutes will make all the difference. It doesn't seem to matter that he is clearly going to win on this issue; Culver is not given to doing things part-way. He has sometimes drawn a parallel between how he feels giving a speech and how he felt playing football.

"Mr. President," Culver says, "some of us have serious reservations about the wisdom in our national-security interests for a cost-effective over-all defense system of spending money in this bill for one more highly vulnerable nuclear aircraft carrier... because you can shoot it like a duck in a pond with highly accurate, precision-guided missiles." He repeats, incredulously, the cost—"a cost of forty billion dollars over the life cycle of that one task force." He is speaking passionately now. His face is red. His big voice fills the chamber. "If we are going to accept that judgment," and he repeats, "if we are going to accept that judgment," and then goes on, "this is one senator, this is one senator who is only going to do so if there is an agreement by the Senate and the Congress that this is the last one." Culver says, "This is one time that maybe we can get out ahead of the curve." This is a theme that runs through much of what he does. "Mr. President," he concludes, after speaking for about fifteen minutes, "in my judgment we now have an opportunity that we never seem to grasp. We now have an opportunity to close the books on a fading era and to enhance our naval power in the future by adopting this amendment, and I would urge its adoption."

John Tower, Republican of Texas and also a member of the Armed Services Committee, engages Culver in a colloquy that establishes that the amendment would allow the President some discretion to recommend another large carrier, but only if he justifies such a decision to Congress.

Stennis praises Culver's speech. "The Senator from Iowa has made a masterful speech," he says. Even if one allows for the usual flattery that senators bestow on each other, it seems that Stennis is impressed. "He has made a fine presentation here concerning a major problem," Stennis says. "His influence is vast." Culver watches Stennis intently. Stennis points out that the amendment does not affect the carrier provided for in the bill, and says that he will accept it.

John Chafee, who was Secretary of

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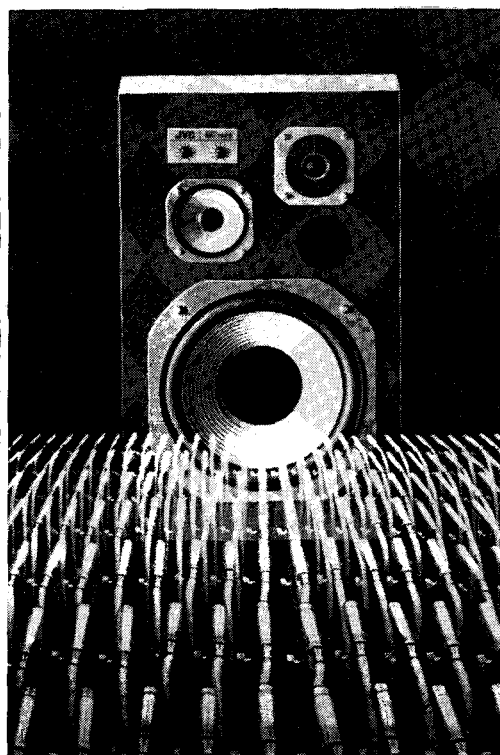
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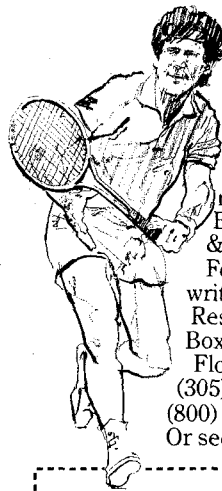
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the Navy in the Nixon Administration, and who is a friend of Culver's, speaks on behalf of Culver's amendment, as does Dale Bumpers, a progressive Democrat from Arkansas, who used to serve on the Armed Services Committee with Culver and often sided with him, and who is a member of the SALT group.

And Barry Goldwater speaks for Culver's amendment. "I think that the day of the carrier has passed," Goldwater says, and he points out that for the amount of money a carrier costs, one could buy a lot of B-1 bombers. Goldwater apparently hasn't given up on the B-1 bomber. Culver has stitched together an interesting coalition.

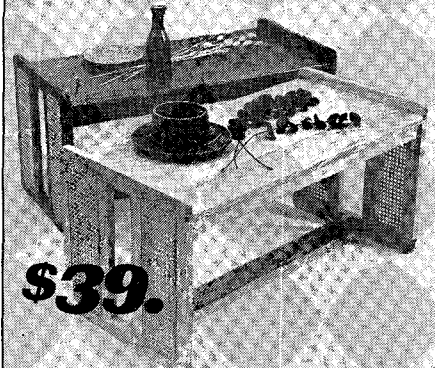
The amendment is easily agreed to by voice vote. Culver does not ask for a roll call. His theory is that by having the amendment agreed to by voice vote he can argue in conference with the House that it was not even controversial—that even Tower and Goldwater were on the floor and hardly any objection was raised. That is more helpful, he feels, than having a roll-call vote, on which some thirty or forty senators might feel constrained to go on record against him.

Off the Senate floor, Don Brownlee is waiting for Culver to approve a press release on the Senate's adoption of his amendment. Culver comes off the floor and makes a minor correction in the release. Steve Rapp, the staff director of Culver's Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee, is also waiting for him. He wants to talk to Culver about the Administration's efforts to arrive at a plan to reorganize the various agencies that deal with inspecting the Mexican border for the importation of drugs. Rapp tells Culver that he has learned from a contact within the Administration that it now seems that the President will not send up the reorganization tomorrow, as had been planned, because "the special interests" are opposed; and he urges Culver to call the White House to urge that the plan be sent up. Culver asks, "Why would a call from me make a bit of difference?" He points out that his subcommittee does not have jurisdiction over reorganization plans. Rapp says that the White House tends to hear more from the special interests opposed to reorganization plans than from the people who are for them. "It's a mess and long overdue," Culver agrees, "but I can't see why a call from me would matter." He says to Rapp, "Tell your contacts down there that you talked to me and I want to see what they're proposing, and you

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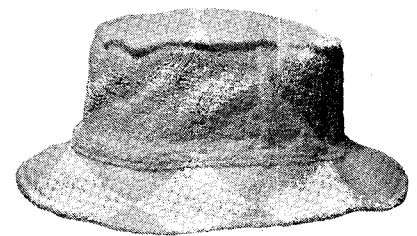


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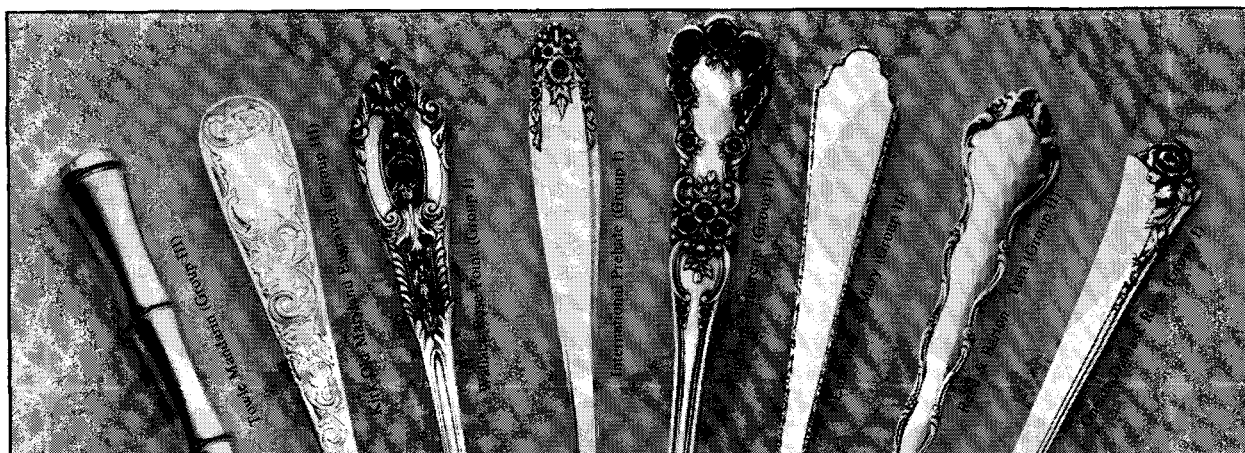
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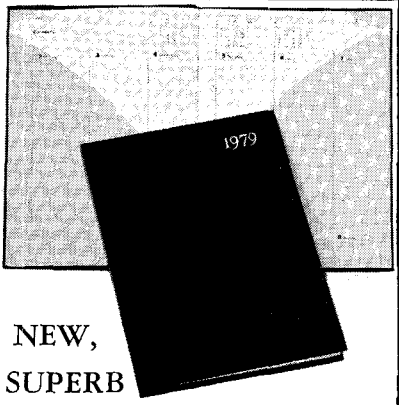
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might also tell them that for an Administration that came in with a pledge to thoroughly reorganize the government they have a long way to go."

Culver goes back to the floor to agree with Bartlett's new version of the amendment on American equipment in Europe. On the floor, he talks with George Jacobson about a "Dear Colleague" letter—the kind of letter that senators send around to their colleagues explaining their bills and amendments—on the endangered-species bill. He talks with some senators about when the endangered-species bill will come up; there was some possibility that it would be brought up on Friday, when Culver was planning to be in Iowa, but now it appears that it will come up on Monday. After he leaves the floor, he tells me about the timing on the endangered-species bill. I ask him how he will be able to jump right into managing a complicated bill immediately after returning from Iowa. "We're always getting back from someplace and getting right into something," he says.

CULVER and I sit in the Senate dining room while he has a cup of coffee and reviews the events of the day, and, as he sometimes likes to do when he unwinds, he muses about politics and the Senate. It is now about six o'clock, and he has to wait for further roll-call votes. He says, "Let's visit for a while." He talks about life in the Senate. "Isn't this just crazy?" he asks. "It's gradually become so frenetic and intensified. Actually, today was a relatively easy day. Often, there are more meetings, and more constituents to see. We're spread so thin and we're on too many committees, and the circuits are overloaded—even though I'm one of those who have tried to pick a few things to do and do those well. Even if you do that—even if you do the things that are hit to your field—frankly, if I were to do any one to my satisfaction I could spend full time on it and still not feel in total command. But at least then you wouldn't feel the frustration of jumping around a lot. The trade-off is you have the excitement of a number of stimuli." He continues, "Another thing that's interesting is what the psychic needs are. I think anyone who seeks public office has some need for gratification or approval that affords the energy and the presumption to aspire to it. I think after you've served a few times, or run a few times, you begin to wonder how much you want to keep doing it. Part of it is that at a certain point in your life you look at how



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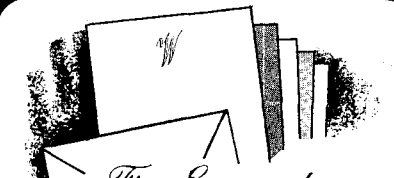
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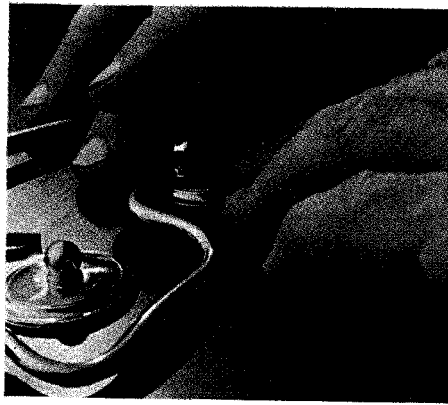
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much you've accomplished and how much time you have left. Just as people who have done other things think of doing something else, I think people who have done this—if they have things in a healthy balance—ask themselves how long they want to do this. I think actually it's important to have that attitude starting out: that you know you can do something else, that the world isn't going to come to an end if you're not reelected. It's important to keep that at the ready when you win and when you function here."

As we are talking, another senator wanders into the dining room, and Culver greets him: "How you doin'?"

The senator pauses, smiles, and says, "I don't know whether to whistle or tie my shoes."

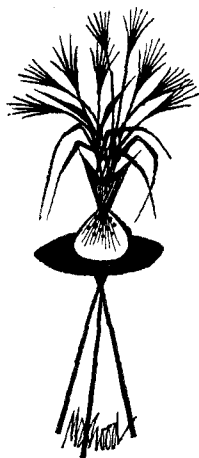
Culver laughs. "Join the crowd," he says.

We talk about Culver's speech today. He says, "In politics, you can give a good speech, hit it right—the juices are flowing, and you know you're doing it well, and you have a high. And yet you know—if you're your own worst critic, if you're healthy—that the next time you can bomb out. It's not dissimilar from a football game. You can know you did well then and yet know that another time you won't. But that apprehension is healthy, and you shouldn't lose it. In each event, you have to try to do your best. Each time, you think of what you should have said. To that extent, it's unrelenting."

(Culver is known among his friends for questioning them, and himself, after a speech or some other public action, about how he did. "Did I go on too long?" "Did I hit him too hard?") "It's part of the challenge," he says. "In that way, it's like competitive sports—you admire a guy who's playing hard and fair. Around here, you admire someone who works from views and works hard and advocates effectively." In private conversations, Culver can be quite explicit about whom he admires and whom he does not. He clearly does not admire posturers or those who he feels sell out their principles—or don't have any—or those who are, in his eyes, lazy, or those who mean well but are ineffective. Culver's objectivity about himself and his ability to see things for what they are can be a burden. Most politicians who posture don't seem to have difficulty doing it. Most are able to justify a vote on the ground that otherwise it would "be too difficult to explain." One theory about the design of our political system is that the Senate, whose members have to run for reelection every six years—

as opposed to the House, whose members have to run every two years—is more immune to the passions of the moment and therefore less “political.” More than one senator, citing the increasing number of votes on, and in favor of, emotion-laden proposals, has said to me that this theory is not borne out. Culver says, “Sometimes we go in there and act like a vacuum cleaner for every frustration from that morning’s papers.”

At seven-forty-five, the Senate takes its final vote on the military-procurement bill. After Culver votes, he phones an Iowa radio station that wanted to talk to him about his aircraft-carrier amendment, then he and I run down the Senate steps and join Kennedy in Kennedy’s car, a blue convertible, to go to the softball game. On the way to the game, Kennedy teases Culver, telling me that actually Culver has never played in a softball game before; that actually Culver is an entirely



different person from the one I have been seeing in the past two days. They joke about something that happened in the Senate recently. The two men clearly amuse each other, and have a string of running jokes. The softball game is in the Ellipse, the large park behind the White House. The two senators (Clark is not here) have not had a chance to change out of their suits. The sun is setting now, and it is a cool evening with a soft breeze. The Kennedy team wears green-and-white T-shirts with “Boston Ted Sox” printed on them; the Culver-and-Clark team wears black T-shirts imprinted with the senators’ names in gold and a gold corncob. The staffs cheer when the senators turn up; it gives them a lift. They usually turn up only when the team of one of their close friends is playing. The score is tied, and the game has gone into extra innings.

To the delight of the staffs, Kennedy steps up to bat, and Culver thereupon insists on pitching. “Overhand or underhand?” Culver yells. He pitches one (underhand) that goes way over Kennedy’s head.

“Ball one!” Kennedy shouts. (There is no umpire.)

“How did you call that?” Culver asks in mock incredulity. He gets the pitching under control and sends a few over the plate. Kennedy lets them go by. “Let’s go down swinging, Ted,”

Culver shouts. Another goes by Kennedy. “Will you take a cut at it?” Culver yells to Kennedy. Kennedy is smiling. Finally, Kennedy hits a single, and someone on his team scores. Culver cheers lustily when Kennedy is later tossed out at third.

Culver is first up to bat for his side. Kennedy plays center field. Culver waves him back and points, like Babe Ruth pointing to the bleachers. Then he hits a tiny bunt and runs swiftly—surprisingly swiftly for someone of his bulk—to first base. Later, he makes it to second, and then to third, on fielding mistakes, and then, after a fly ball is caught, he scores.

Although Culver does not get much exercise now, the athlete in him is still visible. He and Kennedy are only in part putting on a show for their staffs; they are also caught up in a combination of their own competitive instincts—like other grown men when they get out on a softball field—and amusement at each other. The

game goes on for a while: Culver gets a hit into center field (at this point, Kennedy is pitching), and the Iowans lead, but when the Kennedy team bats again Kennedy gets a single, then slides into second, and eventually they stop with the score nine to eight, Kennedy. By this time, there is a major but good-humored dispute between the two teams over exactly how many extra innings had been agreed to (“You wouldn’t be proud of this, Ted,” Culver says as indignantly as he can) and exactly who won. Each senator poses for pictures with his team and leads it in a cheer for the other. “Let’s get out a press release,” Kennedy suggests to his team.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12TH: The Senate went into session at eight o’clock this morning on another military bill, this one for construction of military buildings, and so on, as opposed to the “hardware” authorized in yesterday’s military-procurement bill. By now, at ten-thirty, Culver has met on the Senate steps with a 4-H Club delegation from Council Bluffs, posed for pictures with them, and given them a brief tour of the Capitol, telling its history and describing the fresco under the dome in some detail; gone, along with Clark, to the Russell Office Building to make a statement introducing the director of the Iowa

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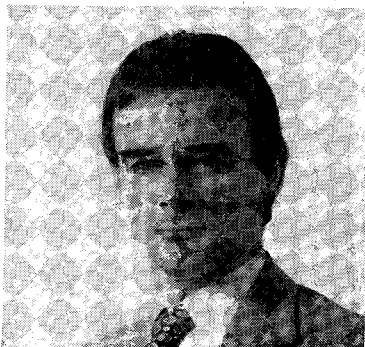
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(detail) Khurusani Shahnama, dated 1602, sold on April 3, 1978 at Sotheby Parke Bernet in London for \$578,000.

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Department of Transportation's Railroad Division to the Surface Transportation Subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee, before which the director was to testify (Culver says that he does this sort of thing about a half-dozen times a year); posed for pictures with two young women who are representing Iowa at Girls Nation, an American Legion program (they were supposed to meet Culver on the Senate steps, but were late, and finally caught up with him at the subcommittee hearing). Now he is heading for a meeting of the Judiciary Committee, in the Dirksen Building. As Culver moves through the halls, his size makes him appear to be lumbering along, but actually he covers a lot of ground quickly. While he makes his way to the Judiciary Committee meeting, he is briefed by Josy Gittler, a petite, dark-haired woman who is the chief counsel of Culver's Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee. (She was the first woman law professor at the University of Iowa.) Yesterday, Miss Gittler gave Culver memorandums on the bills that are to come up before the committee, for him to read last night, and now she briefs him on them: a bill to give the Attorney General the right to sue, and intervene in suits, on behalf of persons who are in state institutions and whose rights have allegedly been violated (she tells him that the vote will be very close, and that Birch Bayh, who is sponsoring the proposal, and the Justice Department are very anxious to have him there, and then she reports how various members of the committee are expected to vote), and measures concerning bankruptcy laws and off-track betting.

Room 2300, where the Judiciary Committee is meeting, is a small room; the senators sit at a long table, and aides and officials and whatever on-lookers have managed to get in stand against the walls. Eastland, the chairman, is at one end of the table. The committee is made up of a number of very liberal Democrats and very conservative Republicans and includes a couple of somewhat eccentric types, and the meetings are often lively and sometimes nearly chaotic. As the deliberations proceed, Culver studies the memorandums. These are other people's bills, and he will take no major role; what he wants to do here is understand as best he can what he is voting on. When bills or amendments are offered in the committee by someone whose views he generally shares, and whom he trusts, his inclination will be to go along, but still he wants to be sure



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of what he's doing. Paul Laxalt, Republican of Nevada, asks that consideration of Bayh's bill be postponed, because Strom Thurmond, Republican of South Carolina, is occupied on the Senate floor with the military-construction bill and has asked for a deferral. (Any senator can block a committee meeting when the Senate is in session.) Laxalt is a pleasant man, liked by his colleagues, and he makes the request in a reasonable tone. Bayh, who has struggled to get enough senators here who back his bill, says, "My problem is, Paul, everyone around this table is busier than a one-armed paperhanger, yet they have squeezed time to be here today." William Scott, a conservative Republican from Virginia, who has the reputation of being a rather limited man, and unpredictable, remarks that Thurmond is a retired general and therefore it's important for him to be on the floor. Culver says, "How about a retired member of the Marine Corps? I'm here." The senators put the Bayh bill aside, and go on to take up two bankruptcy-law bills and some amendments to one of them, and pass them, and then they take up a bill dealing with interstate regulation of off-track betting. It is sponsored by Senator Charles McC. Mathias, a moderate Republican from Maryland, who is a well-liked man, and who usually lines up with the liberal Democrats on the committee. But Howard Metzenbaum, Democrat of Ohio, has some problems with the bill and asks that consideration of it, too, be postponed. Culver joins him in the request. Culver would like to know more about the implications of the bill. "Let's put it over, Mac, just so we can study it more," he says quietly. Mathias agrees. So these busy people have just given themselves another meeting to attend, more work to do. Dennis DeConcini, Democrat of Arizona, brings up Senate Joint Resolution 135, designating a weekend in late April as Days of Remembrance of Victims of the Holocaust. Eastland asks if there is any objection, and the committee quickly approves the resolution. After the meeting, Culver asks Miss Gittler to take another look at the off-track-betting bill, and he goes back to his office to go over the schedule for his trip to Iowa this weekend. No Senate votes are scheduled before one o'clock.

In his office, Culver scans the press clippings and the news summary from the Iowa papers that Don Brownlee prepares for him each day. Culver is pleased that the Des Moines Register is running a two-part series explaining



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why the Endangered Species Act needs to be amended, and that this morning's *Washington Post* has an editorial supporting his approach. Earlier this morning, he asked his staff to prepare a statement for him to insert in the *Congressional Record* about the retirement of a political reporter for the Dayton-area *Quad-City Times*. Next, Culver looks over the notice sent out by the Democratic Whip about what is supposed to come up this week. He has been told that it is still possible that the endangered-species bill will come up Friday, and therefore he doesn't know whether he can be in Iowa then, as he had planned. At the other end, he is scheduled to return from Iowa—via Chicago, where he is to make a speech—about three o'clock on Monday. Dick Oshlo tells him that some of the staff have met with Nelson's staff, and it now seems that Nelson may not actually move to kill Culver's proposal but may simply engage in a colloquy with him on it and then offer some "perfecting amendments." Culver is pleased by this news. He goes over the various possibilities for the schedule in Iowa with Jim Larew, his appointments secretary. (Larew, who is twenty-four, worked in Culver's 1974 Senate campaign as a field organizer, and in 1977 received a summa cum laude from Harvard for an honors thesis he wrote on the history of the Democratic Party in Iowa.) Culver goes into the scheduling in great detail—dealing with it as methodically as he deals with legislation: where each event will take place, what the possibility is for television coverage for each one, how many events can be worked in. He is not satisfied with an event that has been tentatively planned for Cedar Rapids, and asks Larew to come up with a better one. He considers whether he can go to a certain city and see just one group without offending others, and decides that he can't, and will go to that city on another trip, when he will have more time to spend there. Culver had been considering going to the Rath packing plant, but he won't be able to get to Waterloo until Saturday and the plant will be closed, so that is out. He decides to go instead to an armed-services recruiting center in Waterloo and talk with the recruiters about how they are coming in meeting their quotas for the volunteer service. "Get representatives of all the services there," he says. "Saturday afternoon is *Sleepy Hollow* for the media; we should give them notice of this event well in advance—it's a good, substantive story. I'll make a

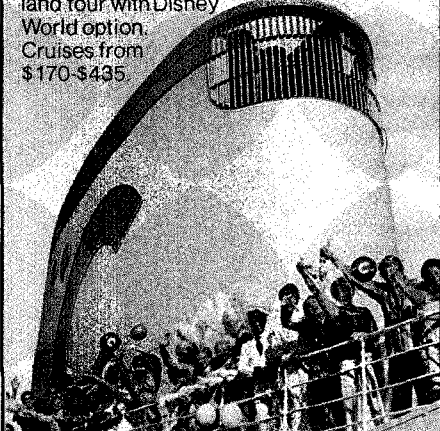
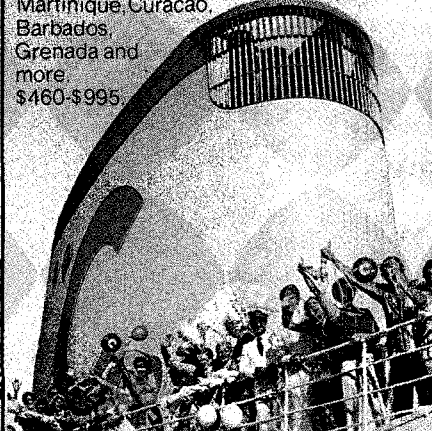
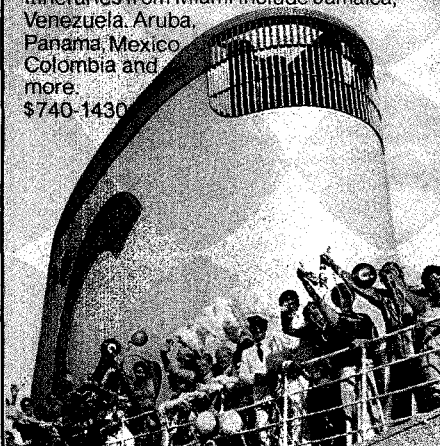
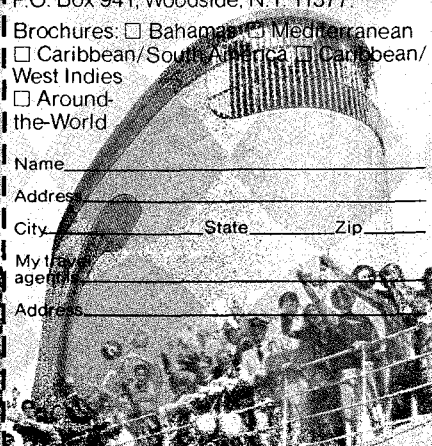
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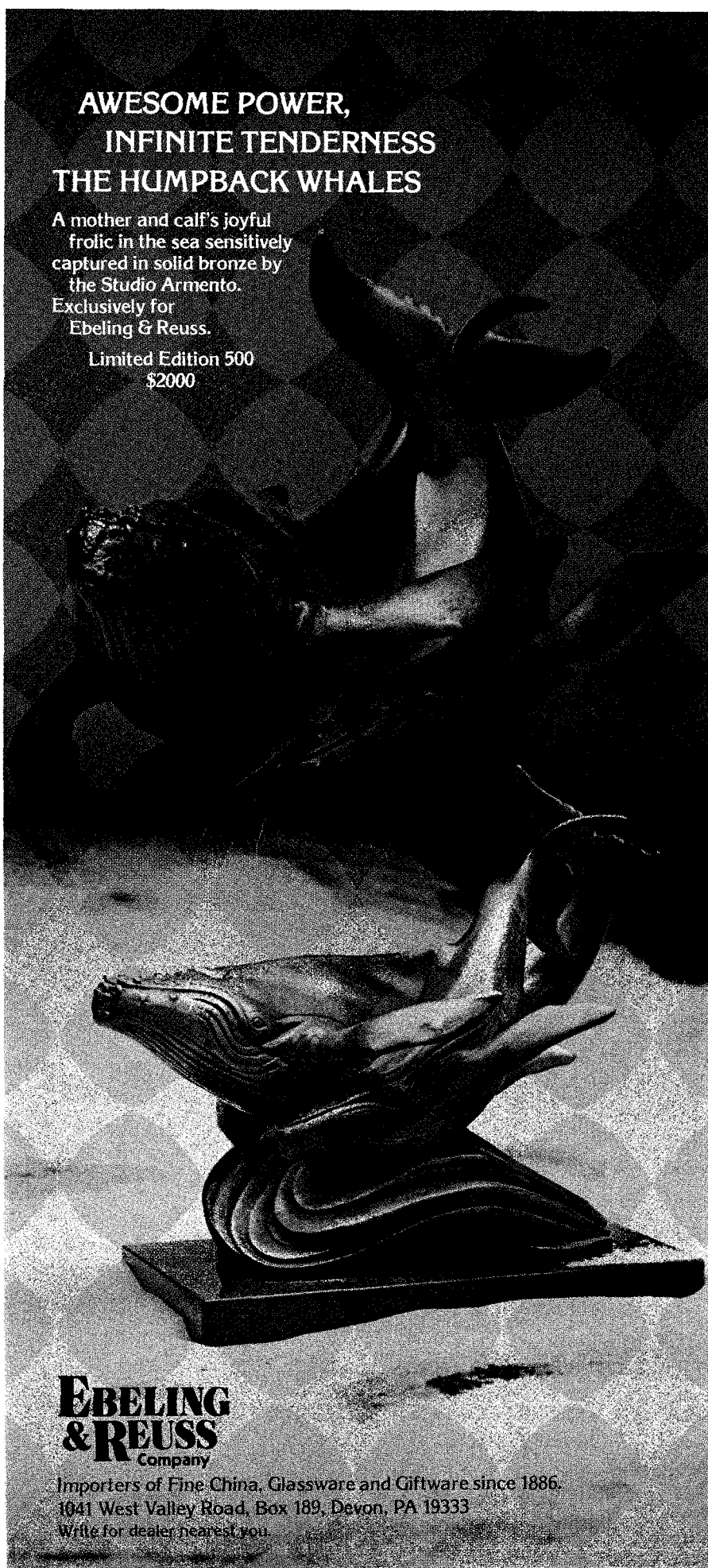
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statement on the status of the volunteer services. Let's try to encourage as much interest in the Waterloo-area media as we can, and I think it's a suitable story for the wires out of Des Moines."

The fact that many senators can't get to their states except on weekends without missing votes—and they even take chances if they are gone on Fridays or Mondays—is a problem: it is hard to gather people for political events or for tours of public facilities, or even to interest much of the local press, on a weekend. It's difficult to understand how these people can go as hard as they do during the week and then virtually campaign on the weekend, but they are expected to. There is an insatiability in the demands made on them by constituents, by staff, and by others who can get at them in Washington. Culver tries to make an average of one working weekend trip to Iowa a month, and he is under some criticism in the state for not doing it more often. (Clark, by contrast, spends a great deal of time in the state. Culver and Clark, while they are friends and have similar—though not identical—voting records, have different temperaments and different political strengths and styles.) Culver rarely goes back to Iowa during the week for an event—a trip would take too much time out of his Senate schedule. He keeps up with what is happening within the Party in the state, but he doesn't find petty intra-Party squabbles interesting, and he thinks it is more important to do his work in Washington than to take the twenty-four hours or so it requires to attend one more midweek meeting of some club or other in the state. Senators whose states are nearer to Washington can, of course, get back and forth more easily. New York's senators, for example, virtually have offices on the shuttle. Senators are expected to be both in Washington and in their states, and little consideration seems to be given to the fact that they might also want to spend some time with their families, and to be whole people. Culver does take a great interest in his family and does want to live like a normal human being at least a certain amount of the time. Each senator has limits on what he can do without losing his dignity—or sanity. Culver establishes real human connections to a greater degree than most people in public life; it is clear that he genuinely likes people (some politicians, oddly, don't), and he is interested in what is happening in his friends' lives. He also reads books. The relentless and conflicting demands are what turn many Washington poli-

ticians into driven, machinelike people—if they were not that way before they got here—and are a large part of what destroys many families. But it doesn't make news when a senator reads a book, spends time with his family, or sits around talking with friends. There are no votes in doing those things, and it takes some strength, and some inner wholeness, to resist the pressures to almost never do them.

Today, Culver will have lunch in the Democratic senators' dining room. "It's one of the few opportunities, if any, around here to be in a genuinely relaxed and social setting with other senators," he says. "It gives us a chance to talk about what's going on in committees, on the floor, to trade rumors or scuttlebutt, or to talk about sports, about what went on at a party the night before." Some members hardly ever eat there. Some do quite frequently, among them Magnuson, Stennis, Nelson, Hollings, and Long. After lunch, Culver will preside over the Senate for an hour: a chore that—in the absence of the Vice-President, who usually presides only when he might have to cast a tie-breaking vote—is rotated primarily among the more junior members of the Senate. Whoever presides is guided by the Parliamentarian if any complications arise.

After Culver gets back to his office this afternoon, things begin to pile up. He gives an interview to the reporter from Iowa who wants to talk to him about the endangered-species bill and whose appointment was postponed from yesterday. The interview takes longer than was scheduled; when Culver gets interested in a subject he keeps going. Several constituents have dropped by. Pat Sarcone, Culver's secretary, has been talking with the constituents, seeing if there's anything she can do to help them. The tone of a senator's office is often set by such a person. She must understand his needs and moods, protect him, and, at the same time, see that the right people do get through to him, and, also at the same time, be pleasant to callers and visitors. Some senators' secretaries become so protective as to cause their bosses problems with constituents and others. Miss Sarcone, who comes from a political family in Des Moines and has worked for Culver ever since he came to the Senate, understands her boss's temperament and handles the demands on him, and on herself, efficiently, perceptively, and with good humor.

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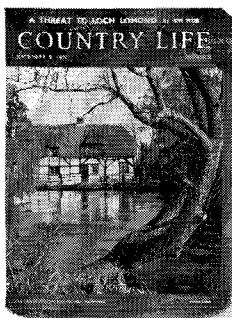
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he drops into an outer office to greet two constituents—nuns from Clarke College, in Dubuque. "I'm afraid I'm running a little behind," he tells them. They thank him for writing in their behalf to some federal education officials, and he tells them he hopes to see them in Dubuque. A meeting with Phil Hilder, who has been a mail clerk on his staff and is leaving for law school in the fall, is postponed until tomorrow. Now Culver meets with two men—one of them used to be on his staff—who work for the Small Business Administration and are directors of a forthcoming White House conference and want to brief him on their plans. "Now, wait," Culver says to them as they explain their plan. "Why are you having regional conferences before you have state conferences?" It's late in the afternoon, and Culver is pressed, and tired, and he gets a bit cranky. The staff tries not to schedule many meetings for him after four o'clock, in order to give him time to be on the Senate floor, to get caught up on his work, to regroup, to see what needs to be done. Shortly after he begins talking to the S.B.A. men, the buzzers sound, indicating a roll-call vote. Culver buttons his collar, tightens his tie, and puts on his jacket to go over to the Senate floor. On the way, he tells me that Mike Naylor, his legislative director, has just given him a memorandum asking him to make calls to Frank Moore, the President's assistant for congressional liaison, and to an official of the Office of Management and Budget about his proposal to provide a tax deduction for small businesses that insure themselves for product liability. Naylor has heard that a final decision is going to be made tomorrow about the Administration's position, and the rumor is that it is going to be contrary to Culver's proposal. Culver doesn't know whether the roll call will be on the military-construction bill or on an amendment to another bill: there were indications earlier that the Senate might set the military-construction bill aside temporarily to take up the other one. On the floor, Culver learns that the vote is on the Commodity Futures Trading Commission, and after he votes he chats with Dale Bumpers for a while about the Soviet trials and then goes out to the cloakroom to call Frank Moore. He tells Moore of his interest in the legislation, and says that he has received signals that the Administration's position is going to be adverse to his own, and asks him to call the O.M.B. official and relay his message. He sug-

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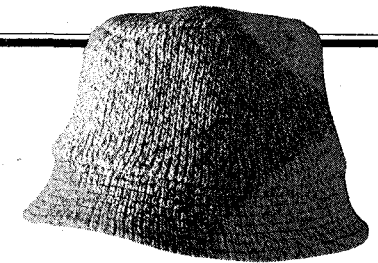
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gests that Moore tell the O.M.B. official that he and Nelson, and also Representative Abner Mikva, Democrat of Illinois, have held hearings on the subject, and to consider that they might be in a position to oppose the Administration. Now, having learned that there will not be another vote for at least a half hour, he goes to the Senate gym for a swim, as he often does to get a break from the pressure. He tells me that he gets relief from the strain by going to the gym and kidding around with his colleagues. I have heard some senators and House members talk about literally hiding from their staff members by going to the gym.

At six-thirty, Culver returns to his office, looking refreshed. He has already been to the Senate floor for several votes. A staff member gives him some briefing material for a meeting tomorrow, and Culver asks him a number of questions. Sometimes when Culver is being briefed one can see that he is being told more than he wants to hear. He catches on quickly, but the staff, after all, is steeped in information and wants to pass it along. His eyes will start to fade out, and he will say, somewhat abruptly, to move the conversation along, "O.K. Anything else?"

(The other side of this is that he does not like to have to explain something to a staff member more than once.) Culver has an unusually retentive mind, and it is not just one that can spew back what he has been told, or what he has read, but one that absorbs, generates questions, makes connections between things he knows. One of his Senate colleagues says, "Culver has a towering intellect and an inquisitive mind and is intellectually enormously demanding of himself and of associates. When he gets hold of an issue, he studies it, he reads it, he thinks it, he absorbs it." Now Culver talks with Dick Oshlo and Jim Larew about tomorrow's schedule, signs his mail, returns several phone calls, and makes arrangements to have his baggage transferred to the home of some old friends, where he will be staying.

Culver tells me, "What subcommittee you're on is often the luck of the draw. You might not be on it because you have a burning interest in the issue it's concerned with, and we are all spread too thin already. Then you get a bright staff person who works for months on something in the subcommittee that he's particularly interested in, and finally you don't want to disappoint him or her, and so you say 'Go ahead,' only to regret it later because you find yourself involved in something



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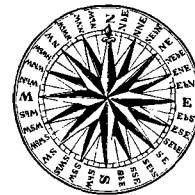
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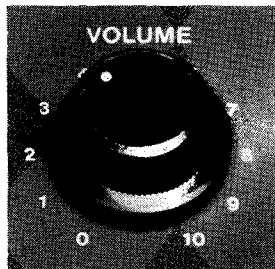
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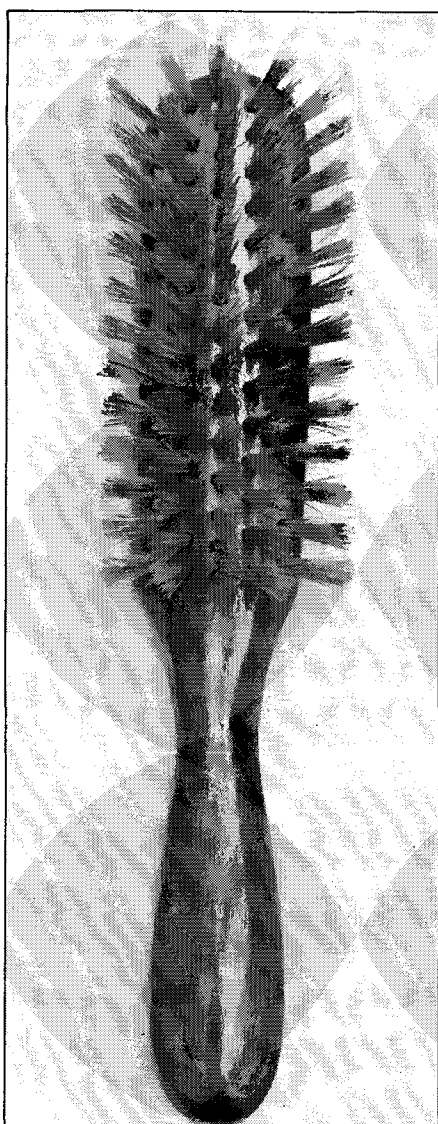
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that you don't have sufficient interest in, and spending your energy and political capital on frustrating and unsatisfying efforts."

At seven-thirty, Culver and I join two of his close friends, Alan Baron and Jim Johnson, for dinner at the Palm, a steak restaurant where a number of political people like to eat. Baron is from Iowa, has been heavily involved in national politics, and now publishes a political newsletter called *The Baron Report*; Johnson, who is from Minnesota and is executive assistant to Vice-President Mondale, first met Culver when Johnson worked in Iowa, among other places, on Edmund Muskie's 1972 Presidential campaign, and then he spent a lot of time helping Culver with his campaign for the Senate two years later. Both Baron and Johnson are very intelligent and have a good sense of humor, and Culver enjoys their company and dines with them from time to time at the Palm. (Often, they are joined by John Reilly, another former Iowan, who is now a Washington attorney, but Reilly cannot make it this evening.) The conversation consists of political gossip, some serious talk about what has been happening, and a great many stories and jokes. As is usually the case in such situations, Culver's humor dominates. It ranges through quick reactions, one-liners, clowning, kidding and reactions to being kidded, and stories. Many of the stories are on himself, in what he recognizes are ludicrous or absurd situations. He gets wound up in the telling of stories; he feeds in little subjoes, puts a lot of energy, even his bulk, into it, laughing so hard himself, and usually repeating the punch line two or three times—interrupting with a "Huh?" and laughing harder each time—that one is swept along by the force as well as the substance. Culver has several laughs: sometimes his mouth turns up and he laughs silently, his big body shaking; sometimes he laughs aloud, at various decibel levels; sometimes he laughs so hard that he doubles over, holding his stomach with one arm.

THURSDAY, JULY 13TH: At nine-thirty, Culver is the only senator present in Room 424 of the Russell Office Building, a large green and marble room, for a meeting of his Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee to mark up legislation to double the penalties for the illicit manufacture or distribution of PCP and to regulate the distribution of one of its ingredients—

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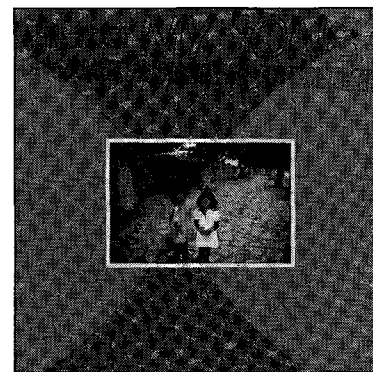
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piperidine. This legislation is sponsored by Culver and Senator William Hathaway, Democrat of Maine, who, with Kennedy and Nelson, is among Culver's closest friends in the Senate. The bill is a substitute for one that was sponsored by Lloyd Bentsen, Democrat of Texas, and thirty-three other senators. Culver's subcommittee has jurisdiction over drug enforcement, and in June he and Hathaway, who heads a subcommittee dealing with drug abuse, held two days of hearings on the legislation. The hearings showed that PCP is used by about seven million people, that it is more potent than cocaine, that people who use it cannot distinguish between reality and unreality and lose sensation in their extremities, and that its use led to at least a hundred deaths last year. The subcommittee will also take up a proposal, sponsored by Senator Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia, that would permit the forfeiture of monetary or other proceeds from drug trafficking. Under current law, the government can seize, for example, an automobile or a boat in which illegal drugs are transported but not the proceeds from the drugs' sale. Before coming to the meeting room, Culver has gone over the subject matter with Steve Rapp. After a while, Senators Mathias and Wallop, members of the subcommittee, arrive, providing a quorum, and at ten minutes to ten Culver calls the meeting to order. There are only two spectators. Steve Rapp sits behind Culver; a few other aides and a stenographer are present. The three senators proceed rather formally, because there is a record to be established for when this legislation is considered on the Senate floor. Culver carefully talks about PCP, about what the hearings showed, and about what is in the legislation pending before the subcommittee. Birch Bayh, who is a member of the subcommittee, and who has some amendments to Culver's bill, arrives; he has just held a press conference and has to go to another meeting, so he talks briefly about his amendments, and Culver promises to take care of them and thanks him for dropping by. Wallop mentions a concern that he has about a section of Culver's bill which would permit the government to make spot inspections of places that manufacture or distribute piperidine (two chemical companies and about twenty supply houses do so); he is worried about the appropriateness of such warrantless inspections, and he compares them with inspections under the Occupational



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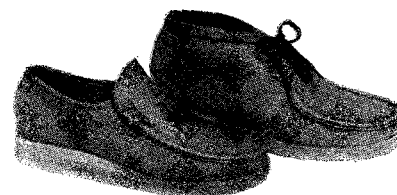
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Safety and Health Act, which is very unpopular among businesses, and whose warrantless-inspection provision has been held unconstitutional. Wallop is an easygoing man, and the discussion among the senators is low-key—just three men having a polite and respectful exchange. Culver explains that there is a difference between OSHA, which is designed to enforce civil compliance, and this bill, which is designed to prevent criminal activity, and that the question of what constitutes a minimum-notice requirement is going to be litigated soon. He talks quietly and reasonably; he likes Wallop, and treats his questions as responsible ones. Wallop suggests giving the companies one day's notice. Culver replies, "If they are cheating on the records, that would be all they would need." He adds, "I respect

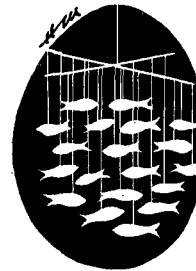
your sensitivity to this issue, because nothing is more threatening than the excessive encroachment of the state—invasions of privacy, and so on." He suggests that the subcommittee approve the bill as it is, that Wallop prepare an amendment, that the views of the Justice Department on this question be explored further, and that then he and Wallop discuss the issue on the Senate floor. Wallop agrees. Other questions raised by Wallop are similarly disposed of. It is all very civil and cooperative. One senses that Culver is doing this particular chore out of duty rather than out of passionate interest; he is doing it as carefully and responsibly as he can, but his heart does not seem to be in it.

When they move on to the bill covering the confiscation of the proceeds of illegal drug trafficking, Wallop asks, "How does somebody determine what the proceeds are?" After some discussion, which includes putting some questions to the committee staff, the senators agree that he has raised a good question, and that the language in the proposed bill needs to be made more specific. Culver suggests that Wallop's staff and the committee staff work together on the problem, puts off further consideration of that legislation, and, at ten-thirty-five, concludes the meeting. He has a briefing scheduled for ten-thirty, with Charles Stevenson, in preparation for the taping of a radio interview at eleven with Ike Pappas, of CBS, on the subject of the Navy. (He has turned down a CBS request for a television interview, on another subject, this week.)

On the way back to his office, Cul-

ver talks to me about the meeting we have just left. I ask him if he finds it frustrating that so much work has been put off until later. He replies, "No, that was useful. Some important questions got raised. That's what a markup is all about."

In his office, he talks again with Jim Larew about the weekend schedule for Iowa; Culver has some new thoughts. Then, in conversation with me, he returns to a subject that came up in the subcommittee meeting. One



of the questions Wallop raised was whether there should be a "sunset" provision in the legislation they were considering—a provision that would automatically terminate the law unless Congress specifically reenacted it. "Sunset" provisions are viewed with increasing favor in Congress:

the theory is that they force Congress to exercise its responsibility for oversight of the laws on the books, and that they can lead to the termination of outmoded programs. When Culver was in the House, he was one of the leaders of an effort to push Congress into taking its oversight responsibilities more seriously, but now he is worried that the "sunset" approach can be simplistic and can be overdone. "I'm all for sunset provisions," he says. "I think the oversight function is one of the most neglected things here. However, we have to give a great deal of thought to how to best accomplish this systematically. If you just take every piece of legislation and suggest a sunset provision, it can lead to problems. You can't have the governmental deck of cards falling down in an ad-hoc, episodic way. All of a sudden, we apprehend a dope peddler and he's home free. 'Oops, we forgot—that law lapsed last week.' With some things, the idea has particular appeal—for example, tax breaks—but even here you have to take a lot of things into account, including the need for a certain predictability."

Now Culver meets with Charles Stevenson. As he studies a memorandum Stevenson has given him on the Navy, he concentrates very hard, occasionally making notes on a yellow pad. One would think he was preparing for a final exam. Essentially, he knows the numbers and the status of the fleet, but he isn't taking chances. There is silence except for Culver's occasional questions to Stevenson or comments to the two of us. (The astute aides know when to be quiet.) Culver remarks, "The biggest shell

game in town is with ship numbers. When the Navy wants to stress quantity, they count just about everything the Russians have that floats. But if they are really pressed, they acknowledge that we still have a margin of superiority, because of our higher quality. They keep changing their theme, and blur distinctions based on history, geography, and missions." Looking up from the notes at another point, he says, "So the real threat to the U.S. Navy is internal bad management—bad management, internal fights, the Rickover factor." He asks Stevenson if there are any other matters he wants to bring up. Stevenson tells him that Muskie, as chairman of the Intergovernmental Relations Subcommittee of the Governmental Affairs Committee, has held hearings on the Administration's proposals to reorganize the agencies that deal with civil defense, and that Muskie would like Culver's views on it. Culver is skeptical that the reorganization will lead to a resolution of questions of strategy and policy. He suggests that Stevenson read a transcript of the hearings over the weekend and give him a memorandum on them.

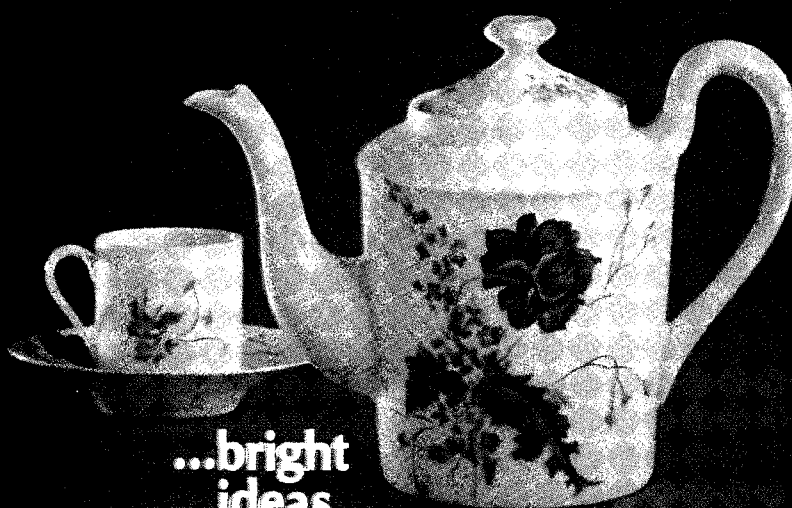
After the interview with Pappas, I ask Culver to talk to me a bit about his views on the Carter Administration. Culver did not support Carter for the nomination in 1976 (virtually no one on Capitol Hill did), and he shares the widespread doubts about the Administration's competence. On the other hand, he agrees with the substance of many of the Administration's proposals. In a speech in March in Creston, Iowa, he defended Carter, as he did in his recent speech in Wisconsin. And, as I have heard him do more than once in spontaneous conversation, he has also defended the Great Society and the record of the Democratic Party. In Creston, he was in part attacking by implication Edmund G. Brown, Jr., the Governor of California, but he went on from there to say some other things; he departed from his prepared text and gave one of his red-faced, high-decibel performances. Speaking with passion, he told his audience, "Today, it is very fashionable and very trendy to say that less is better, that the Great Society, the New Frontier, failed." He continued, "Yes, we even have Democrats in our own party in high public places—who are interested in higher public places—who are going around now and saying, 'Mea culpa, we liberals have failed; you conservatives are right, the best government is no government.'" He said that such an attitude is dangerous, because only gov-

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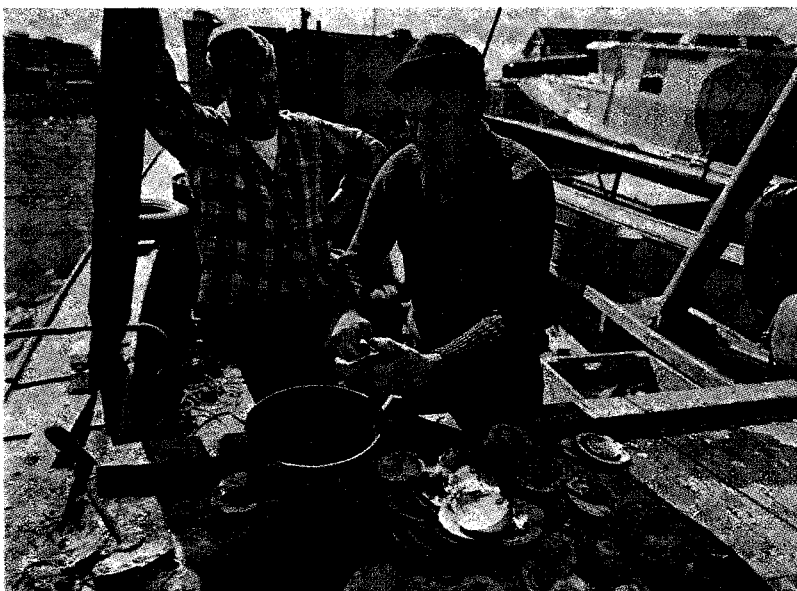
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ernment can protect against fouled air, polluted water, phony drugs, consumer fraud, and monopolistic price-fixing. He said, "I am proud to have voted for historic legislation in the Great Society—for education, for health, conservation, civil rights. Those were exciting days. Those were the days when government had a commitment." Then he argued, as he often does, that the Great Society programs "weren't given a try." He talked about how much money went for the war in Vietnam. He said, "The federal government spent only about two billion dollars a year on those programs—the same amount it spent every three weeks in the Vietnam War, blowing up rice paddies on the other side of the world." And, he said, when the Nixon Administration came along, "almost without exception, they put foxes in charge of the chicken coop in every single one of these departments." He continued, "Is it any wonder they didn't 'work'? Is it any wonder they 'failed'? When they were being administered by people who did not believe in them?"

Now, when I ask him about the Carter Administration, Culver tells me, "It seems to me that one of the interesting things is that there was a concern in the course of Carter's campaign for the nomination, and even in the general election, that he would be too 'political'—in the sense that he would not have a commitment to a philosophical course with any coherence and consistency. Some of that has to do with the nature of a primary campaign: you're called upon to get a percentage of the vote in a lot of different places, so you're really called upon to be cynical and dance around a lot of issues. So people were concerned about his fundamental motivations and his substantive sense. On balance, on the bigger issues I've found myself *relatively* comfortable—on the Cabinet choices, the Vice-Presidential selection, and *some* important policy positions. The interesting thing, however, is that the Administration's greatest failure has been in the process of figuring out how you get there from here. That has been a weaker part of the Administration than the instinct. I think the major role of a President is to set the agenda—priorities, or whatever you want to call it—and then set out to mobilize the essential elements of a constituency that is congenial in a basic way, that is sustainable and will give you a chance of achieving the larger goals. That approach presupposes that in choosing your issues and in choosing your fights and determining your com-

promises you are acting in the context of holding together those larger elements of your constituency. There are trade-offs to be made. What this Administration and Carter himself has suffered from is a failure to understand how to take that approach. I think he has an engineering mind, and virtually each thing is taken solely on the merits, in a wooden way, and if you raise the spectre of politics it's almost a red flag. You have to decide what you want to make a matter of principle, what you want to do with it. You have to decide where you want to compromise, where you're willing to alienate some part of the constituency—keeping in mind that you need at least fifty per cent to get there, and if you dissipate so much of the basic core of support in the quest for exquisite rationality, or, on the contrary, try to make everybody happy, to get ninety per cent by some kind of ad-hoc appeal on an issue, then you run the risk of total disarray. You fragment your base to the point where there is no base. So Carter's problems could come somewhat from the bad habits of a Presidential-primary campaign: of yielding to the temptation to avoid taking firm positions; of worrying about the need to win a certain percentage here and a certain percentage there. It doesn't have to all add up; it can be apples and oranges. In the Presidency, you have to realize you're going to make some people happy and some people mad, and you have to decide how that's going to be sliced. After all, politics is the resolution of conflicting and competing interests and values and goals in a complex society, and it seems to me you have to be prepared to make, and even enjoy making, such decisions. You have to decide, for example, in the case of a marginal issue whether it's worth losing a United States senator, an important voice, or a major part of your constituency, or whether it's better to compromise. If the alternative is the replacing of that senator or that constituency group by someone who in the most fundamental way is opposed to your objectives, what have you gained? We all want to know what the merits are, and you want someone who will push public policy guided by that compass. But in the real cockpit of resolving these things you have to never lose sight of the need to compromise, and to know how to do it well, or even how to successfully effect a raw, naked deal. I'm not talking about something unethical, but you can give your support or withhold your support in order to reach some important goal. I like

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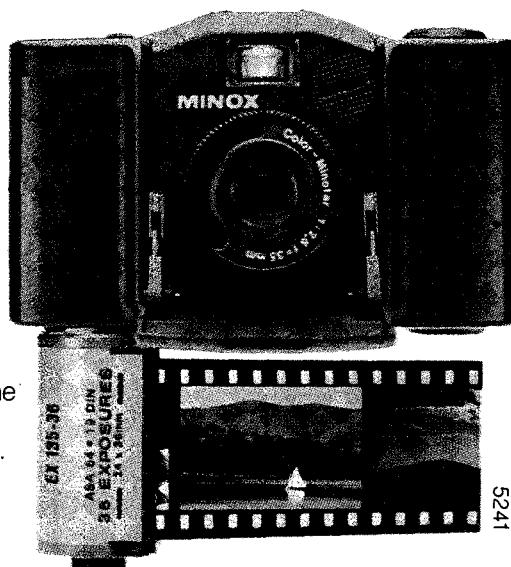
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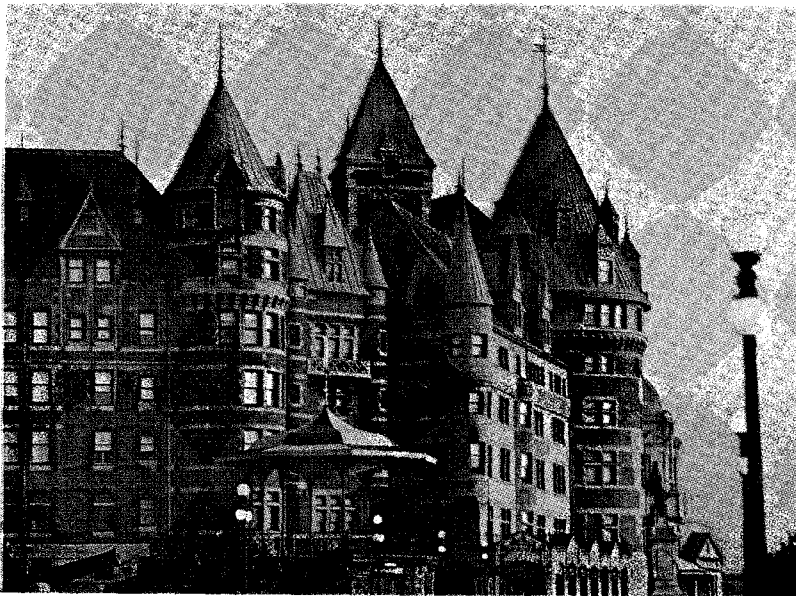
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to believe I'm a purist, but you have to think through whether the position on a particular issue is worth the cost."

Culver will not say so now, but one example that comes to mind is that of his colleague Dick Clark, who has supported Carter more than most other Democrats in the Senate, and who is opposed in his race for reelection by a conservative Republican and has been hurt by, among other things, Carter's recent lifting of the restrictions on beef imports. Culver himself, though troubled and reluctant, recently went along with the Administration's proposal to sell arms to Israel, Egypt, and Saudi Arabia. Now he says, "I'm not saying it's easy, but maybe there are ways to keep from making everyone walk the plank too often. The cost-benefit factor has to be carefully calibrated. Presidential politics really consists of trying to determine what you want to do and then determine who in this country is inclined to support that. I realize that it sounds easy to say and that it's a lot harder to play that role creatively. But you can't reach a point where everybody has his nose out of joint—I mean everybody."

Culver continues, "That's what elections are about in this society: What course do you want to take and how do you build a coalition to reach those objectives? This isn't a question of liking or disliking Jimmy Carter. I have been impressed and pleased with his basic inclinations and desires. I'm really talking about how to do what you want to do: how to deal with Congress—when to fight and when not to fight, when to give and when not to give. And the same thing is true with the interest groups. But I think when you try to take each problem separately, like this"—Culver takes some pieces of paper and slaps them on his desk in different places—"there's no larger mosaic of what you want to achieve, no sense of the balances in reaching the larger purposes. In politics, it isn't bad to be political. It's so trendy now to think that politics is evil. But an astute and enlightened exercise of political power is what enables a democratic society to achieve its best potential. I don't know any other way to do it, except with the Plato kings."

Culver switches the subject slightly. He says, "When a constituent group comes in to see me and advocates a position and says, 'You represent all of us'—and, as it happens, my opponent took that view and I expressed my own views vigorously—I'll listen, but I'll make the point that I took my position in the campaign and the other

guy lost. The lines have been drawn and the votes have been counted; if it makes a lot of people unhappy in the process, so be it. They were probably unhappy the day you won the election. That doesn't mean you're vindictive or unfair. But you've got a mandate to govern. One thing I find distasteful is where a member of Congress enjoys high voter approval—has a lot of credit in the bank—and yet still nervously puts his finger to the wind on each vote and is afraid to risk the slightest diminution of support by exerting leadership, even when he knows better. It should not be surprising that most people in politics, as elsewhere, would normally like to keep their jobs and have people approve of their work. But obviously in public service there are additional requirements. What is really disturbing and frustrating to me is when officeholders make it the be-all and end-all to stay in office, to the point where they cynically—and also as an ego trip—set out to broaden their base by making appeals to every conceivable group, and thereby weaken their commitment to a core set of principles or beliefs. They start to trim and cut. All of us can work for only so much in a passionate way, and you should work at those things with commitment and intensity. When you start running all around trying to appeal to a new constituency—to superficially throw a bone at a potential new vote—I think that's when you start finding yourself without any compass or purpose."

It's now twelve-forty-five, and Kennedy arrives to have lunch in Culver's office. Culver greets another visitor to his office, and gets around to saying goodbye to Phil Hilder, the staff member whom he did not have time to see yesterday. (It has occurred to Culver that Hilder might enjoy meeting Kennedy.) Kennedy makes a joke to me about Culver, and Culver wheels around and, trying to look very serious, says, "I was hoping I could have lunch with you, Ted, but I'm busy."

Kennedy laughs, and says to Culver, "You still stiff from the game?"

Culver answers, "I was never stiff."

Kennedy laughs again.

Culver and Kennedy have lunch together on occasion, sometimes with other friends, sometimes to talk about the Kennedy School. Today, they tell stories about Culver's postgraduate year in England, during which Kennedy went to visit him. Kennedy urges Culver to tell the stories and though he has undoubtedly heard them many times, breaks into great gales of laugh-

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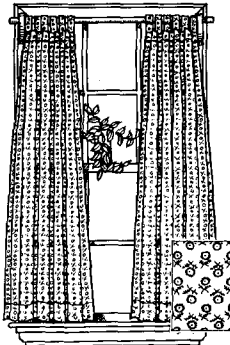
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ter at Culver's telling of them once more. They also talk seriously, about such matters as current United States-Soviet relations, and about what is coming up in the Senate this afternoon, and what each is working on.

At two o'clock, Culver meets with five representatives of the Caterpillar Tractor Company and Deere & Company, manufacturers of earth-moving and farm equipment with plants in Iowa. Deere, with plants in five Iowa cities, is the largest employer in the state; and both companies are organized by the United Auto Workers, which has supported Culver (but was opposed to his position on the B-1 bomber). These companies export products, and the group that is here this afternoon wants to talk to Culver about the question of whether the National Environmental Policy Act should apply to international transactions. A representative of Caterpillar tells Culver that his firm is expanding in the Davenport area and may open a plant in Cedar Rapids, where Culver grew up. He says, "We represent a substantial constituency. We like the state of Iowa, and we could represent a larger constituency." He talks very smoothly, and he is not very subtle; Culver looks at him carefully and says nothing. The man continues, "This issue strikes us, Senator, as if it were a case of a bank in Cedar Rapids or Davenport being discriminated against, so, Senator, if you please..." The man goes on in this vein.

Culver tells the group that he will have to go to the Senate to vote at two-fifteen, and suggests that if they have not had enough time with him by then, they leave him some materials and discuss the problem further with a member of his staff.

Another man tells Culver that this group supports the Stevenson proposal to exempt the Export-Import Bank from coverage under the National Environmental Policy Act. He continues, "What we want to do is obtain your view on what kinds of issues we should consider."

Culver asks, "Did you cover our hearing the other day?"

The man says that he did.

"What did they tell you?" Culver asks. He asks it politely.

Another man tells him that they are concerned about the Administration policy that might emerge.

Then Culver asks them, "What if processes can be designed that might work? To what extent do you think there might be a positive sales advantage in selling products that were



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known to be environmentally safe? Maybe you could develop an international reputation in that regard. To what extent do you see an advantage in that approach?"

One of the men replies, "Very little. It would be seen cynically. People would say, 'America would stamp anything as sound.'"

Culver does not give up on trying to get them to think a bit differently, or, at least, get the drift of his thinking. He suggests that if "in terms of the kind of equipment you're selling, it was marked on the crate that it had been inspected for environmental safety, that might help."

One of the men says again that they would be concerned about the delay such a clearance might cause.

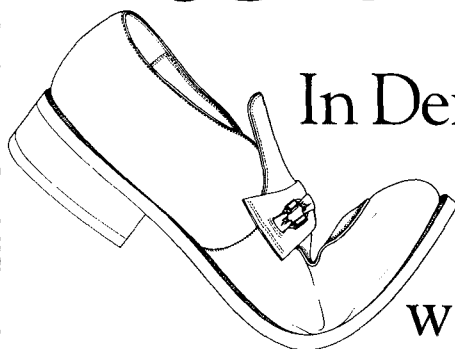
Culver says, "Do you think that we have any moral obligation—that if we find any commodity unfit for human consumption or a risk to safety and health we ought to be selling that stuff overseas?"

The buzzers signal a roll-call vote. Culver says, "Let's not worry before we have to worry. Let's see what the President comes up with, and see if we can live with it. Let's not prejudge it. Let's see if it puts you in a discriminatory position versus your international competition, and let's talk again. I think your point's well taken that we have not recognized the implications of the environmental policy for international policy and harmonized the two. I think it's clear that the congressional intent was that the act apply internationally, but that that hasn't been implemented. So the real question is, how is it going to apply? We're seeing the same thing in endangered species. I'm in the middle of that storm: How is it going to apply in reference to the competing interests? I think we should be competing vigorously internationally, and I think that if the rules are fair we can play." He praises the success of their industry, and talks about the importance of exports to the balance of payments. He asks them again to wait and see what policy the Administration comes up with. "I may or may not be able to agree with you on every point," he says, "but I want you to know how sincerely I solicit your views, and we'll stay in touch. Is that agreeable to you? O.K.?"

The group leaves, having had a hearing but having been promised nothing.

Culver goes to the floor to vote on an amendment to a bill to create a National Consumer Cooperative Bank. Just before lunch, Culver received a

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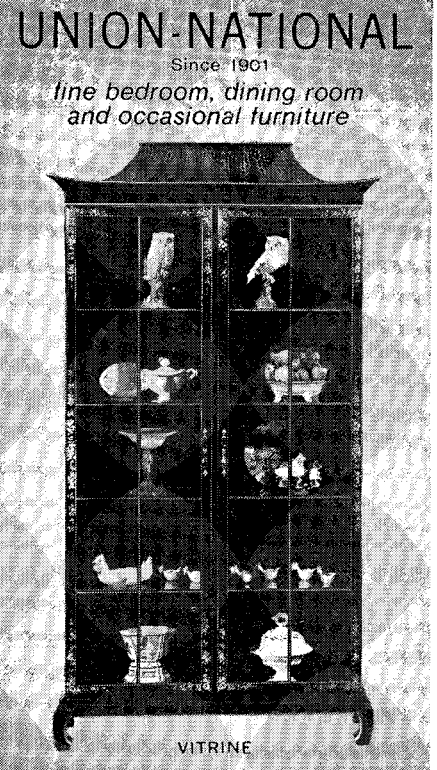
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call from Ralph Nader asking him to oppose amendments that would weaken the bill. Culver had expressed some reservations about the bill, but, having talked with Mike Naylor and with some other senators in the course of the afternoon, has decided to support it. He returns to the office at three o'clock. Someone who had a two-forty-five appointment to see him has been waiting, and Jim Larew asks him if he has time to shake hands with someone else who has stopped by. There will be more votes, and Culver suggests to his visitor that they go over to the Senate and he will talk with him in a nearby room between votes. "It's getting hectic," he says. As the afternoon's votes proceed, Culver meets with a couple of visitors off the Senate floor and goes over with Dick Oshlo the letter he will send to Russell Long about beef imports. Afterward, Culver will have dinner with his two oldest daughters, Christina and Rebecca, who are in Washington, and with Leslie Dunlap, the librarian of the University of Iowa. Dunlap is working with him on a project in which Culver is intensely interested: a collection of more than two hundred letters that one of Culver's great-grandfathers, who enlisted as a volunteer in the Illinois infantry during the Civil War, wrote to his wife. Culver has worked on the project for ten years, and talks about it with excitement. A book of the letters is scheduled to be published under the auspices of the University of Iowa Library later this year. Culver is also having some letters translated that his maternal grandmother, who came from Sweden and settled in Minnesota, wrote to her family in Sweden. (Culver's heritage is a combination of English, Scotch, Irish, and Swedish.) Culver has shown me a picture of this grandmother and photostats of some of her letters. "I want to get this done for our kids, so they have something to build on," he said. Shortly before seven, he meets his daughters in his office.

Tomorrow, Culver is to leave for Iowa, and now it appears that the endangered-species bill may be brought up on Monday before he is scheduled to return. Members of his staff are trying to rearrange his schedule so that he can make his Monday-morning speech in Chicago at an earlier hour and get on an earlier flight to Washington, and Culver calls Robert Byrd to ask him to delay bringing up the bill until he has returned. Byrd's problem is that a number of senators will be out of town then, so he needs to have someone willing to bring up legislation

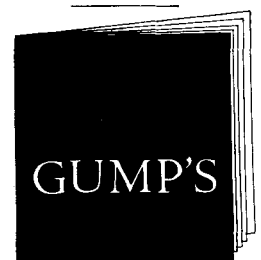


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on Monday. When he scheduled the endangered-species bill for Monday, he was unaware that Culver would not be back until that afternoon. When Culver talks to Byrd, he urges that the bill not be brought up before he returns on Monday. "I'm willing to cooperate on having it come up Monday," he tells Byrd. "Bob, it's really a major issue. I don't want to have something I've worked on this long come up before I'm here and when I'm not going to have control over it. Bob, I've held the hearings, I've done the markup. What I'd like is for you just to put something else on the schedule before three o'clock." Culver explains to me afterward that he understands that Byrd does have his problems. "There is always someone out of the country, someone out of town, someone who's sick, someone whose mother-in-law has died. There's considerable unpredictability in what we'll take up—much more of it here than in the House, where they try to set a predictable schedule. Here they make an effort to accommodate people—it's a luxury you can relatively afford, because of the smaller number." He urges Larew to try harder to get him back to Washington early on Monday, and goes off to dinner with Dunlap and his daughters.

—ELIZABETH DREW

(This is the first part of
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THE CALIFORNIA LIFE

[From the Boston Globe]

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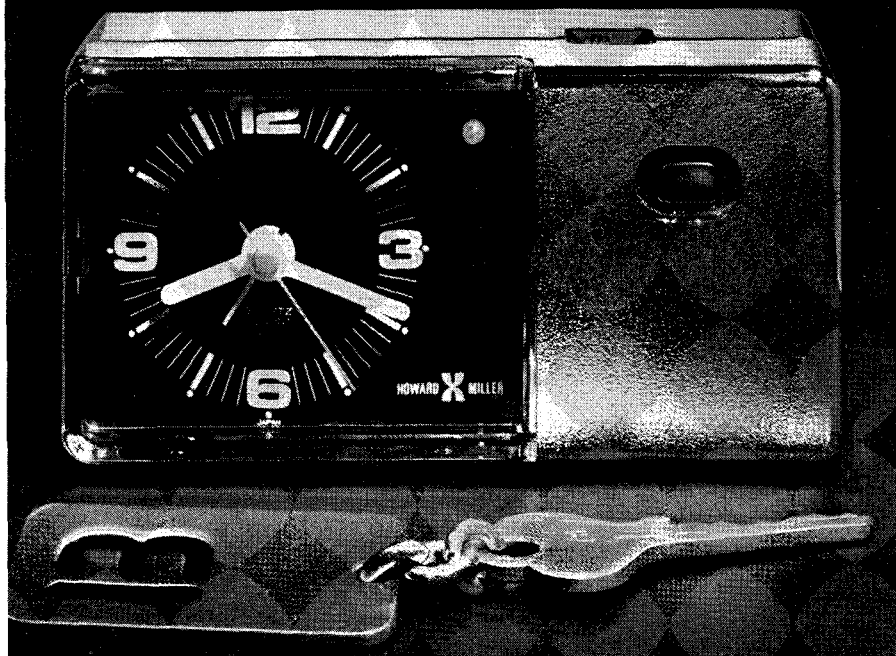
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DANCING

News from the Muses

When Diaghilev asked me about the "argument" of my "Apollo," I answered that none exists, and that this is the key to the mystery of Terpsichore.—*Igor Stravinsky.*

OF the sixty-eight "Russian Ballets" produced by Serge Diaghilev in the years between 1909 and 1929, not more than a handful survive in living performance as masterpieces with the heat of inspiration still in them. I would name only four: Fokine's "Les Sylphides," Nijinsky's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," Nijinska's "Les Noces," and Balanchine's "Apollo." It is difficult for a New Yorker to speak thus of these four ballets—or, indeed, to speak of them at all. The first has not been given a worthy performance in this city since the last visit of the Kirov Ballet, in 1964; "Faune" can be seen in London and Paris but not in New York; by "Les Noces" I mean the Royal Ballet revival shown here in 1967 and never again, so poor was its reception; "Apollo" has been out of the New York City Ballet's repertory since 1972. (A respectful but blurry production was mounted by American Ballet Theatre in 1974-75 without Balanchine's supervision.) The Diaghilev ballets that we have been seeing in

the past few seasons—"Scheherazade," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Firebird," "Petrushka," "Parade," and "Pulcinella"—may have been masterpieces in their day, but they have no chance in ours. Although the music retains its appeal, the impact of its realization on-stage is unrecapturable. A clue to the loss is the value that was assigned to dancing in those days—fairly low compared with music, scenery, costumes, story, and mime. A dance virtuoso like Nijinsky was expected to work as much with the last three elements as with dance and bring everything to a focus in his performance. To dancers and audiences trained in the aesthetic of modern classicism, the color, the drama, the "mimetic body" of Fokine are likely to seem extraneous to the lyric impulse of dance. Part of our trouble with "Les Sylphides," the most purely lyrical of Fokine's works, is that purity to us is sterility to Fokine. When Nijinsky's roles are done, our usual impression is that something has been left out of the choreography. The great exception is the ballet he created for himself. "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" is totally a dance conception, to which nothing in the way of color or drama need be added by the performer. Simple as that conception is, it suits our mod-

ern faith in the efficacy of dance as art; we can see that every move is an eventful stroke of choreography valued for its own sake.

"Les Sylphides" suits this faith of ours, too, although audiences of the time undoubtedly saw it nostalgically as recapitulating a host of nineteenth-century ballets blancs, with their aura of woodsy melancholy. The stages through which the early drafts of "Chopiniana" passed to become the ballet that Diaghilev titled "Les Sylphides" represented Fokine's accommodation of the new principle of poetic distillation. "Chopiniana" was romanticism; "Les Sylphides" was about it. In the four surviving masterpieces of the Diaghilev era, the emphasis on dance as absolute expression grew ever more ritualistic in its intensity. The dances themselves took on the nature of archaic naïve ritual. Nijinsky the choreographer cultivated atavisms; the revolution begun in "Faune" culminated in "Le Sacre du Printemps"—"The Rite of Spring." Lost after seven performances, it is the missing link between the two sibling ballets. If we had it to revive today, might not the choreography of "Le Sacre" stand equal to that of Nijinsky's "Faune" and Nijinska's "Noces"? When we remember the relative infrequency of absolute-dance ballets in the Diaghilev repertory, when we note the links among their authors (Nijinsky, Nijinska, Stravinsky account

by themselves or with others for nearly all of them), then we must presuppose a consistency at least of purpose. The subject of "Les Noces" was another ritual—a Russian peasant wedding, celebrated in such a way as to remove all traces of anthropological realism. Nijinska restored the pointwork that her brother had banned (the two girls in his "Jeux" were restricted to three-quarter point), but anyone who has seen the ballet knows that this was not done out of academic piety. The academy had been effectively smashed. By 1928, the next-to-last year in the life of the Ballets Russes, Balanchine could use academic technique in "Apollo" as Nijinsky had used anti-academicisms in "Faune"—for the purpose of asserting cardinal priorities of substance over decoration, invention over representation. The danse d'école was reinstated with the full force



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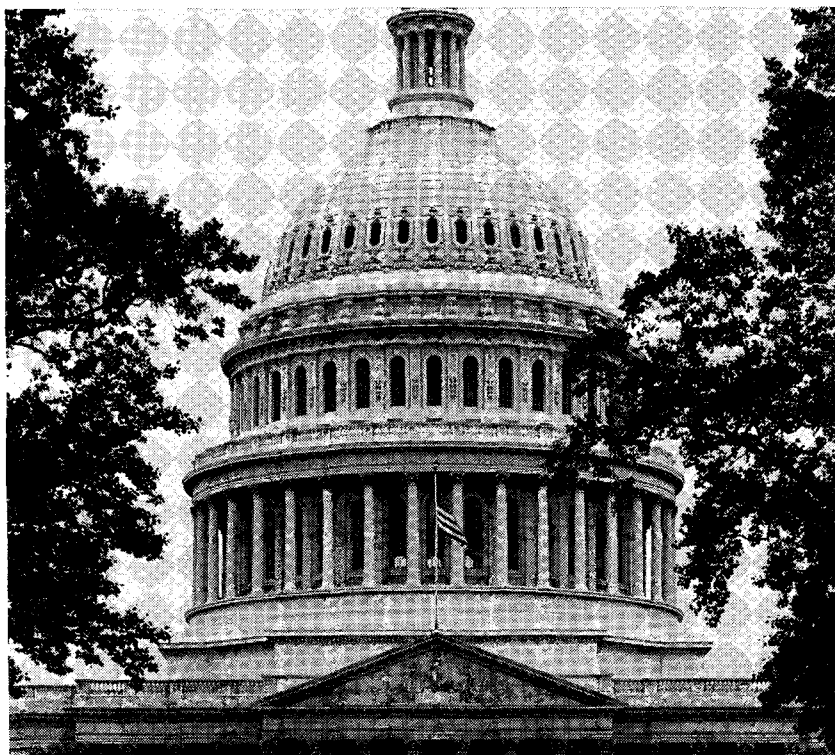
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of the conviction that this, too, was the dance absolute, as pure as any ceremony of the race, not to be confined by the merely ornamental usages of dull ballet masters. Stravinsky, presiding over the trio "Sacre," "Noces," and "Apollo," had much to say both in precipitating and in resolving this crisis in the poetics of dance. A balletomane even before his adoption by Diaghilev, Stravinsky perceived the highest expression in dance to be purity in whatever mode—dancing with no meaning apart from itself. Nijinsky showed that the aim of dance technique was essentially clarification; its first concerns were with balance, gravity, rhythm, proportion—not with turnout, toe shoes, and the eight positions of the body. This was bedrock definition, and because of the power of its demonstration theatrical dancing, which was growing pretty, grew beautiful once more.

Stravinsky became a classicist. ("Neo-classicist" was the term.) The occasion of "Apollo" called forth much self-definition. "I feel myself to be far from the aesthetic of Fokine," he wrote in explanation of the change in the temper of his work. Fokine, of course, had staged Stravinsky's first ballets. "We were saturated with Classicism at the time, and today it has returned with a new and doubly powerful fervor. . . . I consider Petipa to be the greatest artist of all, the founder of a choreographic canon without rival." It is possible that Diaghilev's production of "The Sleeping Beauty" in 1921, for which Stravinsky arranged portions of the score, brought about this estimate of Petipa. It certainly was the gateway for many a "neo-classicist" of that generation. In "An Autobiography," published here in 1936, Stravinsky devotes several paragraphs of commendation to the production. There is no hint of his ever having held a different allegiance, as there is in the set of remarks I have just quoted from, which are included in "Stravinsky in Pictures and Documents," by Robert Craft, to be published this fall by Simon & Schuster. Here Stravinsky says, after dissociating himself from Fokine, "One evolves, and I have the luck to have very little memory, which is what enables me to begin each new step of my life forgetting the past." In the autobiography, mention of Diaghilev's "Sleeping Beauty" inspires the much-cited credo in which Stravinsky speaks of his "profound admiration for classical ballet, which in its very essence, by the beauty of its *ordonnance* and the aristocratic austerity of its forms, so closely cor-

responds with my conception of art." He continues:

For here, in classical dancing, I see the triumph of studied conception over vagueness, of the rule over the arbitrary, of order over the haphazard. I am thus brought face to face with the eternal conflict in art between the Apollonian and the Dionysian principles. The latter assumes ecstasy to be the final goal—that is to say, the *losing of oneself*—whereas art demands above all the full consciousness of the artist. There can, therefore, be no doubt as to my choice between the two. And if I appreciate so highly the value of classical ballet, it is not simply a matter of taste on my part, but because I see exactly in it the perfect expression of the Apollonian principle.

There is providence in the history of the creation of the ballet "Apollo." Although obviously intending it for Diaghilev, Stravinsky was fulfilling an American commission, and the world première, with choreography by Adolph Bolm, took place in the auditorium of the Library of Congress, in Washington, D.C., on April 27, 1928. The production did not outlast the festival of modern music it was commissioned for; Stravinsky did not take part (he apparently thought there was going to be more attention from the White House), preferring to concentrate his energies on the impending European première. This had choreography by Balanchine, whom Diaghilev thought of as his "American" choreographer. Exactly nine years from the day of the première of the "false" "Apollo," Stravinsky would conduct the New York première of Balanchine's version, and eventually the two of them would become American citizens. "Apollo" is both a native and an adopted son of America. Yet in its fiftieth-anniversary year the only commemorative production in the country took place in Chicago, as part of that city's annual International Dance Festival of Stars. As it happened, the troupe that provided choreography for the Washington première was Chicago-based. Adolph Bolm had opened a school in Chicago and the dancers were his students. Ruth Page, Bolm's Terpsichore and later the founder of her own company in Chicago, remembers little about the ballet today. Elise Reiman, the Calliope (and the Terpsichore in the Balanchine version of 1937, at the Metropolitan), recalls only that the hardest choreography she was given was an attitude promenade with one arm around Bolm's neck, "so the dancing was probably on a very elementary level." It is widely known that Balanchine cannot be drawn into any plan to honor the masterpiece of his youth. When I asked

Geraldine Freund, the organizer of the Chicago festival, how she managed to get his permission to stage it, she said, "I went to him and asked." Mikhail Baryshnikov starred as Apollo, the sequel to his appearance last year at the festival as the Prodigal Son. We've had many interesting Apollos (though few as interesting as Baryshnikov), but not many good Prodigals. The reason may be that the role requires an acting as much as a dancing gift. In a recent interview with the *Times*, Balanchine stressed, as he so often has, the paramountcy of pure-dance expression, saying, "You're not supposed to act in my ballets. I don't like it. Acting is so banal. You have to be a great actor not to be banal." The modern aesthetic he helped shape does not altogether smother "The Prodigal Son." It is a durable, beautiful work—the only other Balanchine ballet that remains from the Diaghilev years. But it is not on the summit with "Apollo."

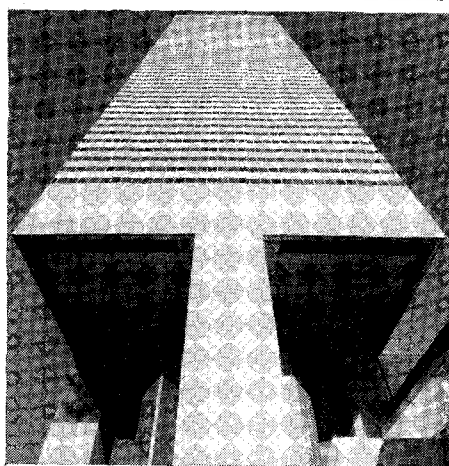
For the Library of Congress, the patron Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge had commissioned a half-hour ballet from Stravinsky on a subject of his choice. Stravinsky says that "Apollo" was "the first attempt to revive academic dancing in a work actually composed for the purpose." "Les Sylphides," of course, was set to orchestrated Chopin, and it was a classical ballet on a romantic subject. "Apollo" was a classical ballet on a classical subject, from Greek mythology—the kind of ballet that had been out of fashion for a hundred years. The subject was the Apollo *musagète*—Apollo as leader of the Muses, an aspect in which the god appears often in the history of art. There were in mythology nine Muses, and the terms of the Coolidge commission called for not more than four dancers. It may have been with "Les Sylphides" in mind—he specifically envisioned a white ballet—that Stravinsky narrowed his choice to one male and three female soloists: Fokine's cast minus the corps de ballet. Stravinsky's Muses, he explained, are the ones who together inspire ballets:

Calliope, receiving the stylus and tablets from Apollo, personifies poetry and its rhythm; Polyhymnia, finger on lips, represents mime.... Finally, Terpsichore, combining in herself both the rhythm of poetry and the eloquence of gesture, reveals dancing to the world, and thus among the Muses takes the place of honor beside the Musagète.

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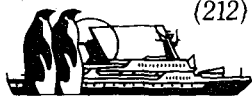
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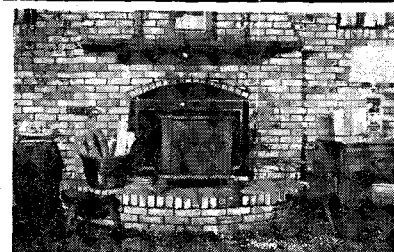
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Apollonian principle, there is no story in the usual sense of a drama. Stravinsky in his program note referred to "a play without a plot." Dancing that is free to express only itself may alone penetrate the mystery of Terpsichore. However, there is a narrative of sorts. In the Prologue, Apollo is born to Leto, laboring on a mountaintop on the island of Delos. The program's language is biblical: "...and the earth smiled beneath her, and the child sprang forth to the light." The props specified include swaddling clothes in the form of "a white veil of fine tissue... bound... with a golden girdle." Leto's handmaidens bring the godling nectar and ambrosia, which are not in Balanchine's ballet, instead of a lute, which is. After a blackout, the youth Apollo is shown alone, testing his powers. The Muses enter, and he chooses his favorite in a competition that recalls the Judgment of Paris. The action is all formal dancing, consisting of five solo variations (two for Apollo), a pas d'action, pas de deux, coda, and apotheosis. In the last, the god has reached his maturity, all arts commingle in his indivisible glory, and the four divinities wend their way back up the mountain, where they await the chariot that will fly them to Parnassus.

A sign that Stravinsky may not have planned the (mimed) use of a lute is his failure to include its sound in his orchestration. Later, Orpheus will have a lyre, which we hear. The orchestra for "Apollo" is all strings, by which the composer hoped to revive a taste in Western music for melody. "Apollo" is, in fact, one of his most melodious scores. The wonderful "polyphonic web" of the pas de deux was not spun, according to Robert Craft's documentation, until the end of composition. The changing tempi in the coda may have given the clue to the form of the pas de deux which Stravinsky had been seeking, for he writes the word "Zakluchaiye" ("Solution") in the manuscript at that point and goes on to complete what Diaghilev described as "a dance adagio in which the first musical part plays at a speed twice as fast as the second, three times as fast as the third, and four times as fast as the fourth. Thus the same melody has four different aspects." Stravinsky also writes, at the head of the score, "Voici cet 'Apollon' dit 'Musagète,' c. à d., qui amène la Musa Ver'igor." ("Here we have that Apollo called Leader of the Muses, that is to say, the one who led the Muse to Igor.") The Muse Ver'igor is Vera de Bosset, who was to become Stravinsky's wife. Stravinsky



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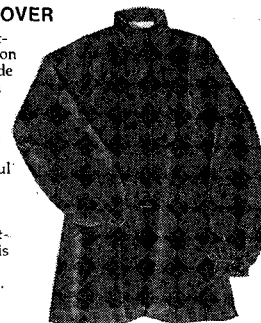
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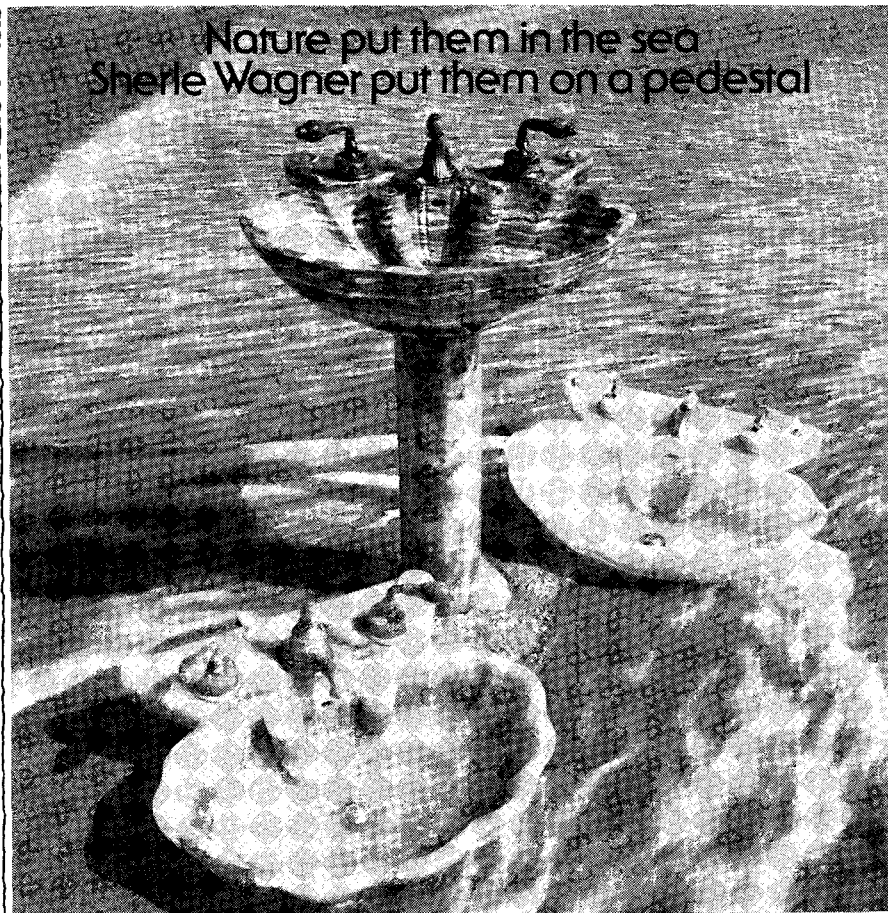
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has called the true subject of "Apollo" versification, but the only scansion that the lay ear may be aware of is in the variation of Calliope, which is cast in the iambic hexameter of the classical French Alexandrine. This is a twelve-syllable line divided by a caesura into two equal parts. An epigraph taken by the composer from Boileau's "L'Art Poétique" serves as an example of the form and a piece of advice to the poet:

Que toujours dans vos vers le sens
coupant les mots
Suspende l'hémistiche et marque le
repos.

(Richard Howard's translation is "Let meaning in your verse that shapes each word Always halve the line so that a rest is heard.") Stravinsky had the year before finished the opera "Oedipus Rex," to a libretto by Jean Cocteau, and problems of prosody evidently stayed with him. "Oedipus" was also the first of his theatrical works to deal with a Greek mythological theme. But "Apollo" reflects classical French culture, not classical Greek. Bolm as Apollo wore a "Grecian" tunic of chain-mail mesh, a helmet with a plumed crest, and long Louis XIV curls. He also equipped himself with a lyre. A former member of the Ballets Russes, Bolm was a projection of le Roi Soleil, like the hero of "Le Pavillon d'Armide," who ventures into the legendary past of ancient Greece (and like Florestan XXIV, the monarch of "The Sleeping Beauty"). Apollo as the Sun King may not have been precisely Stravinsky's idea, but the classicism of Versailles—in music and dance as well as poetry—was certainly on his mind. As was the contemporary Paris of *le jazz hot*. Reinterpreting the Greeks was then and for some years to come a preoccupation of French arts and letters. In the same year as "Oedipus Rex," Diaghilev produced "La Chatte," with Serge Lifar as the hero of an Aesop fable dancing Balanchine's choreography in a geometrical setting of clear plastic.

Diaghilev's "Apollon Musagète" followed Bolm's by six weeks. On June 12, 1928, the curtains of the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt opened on the birth scene, which had been omitted in Washington. It is night. A pavane, played largo di molto at first, accelerates to a panting climax. At the conclusion of Leto's labor, a small crevice in the mountain comes to light, and a wrapped bundle rolls out. Two nymphs, Leto's handmaidens, pull the bundle erect. Running in widening circles, they unwind Apollo's wrappings as he stands motionless. When they reach the last layer, he takes a prepara-



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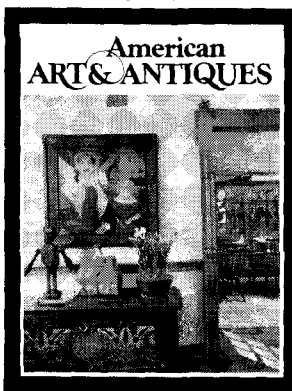
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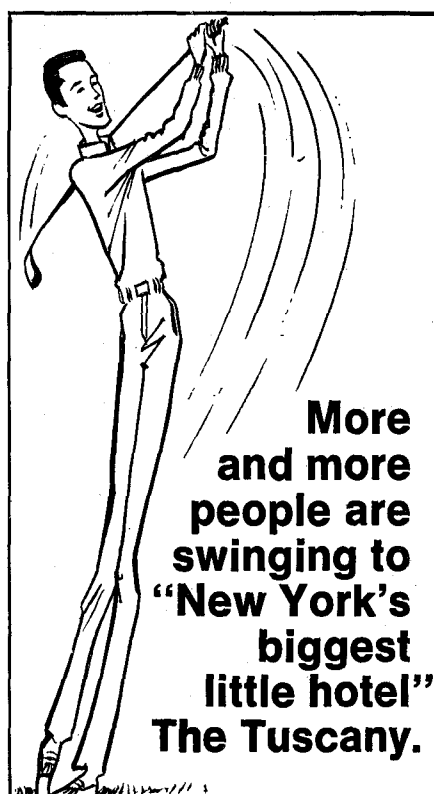
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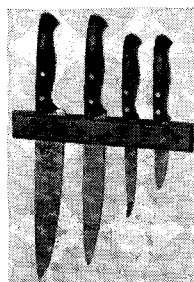
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tion and spins himself free. The Christ Child was wrapped in swaddling clothes. Russian peasants customarily swaddled their babies. But Serge Lifar's entrance was also reminiscent of Ida Rubinstein's in "Cléopâtre": she emerged from a sarcophagus as a bandaged mummy; attendants solemnly unwound veil after veil until, with a gesture of triumph, she flung off the last. It is interesting to compare this variation on Plutarch's Cleopatra, who rolled herself in a rug, with a scene related by Balanchine in that same *Times* interview. Talking about his revival, in Copenhagen in 1931, of Richard Strauss's "La Légende de Joseph," a ballet that he can never have seen, he says that he rearranged the libretto so that when Joseph was sold by his brothers "they put him in a Persian carpet and he rolled out, naked. It was very good." After Apollo is born, the choreographer introduces the first of his ceremonial images—the "wheelbarrow," in which one handmaiden supports the other as she carries Apollo's lute. Balanchine's choreographic style at this time was distinguished by imaginative, sometimes outlandish acrobatic constructions. Observers of "Apollo" in its first season were especially struck by a grouping that occurred at the end of the Prologue. Eric Walter White, the Stravinsky scholar, describes an Apollo "left swimming in the air, balanced about his navel upon a pillar formed by the four erect legs of the recumbent goddesses, one of the most curious of the succession of static poses which make up Balanchin's [sic] choreography to this 'ballet.'" The scene was soon replaced by the simpler and more expressive one of Apollo, helped by the nymphs, learning how to play his lute and beginning to come alive to the power of music. One can only assume that by "static poses" White, who in later years came to write enthusiastically about the choreography, is referring to those constructions of Balanchine's which are really visual metaphors. Instead of the nymphs' bringing Apollo his lute in a wheelbarrow, which would have been a homely enough image, entirely true to the pastoral setting, the nymphs are a wheelbarrow. This is magic, and yet it's still homely. The "swimming lesson" that everyone now notices is the one that Apollo gives Terpsichore at the end of their pas de deux, where, balanced prone on his bowed shoulders, she seems to become the crest of the wave he dives through. The "troika," or "chariot," with its harnessing of the three Muses in a lively chase, and the



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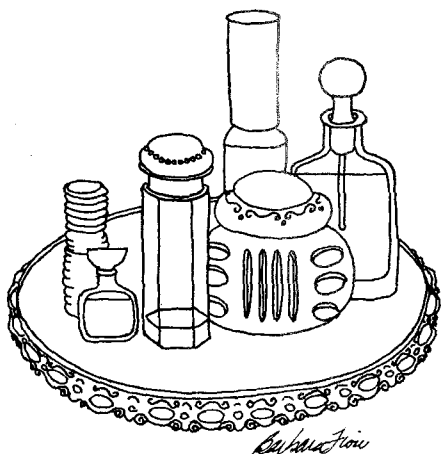
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"boat," where a girl's upright body lifted ahead of a travelling group suggests a ship's prow parting the waves, are fantasies that we seem to see through the spume of Apollo's fountain at Versailles. Most beautiful of all: the "peacock," which is made of legs in arabesque lifting high, higher, and higher still in a fanlike spread behind the body of the god as he stands braced for his ascent to Parnassus. Glenway Wescott once suggested that the ballet should be retitled "Apollo's Games with the Muses." He meant, of course, children's party games—the kind that used to be called "tableaux." The "Sistine ceiling" occurs at the start of the pas de deux, with Apollo touching his fingertip to Terpsichore's. Its tinge of self-consciousness is the only thing in the ballet that reminds us of Balanchine's actual—as opposed to his spiritual—youth at the time. He was twenty-four. Only geniuses are really young at twenty-four; the rest of us are just childish.

Although "Apollo" is an allegory, its meaning does not collect inside these separate graphic metaphors but spreads beyond them, where it is sustained by the larger seriousness of dance images and dance continuity. That such a spreading out should be possible is not only necessary to the story "Apollo" tells—it is the story. In Apollo's lute solo, his dance with the Muses, and Calliope's solo, we follow a dance for its implications as human behavior, perhaps getting a bit pleasurably lost along the way but still grasping a clear thought. By the time of Terpsichore's solo, which so endears her to Apollo, we have unconsciously switched to another, more dazzling context for watching, which feels like thought itself. "Apollo" has been a classic of our theatre for so long that no one stops to think anymore how difficult it must have been to create Terpsichore and make her special *in a ballet*. And on Stravinsky's terms! Balanchine had to



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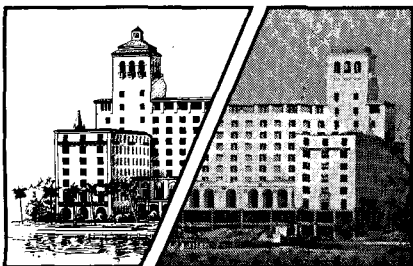
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invent a mistress of classical dancing—one whose natural ease of expression was beyond question. He had to convey that dancing is the finest of the Muses' arts, because it is the closest to Apollo's art, music; yet the sister variations could not be unmusical. To make matters worse, Diaghilev had decreed that Balanchine give the role to Alice Nikitina instead of Alexandra Danilova. The men compromised, and the two ballerinas alternated in the role. There appear to have been differences between Nikitina's and Danilova's versions of the solo, and periodically since then Balanchine has made slight changes in the choreography to suit different interpreters. Nikitina, the first Terpsichore, was a long-legged, cat-eyed woman with an elegantly boyish body. Danilova, an enchantress even then, recalls that Balanchine put more airwork into her version, including some large *sissonnes* that have since disappeared. The ballerinas of the New York City Ballet have always danced the same choreography, although Suzanne Farrell's grand-scale repropportioning of it in 1963 was in itself a new feature. (Farrell danced some anniversary performances with Peter Martins in Monte Carlo this spring, and Nikitina, who was to die a short time afterward, came to see them.) One of Balanchine's great achievements in Terpsichore's solo is the startling sense of an onward flow of motion that continues through four sudden stops in attitude *à terre*, each stop corresponding to a musical rest in which the sense of a musical design also continues. Terpsichore toys calmly with contradictions, as if trying to catch herself unawares. The sinuous plastique of the poses she stops in keeps presenting the same image, but is it the same? Is it moving sculpture that we see or static dance? And she applies other tests: regulation school steps are crisscrossed with countless small novelties—foot flexions, stabbing toes, heelwork. Contrariness is one of the characteristics of the dances in "Apollo." We see driving leaps that do not advance, leaps that go *down*, back-front reversals that seem to maintain the mysterious constancy of a shape even as it changes. We see, in other words, an examination and also an expression, in rawer terms, of the complex logic of classicism as Petipa had developed it. The whole Ballets Russes circle knew what Balanchine was about, and Diaghilev is said by his *régisieur* S. L. Grigoriev to have considered "Apollo" Stravinsky's greatest ballet.

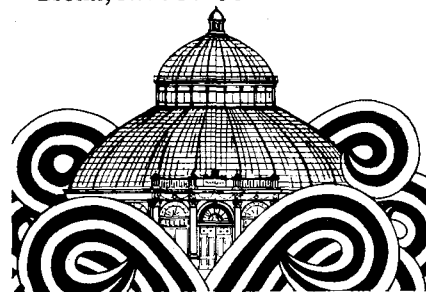
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wife, danced the original Calliope. She was a beautiful woman who customarily did character roles—Thamar, Zobéide in "Scheherazade," the Wife in "Le Tricorne," the Princess in "Firebird." Calliope's solo has a mime base; it mirrors the pangs of literary creation and is comical and touching. A "pang" is heard as a thudding D-minor chord at the end of every hexametrical phrase; here Balanchine, a world away from Martha Graham, set a contraction. Calliope's poetry is inscribed in the air with sweeping ronds de jambe; a secret message scrawled in the hand is shown to the mighty Apollo, who turns his head away in distress. Now it is Polyhymnia's turn. It seems typical of Balanchine's wit to give the Muse of heroic mime an all-dance variation and one of exceptional difficulty. Polyhymnia requires a technique strong enough in turns and jumps to be sustained without the aid of the arms, for throughout the solo one arm holds a finger pressed to the lips and the other beats time. Unlike Calliope, who groans and falters, Polyhymnia scampers through her paces, hardly able to contain herself. The ground seems to skid out from under her feet. But her exuberance betrays her in the end—she opens her mouth and blabs, and is disqualified by Apollo. The choreography contains a sequence of double en dedans pirouettes into a stop in high arabesque. Recovering, the dancer now steps ahead, kicks high, and crosses the front foot over the other at the ankle—point tendu, of course. Even today, the combination is often simplified by separating the pirouette from the arabesque. The role was created for one of the most extraordinarily endowed dancers of the day—Felia Doubrovskaya. Polyhymnia's characteristic backward-tilting stance, its legginess emphasized by point tendu, seems, in one version or another, to have stamped itself in the annals of ballet. Felia Doubrovskaya says that Balanchine originated it for her in "La Pastorale," in 1926. In écarté, straddling a recumbent Prodigal, it is viciously and famously triumphant. But is there not some relation here to the Hostess in Nijinska's "Les Biches," of a few years before? In Apollo's role, notably in his stealthy sidewise approach to the Muses at the end of the pas d'action, there are traces of the Faun.

Apollo's solos are danced to a pavane and a sarabande, two forms well known to the Sun King, who once performed the role of Apollo in one of his own court ballets. The moderate tempi and terre-à-terre steps were suited



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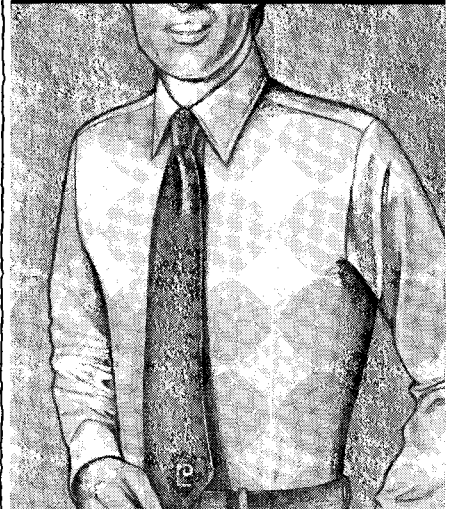


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to Serge Lifar, a gifted performer but no virtuoso. Lifar was Diaghilev's pet and the star of the company. He really did look like a Greek boy-god, according to Danilova, with his small, perfect head, olive skin, eyes like dark-green pools, and a pug nose that had been straightened by injections of paraffin. "We used to tease him about that," Danilova remembers. "'Lifar! Don't sit in the sun, your nose will melt!'" But he was unbelievably built when he was a young man. His waist was twenty-three and a half inches, one centimetre thinner than mine. And he had beautiful hands." Worshipping Aphrodite in "La Chatte," Lifar had lifted his beautiful hands, and the same palms-up gesture of invocation appears in Apollo's second variation. As the arms curve up and down, crossing and recrossing the body in preparation for flight, they become the pinions of the eagle, who now leaves the nest. Apollo was the son of Zeus, whose symbol was the eagle, and of the mortal Leto. Balanchine has characterized Apollo as "a wild, half-human youth who acquires nobility through art," but this conception has been confused over the years by dancers who picture instead some Hellenic ideal of manhood. Balanchine's is not the Golden Age Apollo. A contemporary review called Lifar "Etruscan" and "archaic." His lack of refinement as a classical dancer is emphasized by "rough" or "wrong" passages in the choreography like the downward flow of energy in the legs when they swing at full pendulous force and unexpectedly levitate the body. There is a difficult corkscrew pirouette, and a few leaps, which derive from the decathlon. It was a sports-conscious age, like our own. Balanchine's first American Apollo, Lew Christensen, seems to have incarnated the image of an Olympic all-rounder. In the revival of 1957, Jacques d'Amboise was a model of rangy athletic grace, and, for many, d'Amboise remains the great Apollo. Neither Edward Villella nor Rudolf Nureyev has quite lived up to expectations in the role, although both might have if they had performed it earlier in their careers. As for Peter Martins, it must be the only role in which his looks and his magnificent noble style work against him. He is unswervingly accurate in every step, yet he can't really show the god growing up; the radiant calm of the apotheosis is in the same key as everything else. Baryshnikov is a radical Apollo. At the beginning of the second scene, when the air resounds with music of his own making, his intensity is almost Diony-

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sian. His senses gape; his energy is raw. Although Apollo is commonly thought of as an "adagio" role, Baryshnikov, alone of the Apollos I have seen, understands how the dancing might supply the percussive dimension that is absent in the score. He is an Apollo who could play a drum as well as a lute. Even when Apollo learns majesty and control, Baryshnikov does not present himself as a polished dancer. He is still a primitive who recognizes in the discipline of classical art a sensuous complicity with his own genius. Later in the season, joining the New York City Ballet at Saratoga, Baryshnikov made a blazing debut in another Stravinsky ballet, "Rubies." A sophisticated version of his Apollo, the performance was an unconscious demonstration of Balanchine's belief in the persistence of archetypes, in changeless change.

For Balanchine himself, this first collaboration with Stravinsky was, as he later declared, a decisive experience. From what he called "white music, in places white-on-white," he learned to concentrate his means, to seek a controlling image. "It seemed to tell me that I could dare not to use everything, that I, too, could eliminate." The wide croisé pose in fourth in which Terpsichore seems to frame her own portrait at the start of her variation and the consistency of the frame as she steps out, turning under the overhead arm (to music that recalls Calliope's iambic feet), reappear like an echo in the pas de deux, when out of a supported pirouette she suddenly flies onto Apollo's thigh and sits there as he strides and pivots, only changing her arms (in fourth) to complete the echo. Later in the pas de deux, another echo, this time of a passage in one of Apollo's variations, occurs as the two advance toward each other all but kneeling, one foot dragging behind. When they do kneel, she offers him her upturned palms and he drops his head on them, a gesture that will be repeated in the coda with all three Muses. In the coda, too, there's an electric moment when Terpsichore runs on, bringing her sisters news of her exciting dance with Apollo, and her side-to-side lunging *sissonnes* recapitulate in jazz rhythm the syncopated lunges in the "dance lesson" of the pas de deux. Partly because of its Stravinskian-jazz element, the ballet will always remind us of its period. However, the first few times I saw "Apollo," in 1957, it looked more "twenties" to me than it ever has since. The effect of the years stretching between it and us has been to soften the impact of its period and its precoci-

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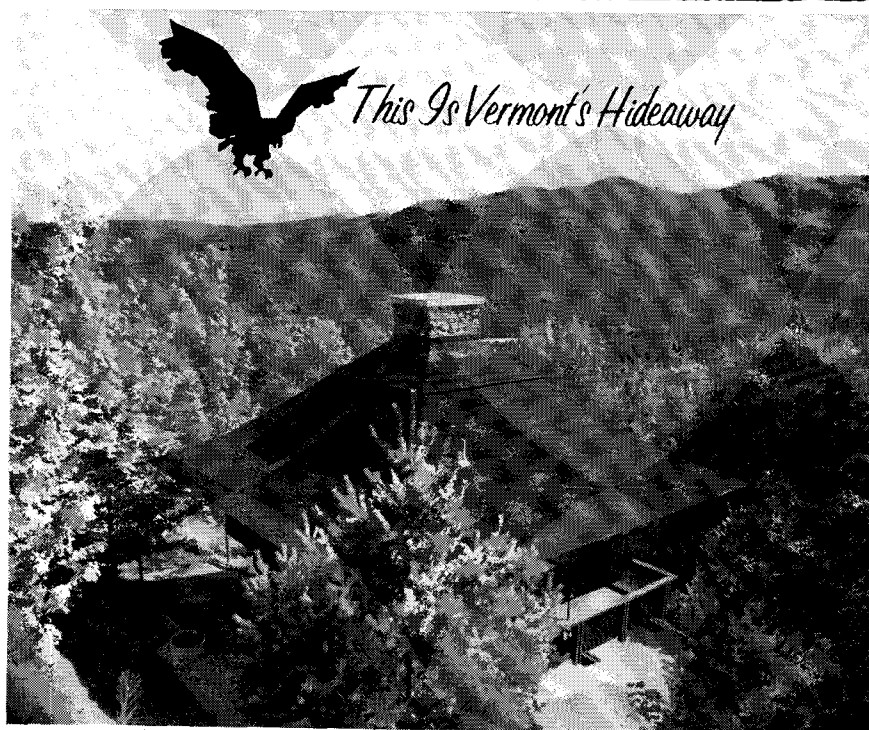
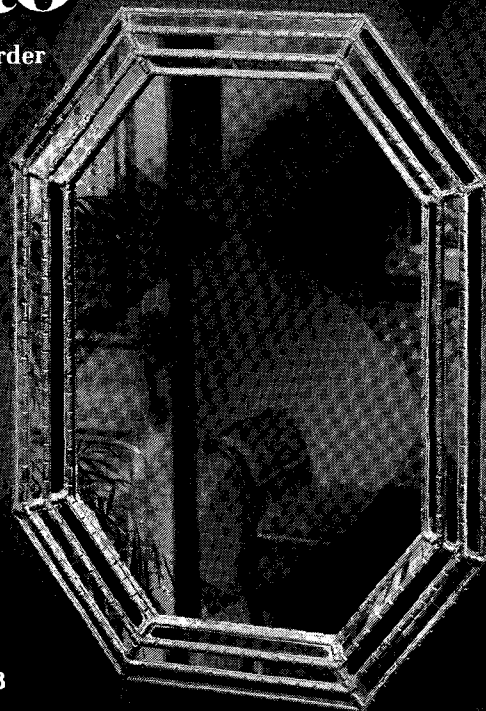
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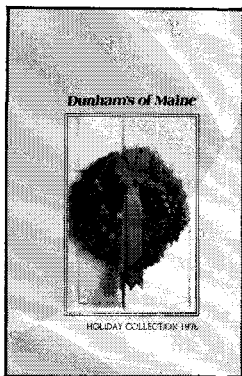
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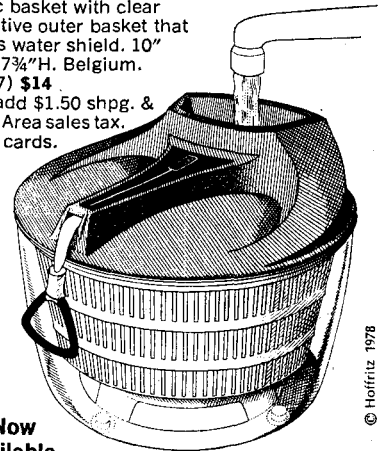
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ty. Or perhaps it was the effect of the
style that N.Y.C.B. dancers evolved
for it—a plushier, more amply defined,
and, by the end of the sixties, rather
too solemn style. Yet even in the fifties
the ballet's links to "The Prodigal
Son" (which followed it by one
year) seemed more tenuous than those
to "Concerto Barocco" or "Agon."
Next to their fluent articulation, its
classicism is experimental—but boldly
so, not warily. One can still feel the
sensation of so many bright discoveries—
of Balanchine finding new idiomatic
uses for the language of Petipa,
turning it this way and that, as Apollo
turns his lute, with eager curiosity. It
is unimaginable that anyone watching
this work fifty years ago would not
have recognized its choreographer as
the man to carry theatrical dancing
into its next great phase. But most of
the applause was for Lifar, and a few
years later, after Diaghilev's death, it
was Lifar—without whom, Sacherell
Sitwell wrote, "Apollo" and "Prodi-
gal" could never again be achieved—
who was expected to assume control.

The choreography of "Apollo" did
not attract much critical acclaim until
Balanchine revived it for Ballet Thea-
tre in the forties (when the epithet
"Musagète" was dropped from the
title). The 1957 N.Y.C.B. revival
coincided with the première of "Agon"
and was produced in budget décor: a
wooden staircase going up the side of
a booth out of which the birthed Apo-
lo sprang, a kitchen stool on which
he sat while the Muses danced. The
women wore short white tunics. Apollo
was in black tights with white shoes
and socks; for the second scene he ad-
ded a shirt made of two white triangles
knotted at the corners. The produc-
tion was hailed as a revelation, and
more or less faithful replicas were seen
wherever "Apollo" was given. In very
few of these productions has Balan-
chine participated directly, but he has
his trusted régisseurs. Patricia Neary,
one of the great Polyhymnias of the
sixties, produces the authorized version
these days. In Chicago, the stage was
set with a black drape over the booth;
Balanchine had requested that the birth
scene be omitted. He is now said to feel
that the ballet cannot be done without
proper scenery and costumes, and that,
as long as it must exist in concert form,
only excerpts should be presented. The
Terpsichore was Allegra Kent at her
unpredictable best; with Baryshnikov
she came astonishingly close to the lu-
minous, definitive performances she used
to give with d'Amboise. As Calliope,
Georgina Parkinson was a gallant last-

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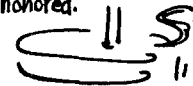


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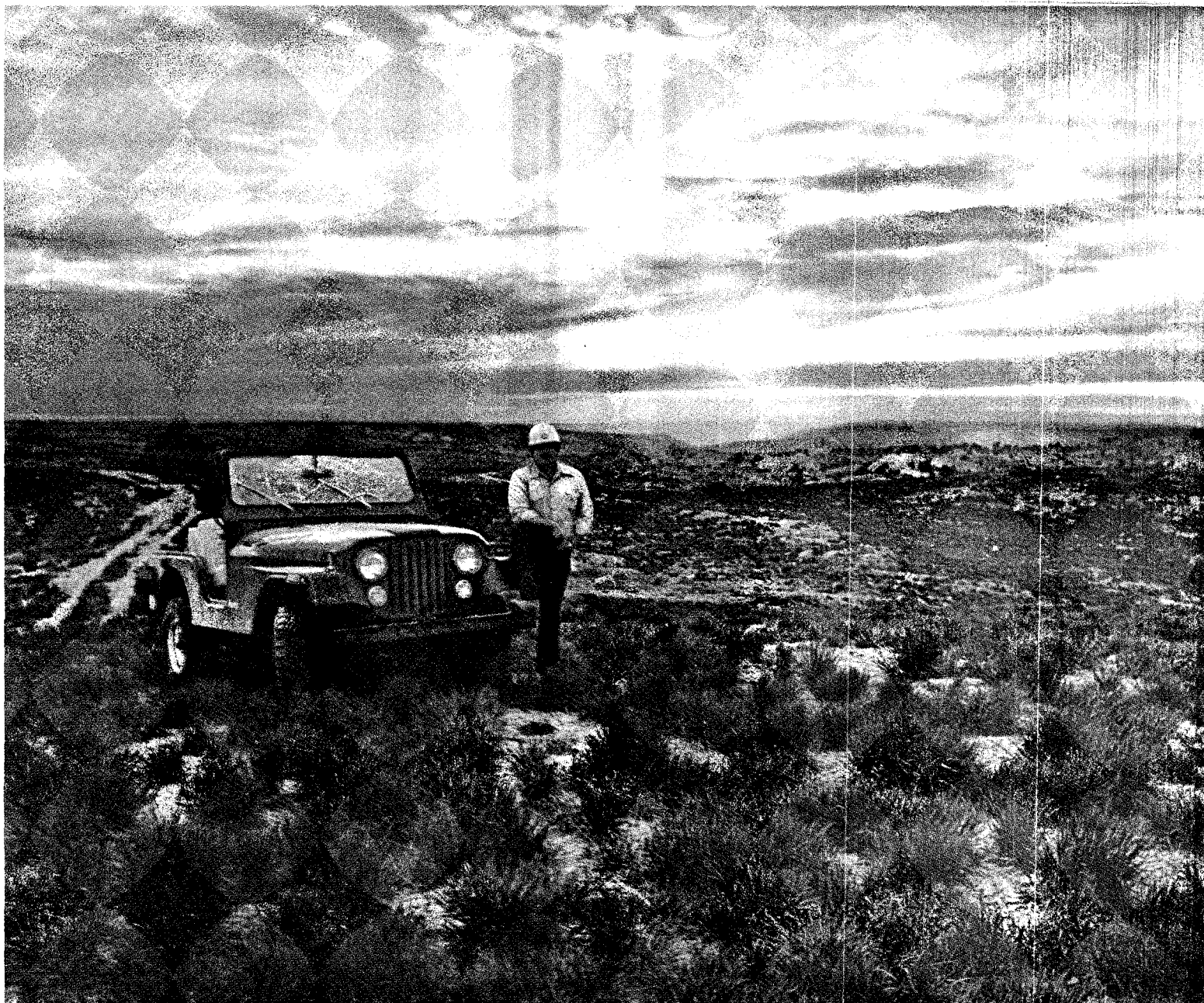
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Riches above

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cially the drainage patterns.

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"This is where I work: the McKinley Mine, near Gallup, New Mexico."



**Gulf people:
meeting the challenge.**

minute substitute for Dominic Khalifouni. Nanette Glushak was an inadequate Polyhymnia. One wonders why an appropriately dressed "Apollo" cannot be produced today. The Diaghilev décor was adapted from two paintings by the quaintly "primitive" stylist André Bauchant. Stravinsky had wanted de Chirico. Although he deplored the Bauchant décor in print, Mme. Stravinsky said recently that he really liked it—especially the giant floral still-life that was used as a frontcloth: "It was so unexpected that it pleased him in some mystical way." Of the various settings of "Apollo," Balanchine prefers Tchelitchev's landscape for a 1942 production in Buenos Aires. In the apotheosis, the hills and trees turned into human faces. This was an uncanny transcription not only of Tchelitchev's easel work at that time but of the action of the ballet—the god emerging from the hillside. Note-worthy costumes for the Muses were devised by Chanel in 1928 to take the place of the original tutus. These were off-white tunics of wool jersey cut in uneven lengths and cinched with Charvet neckties, a touch borrowed from the playing fields of Eton. Lifar kept his original, somewhat characterless rose-colored tunic and gold sandals.

"Apollo" is the first of Balanchine's ballets to reach the age of fifty. His attitude toward the anniversary may be likened to Diaghilev's when celebrations were proposed for his twentieth Paris season. Grigoriev records that Diaghilev begged off: "I am afraid I abhor jubilees in general and my own in particular. A jubilee is the beginning of an end; something that rounds off a career. But I am not ready to give up. I wish to continue working..." He paused a moment. "I wish to remain always young."

—ARLENE CROCE

MOST DRAMATIC FINALE OF THE WEEK

[From the Times]

When he finished speaking from the balcony of Bonn's pink-and-white 18th-century town hall, Mr. Carter plunged into the crowd in the cobblestoned market square, shaking hands and signing autographs.

Whatever the count, it was their efforts that mattered. HOUSE CALLS executes superbly as a breezy bit of romantic farce. Zieff calls it "an entertainment comedy, a sort of clean look at sexual morays."—*Millimeter*.

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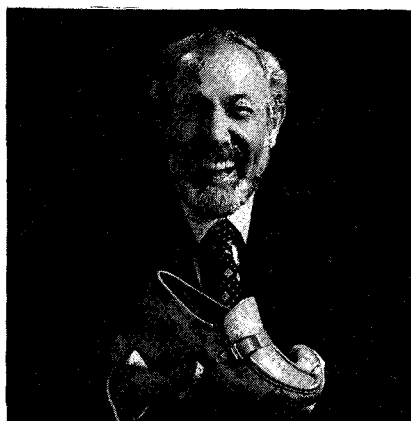
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Unlocked

SOMEBODY once called economics the gloomy science. But in "Lin Tse-Hsu" ("The Opium War") the gloomy science has produced a film of immense gaiety, poise, and interest. For fifteen years or so, this picture was suppressed. It was suppressed while Mme. Mao was in charge of the arts; she, of course, under her Chinese name of Chiang Ching, was one of the Gang of Four, along with Yao Wen-yuan, Wang Hung-wen, and Chang Chun-chiao. Her doctrinaire policy was to ban anything fictional that was set in another century and was not on an immediate revolutionary theme. "The Opium War" is set in the nineteenth century. It in no way meets our received idea of a Communist country's art, but then neither does an antique Chinese teacup, which is still treated with love and respect in modern, Communist China. The film is enlivening in what it tells us of the popular contemporary Chinese attitude toward Chinese achievement, of the nation's daring in ideas, and of its heritage of perception: perception that is both delicate and hardy. History seems

to bloom in the minds of the characters in this film, like paper flowers opening in water.

Economics, more than fear of any arcane country, seems to have led to the Opium War of 1839-42 between the British and the Chinese. The British wanted to keep on importing opium into China: not because it was a well-known soporific—like Beatrix Potter's lettuce for rabbits, though a good deal more foolish and harmful—but because it stood for the right to carry on general trade with an important market. This film about the war is quite a marvel. Watching it, one feels that one is discovering all over again the cinema's power of play with long-focus photography, as one does in watching Renoir's films, or Orson Welles'; the opening scenes are filled with amazing long vistas that ask to be walked down, like the Renaissance artists' experiments in perspective. (I think particularly of Gaspare Mola's view of the Piazza della Signoria in Florence, a bas-relief in *pietra dura*, crystal, and gold, which leads the eye past the equestrian statue of Grand Duke Cosimo I by a reces-

sion of checkered tiles to the far, lucid background.)

We are in Peking at the beginning of the film, though most of it takes place in Canton. A sense of abundant patience reigns. An ancient says that it is difficult to get things accomplished in Canton; in spite of his age, he transmits the feeling that there is plenty of time. Perhaps this is very Chinese. Yet it is true of the old of any country who have aged with a feeling for the length and the spaciousness of their own civilization's thought. The film breaks with Mme. Mao's revolutionary practice by giving us the names of the director (Chen Chun-li) and the producers (Haiyen Film Studio, Shanghai); in the years when the Gang of Four was in power, such jobs were credited collectively, and not even actors were named. Pictorially, one has the sense of many lacquer reds, of screens that look like frozen lace, of uniformed men with their heads bowed to the Emperor. But we are in an atmosphere that mixes cops-and-robbers with high art. The villains are the English, played by real Englishmen speaking subtitled Mandarin Chinese: a silky consul called Mr. Elliot is the ringleader, dressed in absolutely correct and sumptuous period clothes, gazing at a portrait of the young Queen Victoria as he writes a letter in English to her government in a beautiful hand about the need to take action against the Chinese opposition to the opium trade. The Chinese in Canton—the goodies, naturally, for whom one roots—are equipped with only a few cannon (one of them sixty-three years old) whose range is very short. Quite simply, in the way of cops-and-robbers, the Chinese make new ones from the most childish of diagrams. The weapons are completed, lugged up a hill by a male and female force of eager peasants—here entereth the feeling of the new China—and put to use to try to bring down the masts and sails of fine British three-masted men-of-war, which carry the Union Jack all over the place, so that the audience can make no mistake about their evil intent. No wonder the film—now that it is free from the ban—is a popular success in China. This is the cops-and-robbers aspect of the film. The aspect of high art is embedded in the film's unstrained access to China's history. A character will, without difficulty, illustrate a thought by quoting from a Chinese poet of almost two thousand years ago. Everything we see on the screen draws on a past that has not been walled off. The magnificence, ease, and courtesy with which the action is con-



ducted have not been learned in the short day since the Revolution. This is not to say that one doesn't have to accustom oneself to an alien style of acting, which includes much glazing of eyes and the utterance of many odd aphoristic injunctions, such as "This is no time for . . . enjoying the silence of woods." But one can never forget the illuminated moment when an old man says, in a shot that has shown him to be taking thought, "Will Your Lordship enlighten me on a certain issue?" The shot seems the key to the film. China's history has not been lost to it, this picture tells us: the new is merely piling another layer on the old, stone on stone.

THE vagrant streaks in our own culture are not to be overlooked. It is a splendid thing that, not long ago, at a free concert in the Sheep Meadow in Central Park, some of a hundred and fifty thousand people felt free to boo the name of a capitalist corporation that had helped to make the fête champêtre possible. It is also a splendid thing that we should be able to see "Hazel's People," directed by Charles Davis, about the Mennonites. The pity of it is that the film itself is not very splendid, even though it tells us something, in trudging language, about the right of the hippies of a while ago to defy the might of the Nixon Presidency and the police, and even though it has good small appearances by Pat Hingle and by Geraldine Page, who in her maturity has mastered the mannerisms that throttled some of her earlier performances. We are moved, but not so much by the material, which is threadbare, as by the freedom extended to a minority to live and think in an out-of-line way on a continent so hard to contain. There are some halting but interesting ideas expressed by the hero—played by Graham Beckel—about the difficulty and the importance of sustaining dissidence after the draft had stopped. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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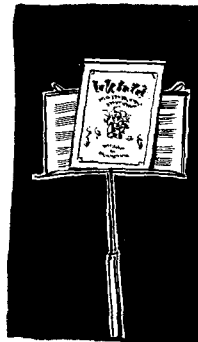
Concert Records

I SUSPECT that the symphonies of the late Dmitri Shostakovich will find an honorable place in the history of twentieth-century music. True, like most latter-day symphonists, beginning with Mahler, Shostakovich stretched the definition of a symphony far beyond its original meaning. Many of his later works in the form completely defy the nineteenth-century canons of symphonic structure. His Fifteenth Symphony—the last one he wrote before his death—is no exception to this attitude of defiance. It is very loose in structure, and it is widely believed to be an autobiographical work. If that is the case, it would seem to be a happy, sometimes amusing record of the impressions of a musical life. It quotes from Wagner's "Ring" and "Tristan," and even from Rossini's "William Tell" Overture. It is, however, a highly original work, using these quotations obviously and unabashedly, and they detract in no way from its interest or appeal. Kirill Kondrashin and the Moscow Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra have just recorded the Fifteenth Symphony, and the results are more than interesting (ABC AB-67024; single disc). Much of the work is satirical, as is Shostakovich's First Symphony, and the composer's characteristic feeling for fine workmanship is evident throughout.

A first recording of Kabalevsky's Concerto No. 2, Opus 23, for Piano and Orchestra—along with his Eight Preludes, Opus 38, and his Rondo, Opus 59—has been made by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under the baton of Paul Freeman, with Ozan Marsh as soloist (Columbia Special Products P 14254; single). The concerto is a brilliant work, slightly resembling the music of Prokofiev in style, and it is excellently performed.

Vaughan Williams' Concertos for Tuba and Oboe and his violin fantasy "The Lark Ascending" have been recorded by the English Chamber Orchestra, Daniel Barenboim conducting, with Arnold Jacobs, tuba; Neil Black, oboe; and Pinchas Zukerman, violin (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 906; single). The performances are beautiful—even that of Mr. Jacobs on his lumbering instrument. This is worthwhile music—sometimes light, sometimes serious.

Beethoven's Triple Concerto, Opus 56, for Violin, Cello, Piano, and Orchestra, is not generally considered to be among his finest works. But it is performed magnificently by the Beaux Arts Trio and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Bernard Haitink, on a recent Philips recording (9500.382; single). Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 and his Rondo for Piano and Orchestra have been recorded by the hypnotic Russian pianist Sviatoslav Richter with the Vienna Symphony, under Kurt Sanderling (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 107; single). The work has, of course, been recorded frequently, but this version is especially recommended for its subtlety and grace. Christoph Eschenbach, pianist, and three members of the Amadeus Quartet have recorded the Beethoven Piano Quartets (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 174; single). These are mature Beethoven works, admirably performed.



ALFRED BRENDEL has left his usual Beethoven territory to record Liszt's Variations on "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen;" "Pensées des Morts;" "Prelude and Fugue on B-A-C-H;" and "Bénédiction de Dieu dans la Solitude" (Philips 9500 286; single). This is some of Liszt's more intellectual music, and it is performed here with great breadth of style. Mr. Brendel has also recorded Bach's "Italian Concerto," BWV 971, along with the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, BWV 903; the Fantasy and Fugue in A Minor, BWV 904; the Prelude in A Minor, BWV 922; and the Two Choral Preludes, BWV 639 and 659 (Philips 9500 353; single). He is a meticulous Bach player, and an eloquent one.

As the latest addition to its projected complete series on the Haydn-trio literature, the Beaux Arts Trio has recorded the Piano Trios H. XV, Nos. 5, 10, and 11 (Philips 9500 327; single). These works are exquisitely performed. Haydn's Sonatas in C Minor, H. XVI, No. 20; A Flat Major, H. XVI, No. 46; and G Minor, H. XVI, No. 44, have received excellent performances by the pianist Charles Rosen (Vanguard VCS 10131; single). Haydn's Double Concerto for

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Violin and Harpsichord, H. XVIII, No. 6; his Sonata for Violin, Cello, and Two Horns, H. XIV, No. 1; and his Concerto in C for Harpsichord have been recorded by Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord; Gérard Jarry, violin; Michel Tournous, cello; and Georges Barboteu and Gilbert Courcier, horns, with the Toulouse Chamber Orchestra, under Louis Auriacombe (Seraphim S-60299; single). These unusual items are performed with utmost sensitivity. The same composer's "The Seven Last Words of Our Redeemer"—in the original version, without voices—is the subject of a new disc by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner conducting (Angel S-37480; single). This is Haydn at his most eloquent and profound, and it is done *con amore*.

Boccherini's String Quintets, Opus 29, have received what is apparently their first recording, by Sigiswald Kuijken and Alda Stuurop, violins; Lucy van Dael, viola; Anner Bijlsma, cello; and Wieland Kuijken, cello—all playing on instruments of Boccherini's period (ABC AX-67022; four sides). This composer's style in chamber music, of which he wrote an incredible amount, is melodious and calls for great virtuosity. It is not comparable in depth to that of his contemporary Mozart, but it is very likable and is performed here with skill.

Artur Rubinstein and members of the Guarneri Quartet have recorded the Piano Quartets of Mozart with great elegance (RCA ARL1-2676; single). These are the two quartets Mozart wrote for piano, violin, viola, and cello.

A number of piano works for four hands, by Mozart, Dvořák, Schubert, Weber, Bizet, Mendelssohn, and Brahms have been recorded by Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel (Sheffield Town Hall Records S-19; four sides). Their playing is neat and scrupulous. (This recording can be obtained by mail only; the address is P.O. Box 5332, Santa Barbara, California 93108.)

Tchaikovsky's Symphonies Nos. 4, 5, and 6 have been recorded by the Leningrad Philharmonic, under the baton of Yevgeny Mravinsky (Deutsche Grammophon 2535 235, 236, and 237; single discs). These are powerful and trenchant recordings of Tchaikovsky's three greatest symphonies.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4 at 10 A.M.

17th and 18th Century English and Continental Furniture, Tapestries and Rugs, Old Master Paintings, Georgian Silver.

From a Boston Collector; Property of the Cincinnati Art Museum (Part II); Estate of Annalie Banks; and various owners.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18 at 10 A.M.

17th, 18th and 19th Century French and Continental Furniture, Accessories and Paintings.

The estates of Mrs. Thomas Murray and Marie Tinker, removed from 660 Park Avenue, N.Y.C.

EXHIBITION: Saturday, October 14, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday, October 15, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, October 16, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, October 17, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21 at 10 A.M.

English and American Furniture, Silver and Decorations

The Estate of Herbert Todd

To be sold on the premises Lenape Cottage, Pinehurst, North Carolina.

EXHIBITION: Thursday, October 19, 10 a.m.-7 p.m., Friday, October 20, 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1 at 10 A.M.

English and Continental Furniture and Decorative Accessories

The property of various collectors.

EXHIBITION: Sunday, October 29, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, October 30, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, October 31, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11 at 10 A.M.

English and Continental Furniture, Decorative Accessories, Tapestries, Rugs, Old Master and 19th Century Paintings.

The estate of Alexander Perry Morgan

To be held on the premises "Constitution Hill" Princeton, New Jersey.

EXHIBITION: Saturday, November 4, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday, November 5, Noon-6 p.m., Monday, November 6, 10 a.m.-7 p.m., Tuesday November 7, 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15 at 10 A.M.

Americana Sale: Furniture, Accessories, Paintings

The estates of: Duncan Graves, removed from Washington, Conn.; Alice McCutcheon Scudder, Greenwich, Conn.; Grace Thatcher, East Hampton, New York.

EXHIBITION: Saturday, November 11, 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Sunday, November 12, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, November 13, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, November 14, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29 at 10 A.M.

18th and 19th Century Furniture, Decorations and Accessories, Silver, Paintings and Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sunday, November 26, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, November 27, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, November 28, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12 at 8 P.M.

Second Annual Evening Christmas Gift Auction

EXHIBITION: Sunday, December 9, Noon-5 p.m., Monday, December 10, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m., Tuesday, December 11, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

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Concern #2: Allow me to make a spiritual application regarding the above: The Bible tells us in Jeremiah 17:9 that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Have you ever noticed how some people try to reform their lives simply by glossing over the surface, trying to fool others with a thin veneer of phoniness? In I Samuel 16:7 the Lord God, our creator, says, "Men judge by outward appearance, but I look on the heart" (at a man's very thoughts and intentions). Have you ever thought about the fact that God is not fooled by our outward veneer? It would take very little spiritual scraping to reveal the inner rottenness.—*Note enclosed with a paint scraper from the Thompson Tool Company, Norwalk, Connecticut.*

And now back to the job.

BOOKS

Czarist Shadows, Soviet Lilacs

VLADIMIR NABOKOV, once volunteering on television to list in order the "greatest masterpieces of twentieth-century prose," placed Andrei Bely's novel "Petersburg" third, behind Joyce's "Ulysses" and Kafka's "Metamorphosis" but ahead of "the first half of Proust's fairy tale 'In Search of Lost Time.'" What was this dark horse, "Petersburg," that nosed Proust out of the money? It was the second novel of Boris Nikolaevich Bugaev (1880-1934), the son of a distinguished mathematician and a high-strung society beauty thirty years younger. Bugaev, under his pen name, which means "Andrew White," became a leading poet, theoretician, and personality of the Russian Symbolist movement (c. 1895-1910), a literary configuration distinguished from its French counterpart by a pronounced anti-materialist religiosity traceable to the teachings of Vladimir Solovyov (1853-1900), who is believed to be the prototype of Ivan Karamazov. Bely's bedevilled, much-reworked, often retitled novel was hurriedly composed in 1911-12 at the request of a journal that, to Bely's dismay, rejected it. "Petersburg"—a title urged upon the author by his fellow-Symbolist Vyacheslav Ivanov—was published serially in 1913-14 and in book form in 1916 by the avant-garde house of Sirin, and then, extensively cut, was republished in Berlin by the émigré firm of Epokha, in 1922; the Berlin edition, slightly revised and considerably censored, was reprinted in the Soviet Union in 1928, and again in 1935, the year after Bely's death. Since 1935, the only reprintings in Russian have been made abroad, although, as the official cloud on the pre-Revolutionary modernists fitfully lifts, a new Soviet critical edition has been prepared, and its publication mysteriously postponed.

In English, "Petersburg" was a mere rumor until 1959, when Grove Press published a translation by John Cournos. This version, Professors Robert A. Maguire and John E. Malmstad confidently assure us, has been superseded by their own annotated translation of Bely's masterpiece, published by the Indiana University Press (\$17.50). The Cournos version, which is entitled "St. Petersburg," is dismissed by them in their introduction as bearing "only incidental resemblance to the original." They accuse Mr. Cournos of "gross misreadings," and even jeer, in one note, at his mistaking

a Hungarian mineral water for a term of endearment. They further charge him with "numerous cuts" and a total lack of annotation. Yet they themselves admit to tampering systematically with Bely's cherished punctuation, and the elucidatory value of their sixty pages of comprehensive and chatty notes at the back of the volume was, for this reader at least, offset by the constant distraction that faithful reference to them raised. Do we need to know all these geographical and architectural facts about the Russian capital lifted straight from a Baedeker of the time? Is it important to be told, of the phrase "opened the door," that "this is one of the rare instances in the novel when a door is simply opened. As in Dostoevsky, they usually fly or swing open (or shut) with some violence"? Every novel, after all, invites us into a world that is, at first, strange; our gradual and selective orientation to its furniture and manners imitates the infant's accommodations to his language and environment. Generations of readers have made themselves at home in unannotated Russian novels, with their versts and patronymics, their vast spaces and feudal cleavages, their exotic med-

ley of the primitive and the subtle. The maligned Cournos version, whatever its passing slips and lapses (and it *does*, by the way, carry some annotation, in the discreet form of five footnotes), offers itself to the reader as a novel, not as a document framed in solicitous scholarship. Its style, too, is relatively trusting, and, in the elemental matter of readability, not always inferior. The very first paragraph, for instance, is scarcely improved by a fussy addition of words:

Apollon Apollonovich Ableukhov came of very good stock: Adam was his ancestor. A later and more important ancestor of his in the same honored line was Shem, the forefather of the Semitic, Hessitic, and red-skinned races. [Cournos]

Apollon Apollonovich Ableukhov was of venerable stock: he had Adam as his ancestor. But that is not the main thing: it is more important that one member of this venerable stock was Shem, progenitor of the Semitic, Hessitic, and red-skinned peoples. [Maguire and Malmstad]

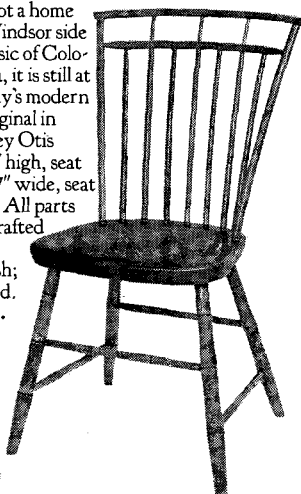
However, the foremost obstacles to a pleasurable reading of "Petersburg" were erected by Bely himself: the novel is complex, tricky, willful, spasmodic,



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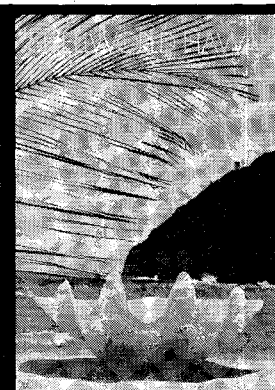
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full of abstruse pseudo-religion and obscure personal passions, ornate in design but oddly flat in feeling—a novel whose linguistic shimmer of parody and poetry would perhaps be left by any English translation in the same limbo from which not all of Nabokov's furious labors could rescue Pushkin and where centuries of effort have still left Goethe's poetry. Even sympathetic readers of the time and place had difficulties with "Petersburg;" P. B. Struve, the general editor of *Russian Thought*—the journal that had solicited this contribution from Bely, and that employed as literary editor Symbolism's leading promoter, Valery Bryusov—rejected the book for its "malice and skepticism," calling it "pretentiously and carelessly" written, "immature," and replete with "nonsense." The very violence of Bely's later revisions, which have marred the final text with some inconsistencies and disjointedness, hints at an unsettled inspiration qualitatively different from the patient perfectionism and accumulating richness that Joyce and Proust brought to their masterworks. Bely later maintained that the edition of 1916 was "a rough draft, which fate (the pressure of meeting a deadline) did not allow to be worked up into fair copy;" an intended concision had been turned into "a hazy ornateness." A certain haze, however, is intrinsic to "Petersburg," for its essence is insubstantiality, and its moral is that all men, and the world wherein they pass their mortal lives, are shadows. Though the editors have supplied us with endpaper maps of the city and a multitude of details concerning its streets, canals, structures, and neighborhoods, Petersburg as Bely re-creates it is a loose chain of ghostly vistas, wherein all dissolves, unwinds, explodes, shifts. The center of the action, the Ableukhovs' house, has three different locations; the government institution that the elder Ableukhov heads "cannot," the translators tell us, "be even approximately situated." Built on a bog, Petersburg dissolves back into a bog. Its skies alone seem solid, as Bely brilliantly describes one state of weather after another. The streets of Joyce's Dublin, though they overlies myth and support fantasy, are a meticulously mappable referent, prolific of the scrapes and stenches of urban reality. Bely's contemporaneous Petersburg, though containing eddies of concreteness, remains a flux, a swarm of shadows, "a fountain of things." "Everything that had happened along with everything that was coming was merely spectral transciences [sic] of ordeals



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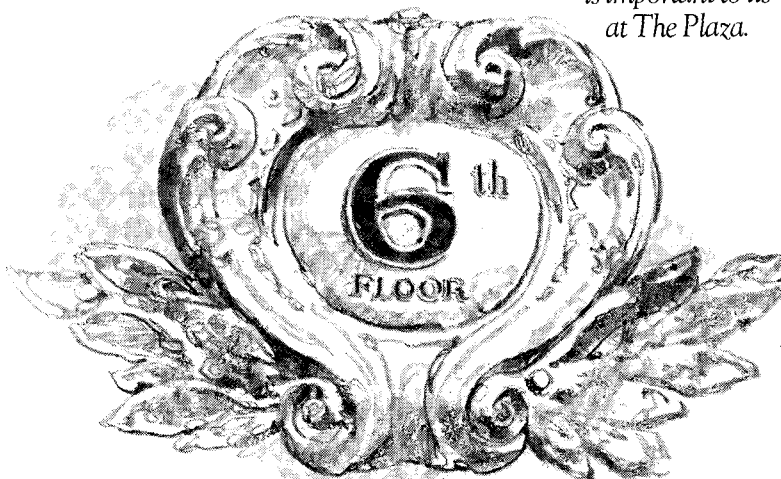
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to be endured until the last trumpet sounded." Such a determined, doctrinal insubstantiality is, if not a defect, a virtue that takes some getting used to.

In outline, the novel would seem distinct. Time: September 30 to October 9, 1905. Place: Capital of the czarist empire, hive of bureaucracy and intrigue. Sights of Local Interest: Nevsky Prospect, Admiralty spire, Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul, "Bronze Horseman" representing Peter the Great and subject of a celebrated poem by Pushkin. Historical Background: Humiliating defeat of czarist forces in Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05 and, throughout 1905, student and worker unrest culminating in general strike of October. Principal Characters: Apollon Apollonovich Ableukhov, father, and Nikolai Apollonovich Ableukhov, son. Basic Plot: The son, a philosophically confused and romantically distressed young man peripherally involved in radical circles, has been instructed to assassinate his father, a senator, an aristocrat, and a reactionary modelled in some particulars upon the notorious K. P. Pobedonostsev, who, like the elder Ableukhov, was a small man with big ears. Means: A bomb in a sardine can. Point of Suspense: Does he do it? Subsidiary Characters: Anna Petrovna Ableukhova, mother of Nikolai and estranged wife of Apollon, who returns from a long amour in Spain in the course of the novel, but to so little consequence that even the author forgets that she is back; Alexander Ivanovich Dudkin, insomniac, radical student, whose immense but amorphous discomfort, like the discomfort of Nikolai, reflects Bely's own discomfort in 1905, when he was anguished by a vacillating love affair with the wife of the greatest of Symbolist poets, Alexander Blok; Lippanchenko, repulsive terrorist and double agent based upon the infamous Evno Azef (you've heard of him); Sofia Petrovna Likhutina, coterie hostess in love (or is she?) with Nikolai; Second Lieutenant Sergei Sergeyevich Likhutin, her husband, a man of patience, duty, rage, and bungled suicide; others—friends, servants, policemen, passersby, "not quite people, not quite shadows." Subplot: Adulterous passions, connubial fury, hatred and fear among conspirators, loathing and love between father and son.

All the situations are handled with the raffish expertness of a card dealer shuffling a deck made limber by many previous games. Gogol, Pushkin, Tolstoy, and Dostoevski are as present in these pages as the characters. The heroic tradition of Russian melodrama

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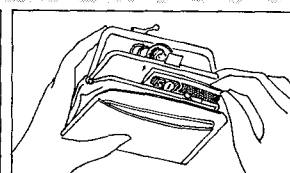
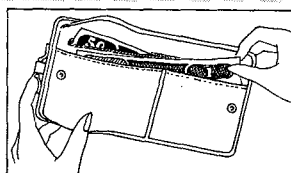
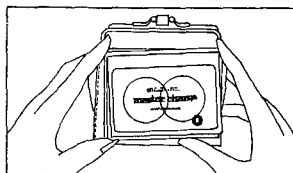
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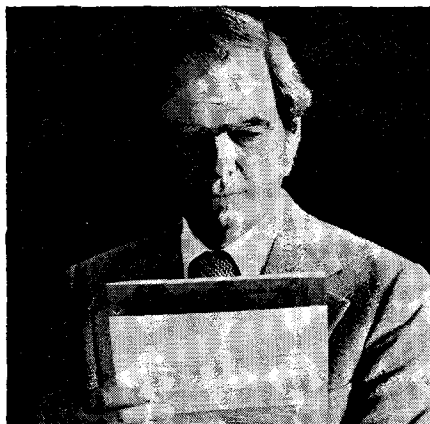
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here fragments into slapstick, parody, and cold rays of poetry from beyond this earth. Lippanchenko's death comes with a horrible beauty:

As he fell he understood: his back had been slit open (this is how the hairless skin of a cold suckling pig with horseradish sauce is sliced). No sooner had he understood this when he felt a jet of boiling liquid beneath his navel.

And from there came a hissing. And some part of him thought that it was gases (his stomach had been ripped open). Bending his head over his heaving stomach, he sank down, fingering the flowing stickiness on his stomach and on the sheet.

This was his last conscious impression of ordinary reality. His consciousness expanded. The monstrous periphery of consciousness sucked the planets into itself, and sensed them as organs detached one from the other. The sun swam in the dilations of the heart; and the spine grew incandescent from the touch of Saturn's masses: a volcano opened up in his stomach.

The expanding consciousness and planetary imagery derive from the anthroposophy of Rudolf Steiner, to which Bely was a full-fledged convert by 1914. As with our own distinguished Steinerite, Saul Bellow, this form of religious hopefulness, which would make of man's spirit something inevitably enduring and expanding, produces a certain hyperactivity among the characters and a noticeable lessening of natural gravity. The adventures of "Humboldt's Gift" and "Petersburg" multiply beyond our ability to care about them. In Bely, at least, the effect is certainly intentional, and permits some dissolution of the foreground action to show the ominous historical forces at work in the "myriapod" of the city population:

And beneath his feet he sees the flow of the myriapod along the pavement, where deathlike is the rustling of moving feet and where green are the faces. They give no sign that somewhere momentous events are rumbling.

Bely was not a native or long a resident of Petersburg; he was a Muscovite, and in one of the polemical wars that racked Symbolism he wrote to Blok, "Too many of my attacks against St. Petersburg in general you have probably taken to be directed at you." The Petersburg permeating his novel like a dank mist feels genuinely hostile and sinister, with its crowded prospects and European architecture; hence its failure, perhaps, to make the warm and tenacious impression on our minds of Joyce's Dublin, Proust's Paris, or Bellow's Chicago. If Bellow's hyperkinetic humanity and inventiveness offer one analogy with this Russian author, Bely's passion for ab-

stract color and design—and the casual cruelty that such a passion permits—suggests his confessed admirer, and boyhood reader, Nabokov. There is a considerable amount of insect imagery in "Petersburg":

But Apollon Apollonovich displayed sheer bullheadedness, as was always the case with his puns. He would get all fluttery, fidgety, plaguey, pestery, like flies that try to get into your eyes just before a thunderstorm on a stifling day, when a grayish blue cloud wearily creeps above the lindens. Flies like that are squashed.

Nabokov, who admitted few debts, did declare, in the lengthy and eccentric essay on prosody developed to accompany his translation of "Eugene Onegin," an indebtedness to Bely's diagrammatic system of scansion. His fiction and "Petersburg" certainly share an intent to see through the skein of phenomena into something purer and less ephemeral. Both men were scientifically knowledgeable, and Russian Symbolism has been construed as a desperate religious attempt to contain materialism, to etherealize it, while retaining in the aesthetic ether the precisions and elegant formulae of science. Bely's verbal music, as analyzed by the translators in their introduction, suggests an etymological chart: "shar" ("sphere") becomes, in the course of a paragraph, dilation ("rasshirénie") of the heart ("sérdtse"). Human activity, in such a novel, becomes an excuse for verbal activity. Bely and those who share his sensibility "make light" of their characters to give themselves the juggler's freedom. Bely's electric energy crackles even through a translation that can only hint at his microscopically active language. The resistant fact remains that our deepest satisfactions in fiction are tied to a clumsy intuition that this life, this mundane reality, is definitive, whether absolute by the tenets of materialism or by the doctrine of Creation. Among great religions, Christianity gives unique weight to this world: its form was supposedly pre-imagined and achieved in a work week, and earthly human decisions have eternal consequences. Western materialistic science inherits, if nothing of Christian hope, this weight of the irreversible. Now, it is the geographical peculiarity of Russia to be half European and half Oriental. Bely, his imagination inflamed by Vladimir Solovyov's visions of the Yellow Peril, both dreads imminent invasion from the East and, like many Russian intellectuals, opposes mysticism, fatalism, and circularity to the crass material ambitions and cosmic

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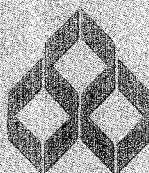
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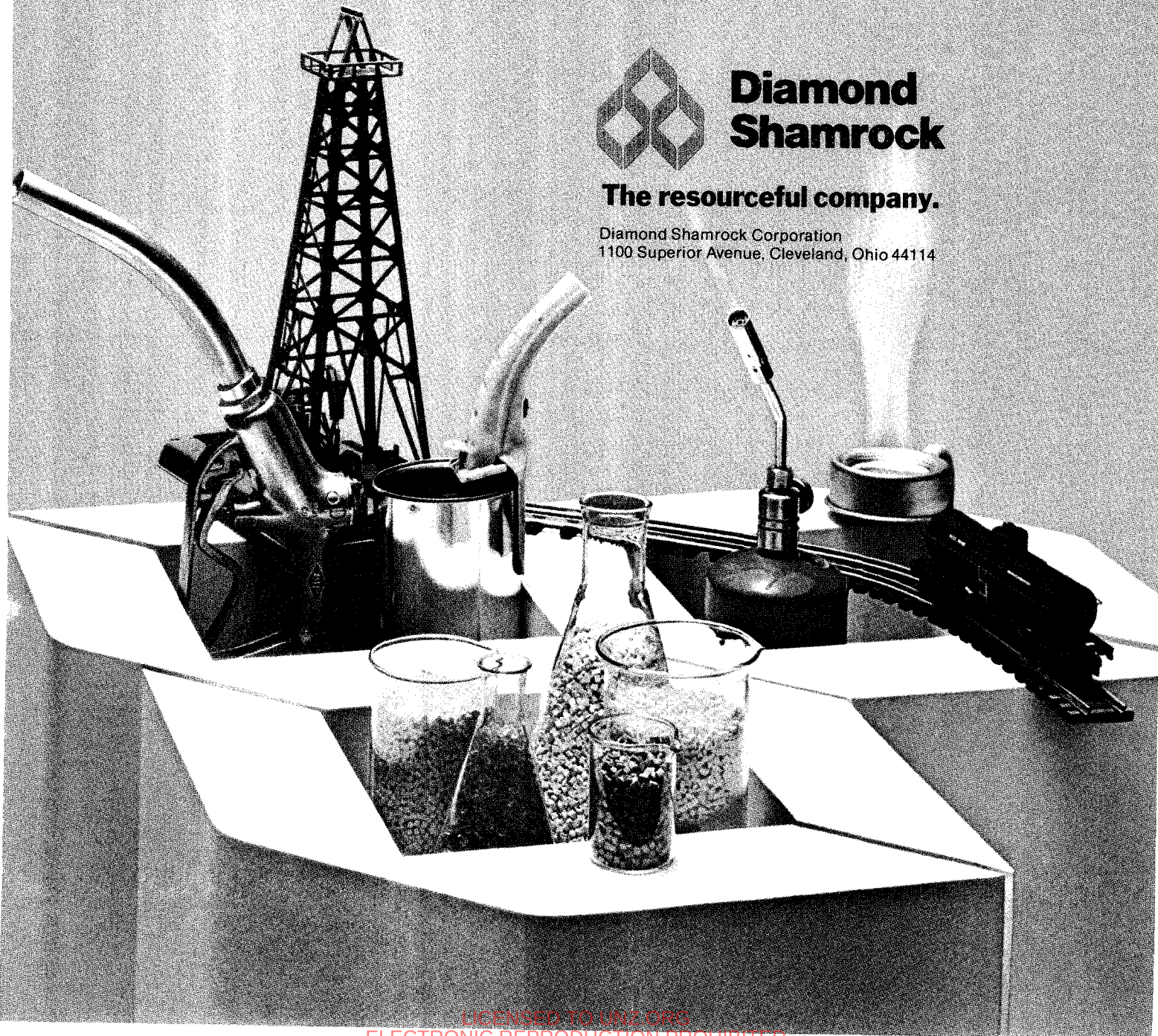
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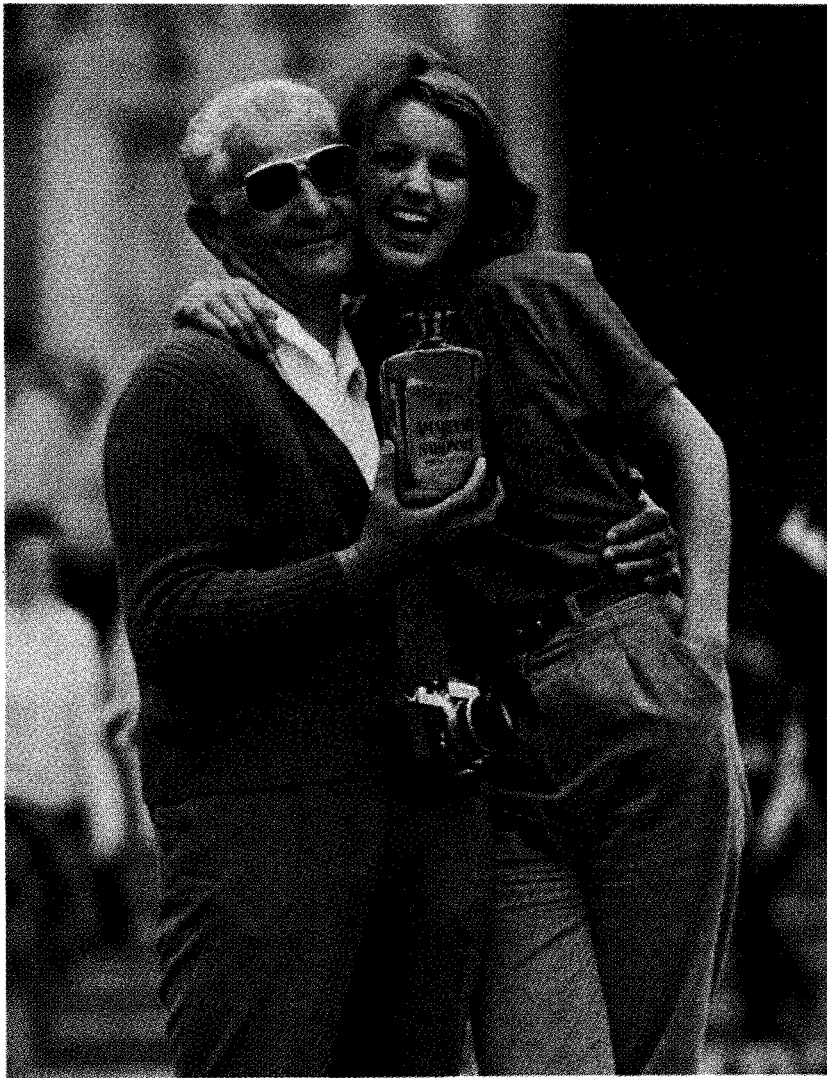
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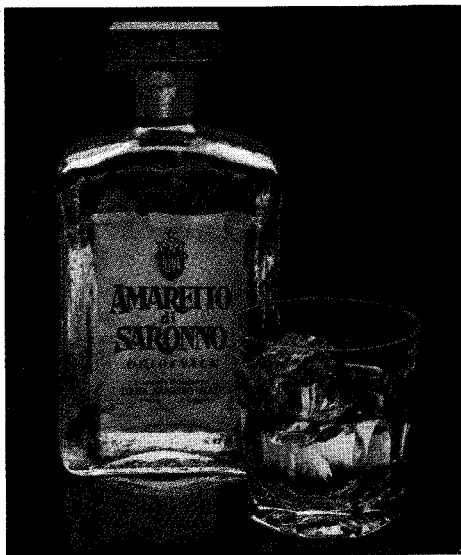


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From the Village of Love.

nihilism of the West. To preserve his own spirit, he would dissolve the world into shadows. Yet in a novel we weary of looking at shadows that make no claim to be more; the writer who does not take his made-up world with a certain simple solemnity risks losing the serious attention of his final shadow, the reader.

YURY TRIFONOV is a Soviet writer in good standing. As such, he is suspect to readers in the West. Yet the three novellas published as "The Long Goodbye," translated from the Russian by Helen P. Burlingame and Ellendea Proffer (Ardis/Harper & Row; \$12.95), hold up the mirror to Trifonov's chosen sector of life in the Soviet Union with a persuasive clarity and melancholy. His sector is what in this country might be called the upper middle class—the professional intelligentsia. One of his heroes is a paid-by-the-line translator; the third, and longest, novella deals with the theatrical world. Though some of his details of daily life startle an American—"In the morning his mama got on the motorbike, hung a little milk can on the wheel and went to the station for milk and bread"—his preoccupying themes are familiar enough: marital disharmony, generational conflict, nostalgia for a rural past, careerism. The advancement of careers, indeed, and the price that success demands form his dominant theme, and his moral concern reminds us of the gray-flannel fiction of the American fifties, with its clash of job and home, its disconsolate choice of seedy success or seedier failure. Trifonov's characteristic hero considers himself a failure, and the society around him does not disagree. This Communist society makes itself felt in the net of regulations and vouchers and permits that restrain mobility, in the "tightening sensation in the pit of [the] stomach" and "unbearable nervous anxiety" occasioned by an inexplicable summons from the police, in the unanswerable power wielded by those close to the sources of government decision. But the lives lived within these bounds seem as individualistic and entrepreneurial as yours and mine, with only an occasional touchstone—a "hunchbacked old lady with a myopic ancient face, who his mother said had been a desperate revolutionary, a terrorist, and had thrown a bomb at someone," or a research project into the People's Will movement of 1879—to remind the characters of the revolutionary deeds and ideals under whose auspices they prosper, or fail to. Trifonov's heroes and heroines regather

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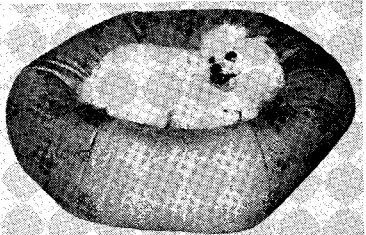
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courage not from any proclaimed official hope but from brute human resilience. A murderous attack is made upon a man in Siberia, after which, to a witness's amazement, he gets up and walks off. "How easy it is to kill a man, he thought. And how impossibly difficult." Also—and in this they suggest the badgered heroes of John Cheever—they possess a human willingness to be pleasantly distracted; they possess "that mysterious something which was necessary for happiness." These people oscillate in the middle, losing and recovering their humanity amid the shuffle of enterprise and vagaries of the heart; they are the solid stuff of bourgeois fiction, with the merest trace of a Socialist accent to spice their welcome into our living rooms.

Trifonov's novellas have taken some time to reach us, through the maze opened up by the Helsinki Accords. The earliest written, the stiffest, and, I feel, the most stiffly translated is "The Exchange" (1969). It hinges upon the perennial Soviet housing shortage; to obtain a better apartment Lena and Dmitriev resolve to share living quarters with his mother, because they know she is dying and will soon free a room in the larger quarters to which their extended family will be entitled. Lena has never liked her mother-in-law; their tensions are worked out in terms of subtle social differences between the born intelligentsia and the aggressive arrivistes. What stands out in liveliest detail is the husband's complex view of his ruthless wife:

Lena had always been distinguished by a certain spiritual—no, not deafness, that would be too strong—by a certain spiritual imprecision, and this characteristic was further intensified whenever another even stronger quality of Lena's came into action: the ability to get her own way.

Yet their lovemaking is lovingly described, and their marriage and the betrayals it has brought are seen as part of a universal displacement: "It's not just people who disappear in this world, it turns out, but whole nests, tribes with their environment, conversation, games and music." The dacha in which Dmitriev had lived, and to which he had long ago brought his young wife, is torn down to make way for the Stormy Petrel Stadium.

"Taking Stock," the second story, and my favorite, consists mostly of flashbacks. Gennady, a hack translator with hypertension and a heart condition, remembers in the desert heat of Soviet Turkmenistan the wife, Rita, and son, Kirill, he left behind in Moscow. Such self-exile is a not uncommon

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Soviet technique, evidently, for dealing with disaffection of all sorts. A number of interesting sidelights are thrown upon the Communist bourgeoisie. They not only have affairs, they have home movies. Their sons, if Gennady's is any index, grow up as ungrateful, anti-social, sardonic, and thievish as any Scarsdale lawyer's. Icon-collecting is, or was in 1970, a thriving middle-class fad; the trick is to get your servant's country relatives, who are still using them as religious objects, to part with them. The servant problem exists. Education anxiety on behalf of one's young exists. Complaisant cuckoldry exists, and the twenty-year itch:

We should not have lived together for twenty years.... Twenty years is no joke! In twenty years forests thin out and the soil becomes depleted. Even the best house requires repairs. Turbines stop functioning.... Never mind the fact that new states have arisen in Africa. Twenty years! A time span which can destroy all hopes.

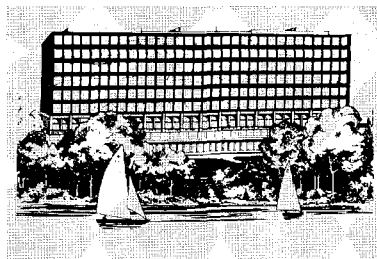
Gennady, while slowly taking stock of the depleted Moscow life to which he must someday return, makes a few emotional forays out into his immediate environment of Turkmenistan. Here violence and Islam float in the heat, a dwarf does battle with a hunchback, a gardener boasts of eleven children. Russia has her Wild East, where a man can test himself and shed his confusions. A lovely young inhabitant of the region, Valya, gives Gennady the message he has been waiting to hear: "After all, you can't run away from people." Then, in Valya's arms, he remembers a moment of intense ambivalence, of suffocating ecstasy: he and Rita, when younger, had gone swimming in a deserted stretch of river and a rainstorm had materialized. "Holding hands and laughing hysterically, we began pushing ourselves up from the sandy bottom and jumping out of the warm water into the lashing sheets of rain.... We soon felt cold and decided to stay put in the water. The water was still warm, but the air seemed to disappear and there was nothing to breathe. The water was choking us. It was that same staircase on which I always felt myself suffocating. For some reason I had to keep climbing higher and higher—just one more step, just a little more effort—but there was simply no air." This claustrophobic image yields to a pleasant anticlimax: Gennady returns to his family, and on vacation his heart and lungs grow healthy enough to let him play a little tennis.

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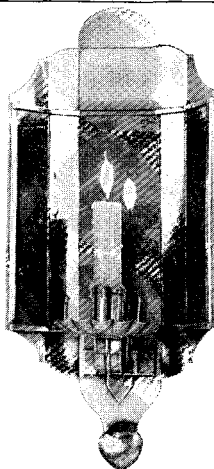


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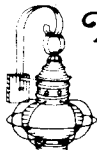
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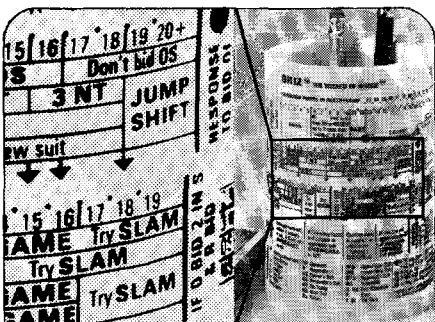
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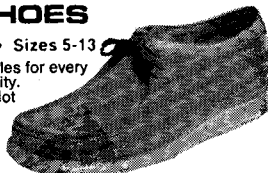
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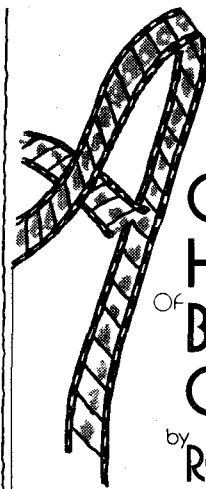


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Trifonov handles his material verge, in the third, and most ambitious, novella, "The Long Goodbye," upon a cavalier formlessness. While in "The Exchange" he separated the ruthless actors from the rueful watchers, his rich sense of human relativity now turns a seeming hero, the playwright Smolyanov, into a pathetic villain, and a seemingly pathetic dreamer, Rebrov, into a triumphant seducer and success. "Actually, every man . . . lives not one but several lives. He dies and is born anew; he is present at his own funeral . . ." The plot traces the ups and downs of a half-dozen men connected with a touring Moscow theatre company. But at the center of the story is a woman, the actress Lyalya, a lover of weak men, a drifter in the pod of her own serene strength, her capacity for happiness. She is the fullest of Trifonov's attractive feisty women, who seem to grow up innocent of their American sisters' need to cringe and then complain. Lyalya sees men without bitterness, from a curious height of pity. "He stroked her slowly and firmly, ever more firmly, and the longer this lasted and the more she felt his strength, the more for some strange reason she felt sorry for him." Her feelings are often paradoxical:

A car was waiting for her. And for some reason it was right here outside the hospital, in a moment of fatigue and grief for her father, that Lyalya suddenly experienced for the first time the comforting and unaccustomed sensation of being a wealthy woman.

Trifonov has inherited from the Russian masters of the nineteenth century some of their incomparably elastic, open sense of human nature, which generates behavioral surprises that yet feel inevitable. Tolstoy everywhere abounds with these magnificent, effortless paradoxes—Anna Karenina calling out in fever not for her lover but for her scorned husband; or the fighting spirit of Russia embodied in the old, half-blind, indolent General Kutuzov. Bely exploits this paradoxicality to the point of the grotesque; but there is no doubt that it represents a truth, and one conspicuously embodied in the Russian version of human nature. "I'm a king—I'm a slave, I'm a worm, I am God!": a character in "The Long Goodbye" quotes this line from the eighteenth-century poet Derzhavin. Another cites Dostoevski's idea, expressed in "The Possessed," that "to be happy, a man needs equal portions of good fortune and bad." The national tolerance for adversity, admiration of extremes, and reverence before the mysteries of passion have survived sixty years of Soviet tyranny, as they survived centuries of feu-



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dal oppression. Indeed, under the iron skies of their governments the Russians have nowhere to look for amusement and mercy but toward each other. An impression that Trifonov's claustrophobic world leaves us with is, paradoxically, one of independence, of the human spirit measuring its spaces with a noble disdain of the constraints, the humiliations, the corruption that societal pressures enforce. To these resilient stoics only the irreversible work of time appears impressive: "The Long Goodbye" begins with lilac bushes that once flourished in a suburb—"However much passersby might grab hold of them, pinch them, pull them or break them, the branches still managed to preserve their full, rounded contours"—and ends with Lyalya thinking, of the crowded present, that everyone's children must suddenly have grown up.

Yury Trifonov writes well, though plainly. His gaze is level, and rarely lifts into metaphor or generalization. His people seem free to act, and, sometimes rather abruptly, to wander away, off the edge of the story. He is rather too fond of long, stolid flashbacks; his meditative tone is so non-directive, so calmly defeated, that some patriotic readers and critics were alarmed when these novellas appeared in the literary review *Novyi Mir*. From his career, as outlined in Ellendea Proffer's introduction, he is a safe man, an organization man whose writings, well into middle age (he was born in 1925), have turned to an apolitical realism that is, in the Soviet Union, exciting and, to some, subversive. One wishes that their publication here were a little less drab. The brown volume has a small-press feel to it, and holds a sad number of typos; e.g., "dsitraught," "istructed," "anther" for "another," "an atmosphere of simply humanity," and—a gem of ambivalence—"Lyalya's untimate demonstration of kindness and pity." Well, perhaps in fiction the intimate is the ultimate.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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THE AGE OF THE FISH, by Odon von Horvath, translated from the German by R. Wills Thomas (Pomeric; \$5.95). This short and bitter tale, set in a totalitarian state, was originally published in 1939, one year after the author, a Viennese writer who had fled from Hitler, was killed in a freak accident in Paris. The narrator is a schoolteacher accompanying his pupils to a pre-military training camp. He is troubled by their enthusiasm for the racist propaganda broadcast over loudspeakers, and the boys and their parents hate him for trying to enlighten them. Lonely and fearful, he is haunted by a pair of eyes, round and shallow, like those of a fish. When a boy is found murdered, the teacher, certain that the wrong child has been accused, testifies in court to correct the injustice, and consequently loses his job. There is a glimmer of optimism here—the teacher survives with his life and conscience intact—but von Horvath's point is that a generation of children stripped of their innocence will grow up to be men without humanity.

GENERAL

EVITA FIRST LADY, by John Barnes (Grove; \$8.95). The fatal spell that Evita Perón cast, and for which she is still held in awe, has an unfortunate effect on her chroniclers. Although nothing like as grotesque as the misguided musical "Evita"—currently enjoying a rather sickening success in London, at a time when Argentina is still suffering some of the consequences of her sinister heritage—Mr. Barnes' book becomes more and more beguiled by its central character. He has assembled armfuls of facts and contexts, which he uses to re-create a year-by-year account of the progress of the Peróns, in a manner reminiscent of the soap operas that Eva Perón once starred in. The manner mars what might well have been a different book—for he does manage to remain dispassionate about the power



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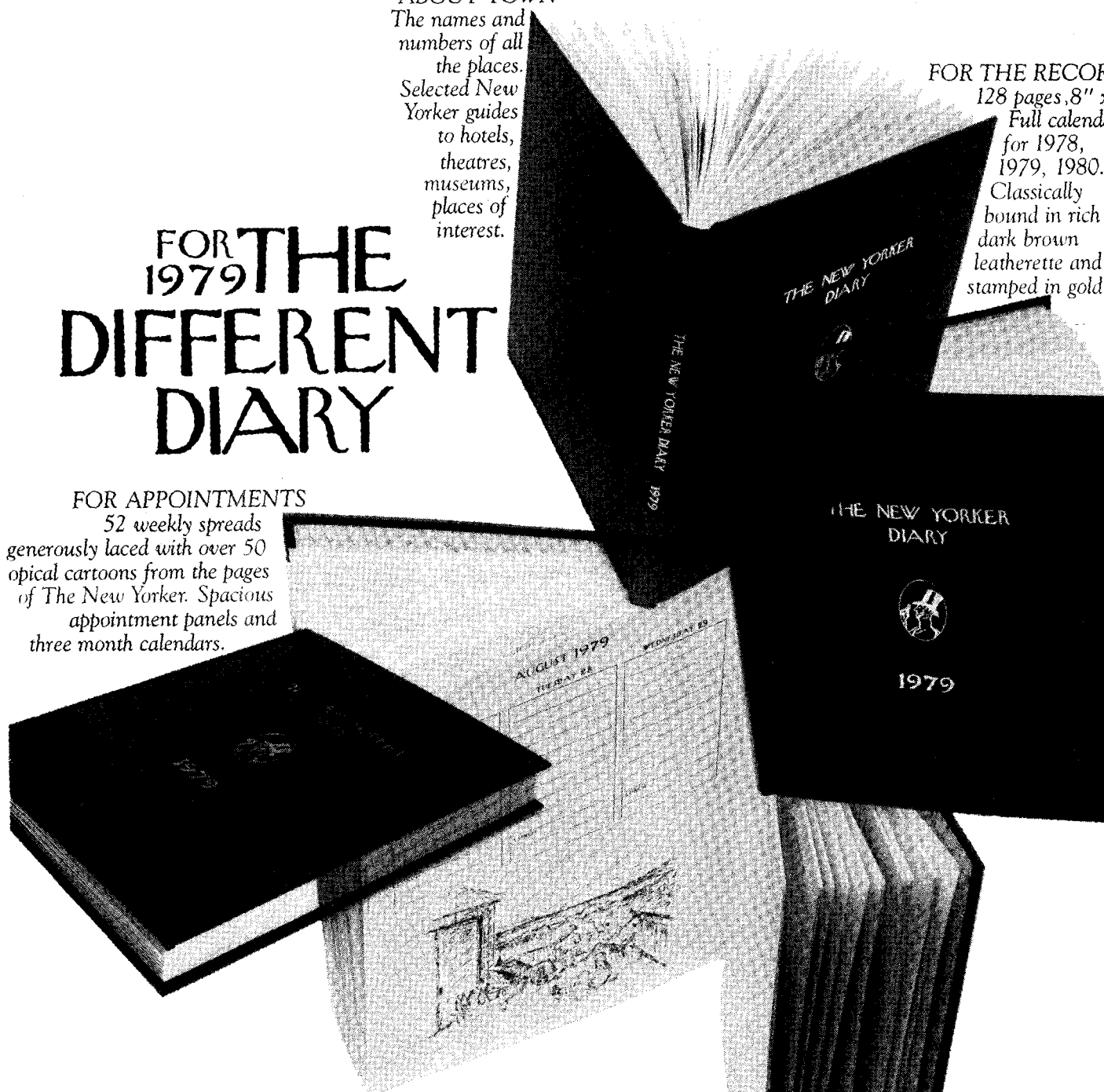
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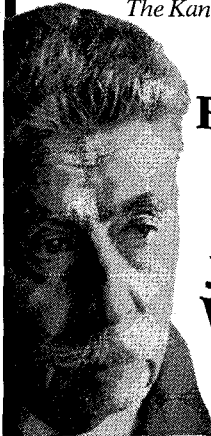
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shifts in Argentine politics (though sometimes to the point of never reaching any conclusion at all).
GERMANY 1866-1945, by Gordon A. Craig (Oxford; \$19.95). This noteworthy volume in Oxford's History of Modern Europe opens right after the Battle of Königgrätz, which decided that Prussia, rather than Austria-Hungary, would be supreme in Germany. The author, who teaches at Stanford, recounts the career of unified Germany (1871-1945) in a direct style. Though modern German history can only be approached like an autopsy—what went wrong?—he is not tendentious. He lets the reader notice for himself the faults of the German Empire; for example, how Bismarck's assault upon the Catholic Church was a dress rehearsal for Hitler's attack upon the Jews, and why the strongest and most cohesive institution in all Imperial Germany remained the Prussian Army. Craig avoids generalizations about the German character, but one trait does emerge as characteristic of united Germany: its unclassical lack of proportion—the absence of moderation, discretion, or self-control, with (what seems worse) every excess, radical or reactionary, regarded as the norm.

SISTERS OF THE QUILL, by Alice Anderson Hufstader (Dodd, Mead; \$15). Portraits of four eighteenth-century literary Englishwomen. Three—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mary Granville Delany, and Elizabeth Robinson Montagu—were patricians who remained amateurs. The fourth, Fanny Burney, whose birth was less exalted, became a professional writer. Mrs. Hufstader's learning and style give us these women and their friends as if they lived next door. Her literary and psychological criticisms are acute, and her presentation of personality makes a feminist point by indirection: there is no typical gifted woman. One is bland, another passionate; one all business, another all timidity. The four were variously political, musical, artistic, and maternal; all they had in common was talent and charm.

NOTE: "Insincerely Yours," a collection of cartoons by Dana Fradon, all of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Scribners (\$7.95). . . . "Hamburger Madness," a collection of cartoons by Jack Ziegler, has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich (\$7.95). Some of the con-

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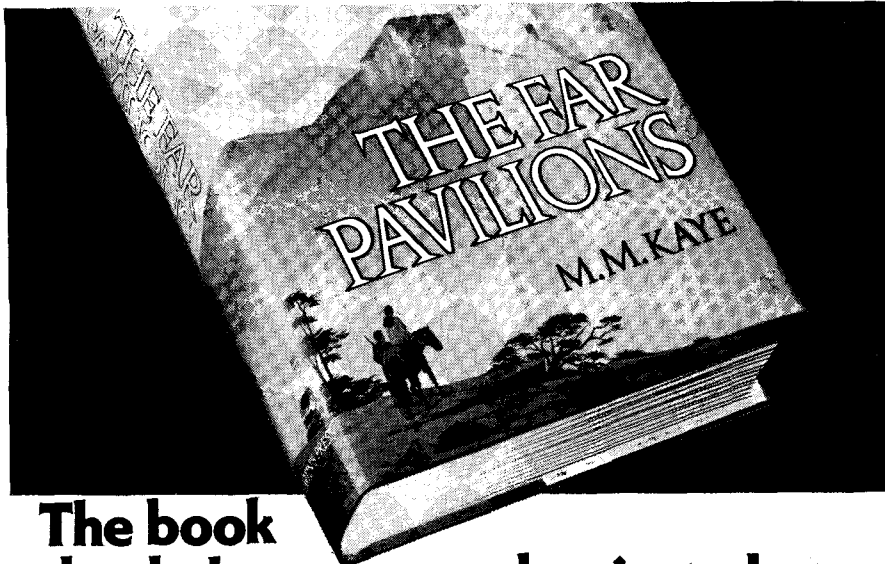
MYSTERY AND CRIME

DOUBLE, DOUBLE, OIL AND TROUBLE, by Emma Lathen (Simon & Schuster; \$8.95). The representative in Europe of a Houston construction company seeking a contract with the British government to develop an offshore oil field in Scotland is kidnapped on the eve of final negotiations by a group calling itself Black Tuesday. A ransom of a million and a half dollars is paid (as ordered) into a numbered Swiss bank account by our old friend John Thatcher, senior vice-president of the Sloan Guaranty Trust Company of New York, whose presence is, of course, a sign that the forces of evil will not long prevail. But three weeks go by before the victim is released, and his behavior then is most peculiar—he is edgy, arrogant, unwilling to talk about his experience. Then he is murdered. As quietly, as delicately, as inexorably as usual, the misses who call themselves Lathen lead us through a dozen luxury-hotel and restaurant meetings of Thatcher and his high-powered associates in London, Houston, and New York to the explosive end of a most ingenious money-making scheme.

DEAR JUDGMENT, by John Crosby (Stein & Day; \$9.95). "One of the richest men in the world, the police chief was thinking, plus two corpses, a gang shootout, and ten million dollars. A shrewd man might parlay such a find right into runnin' for district attorney." Or, as Mr. Crosby has shrewdly parlayed it here, into a driving melodrama of superior, almost awesome, foolishness. The setting, for the most part, is New Orleans, the Delta, and the Gulf Coast, and the players include a stereotype for every taste—a brilliant Jewish lawyer, a brilliant Wasp astronomer, a stupid Air Force colonel, an English beauty skilled in firearms, a sensitive Cuban muscleman, a faithful old Irish retainer, a crusty old billionaire, a monstrous Mafia *capo di tutti capi*. There is even a theme—a thought to seem to titillate the mind: the law is conceived by lawyers entirely for the profit of lawyers.

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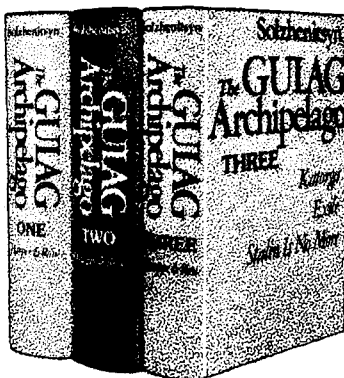
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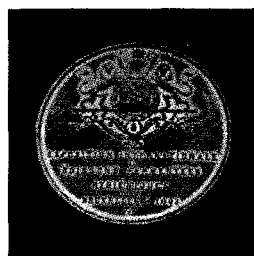
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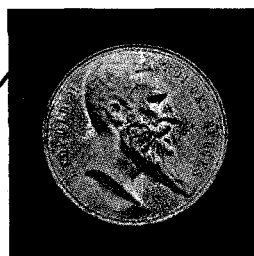
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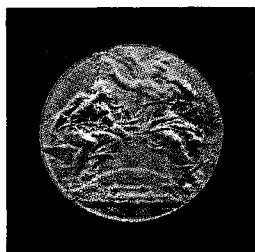
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